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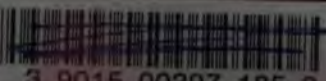
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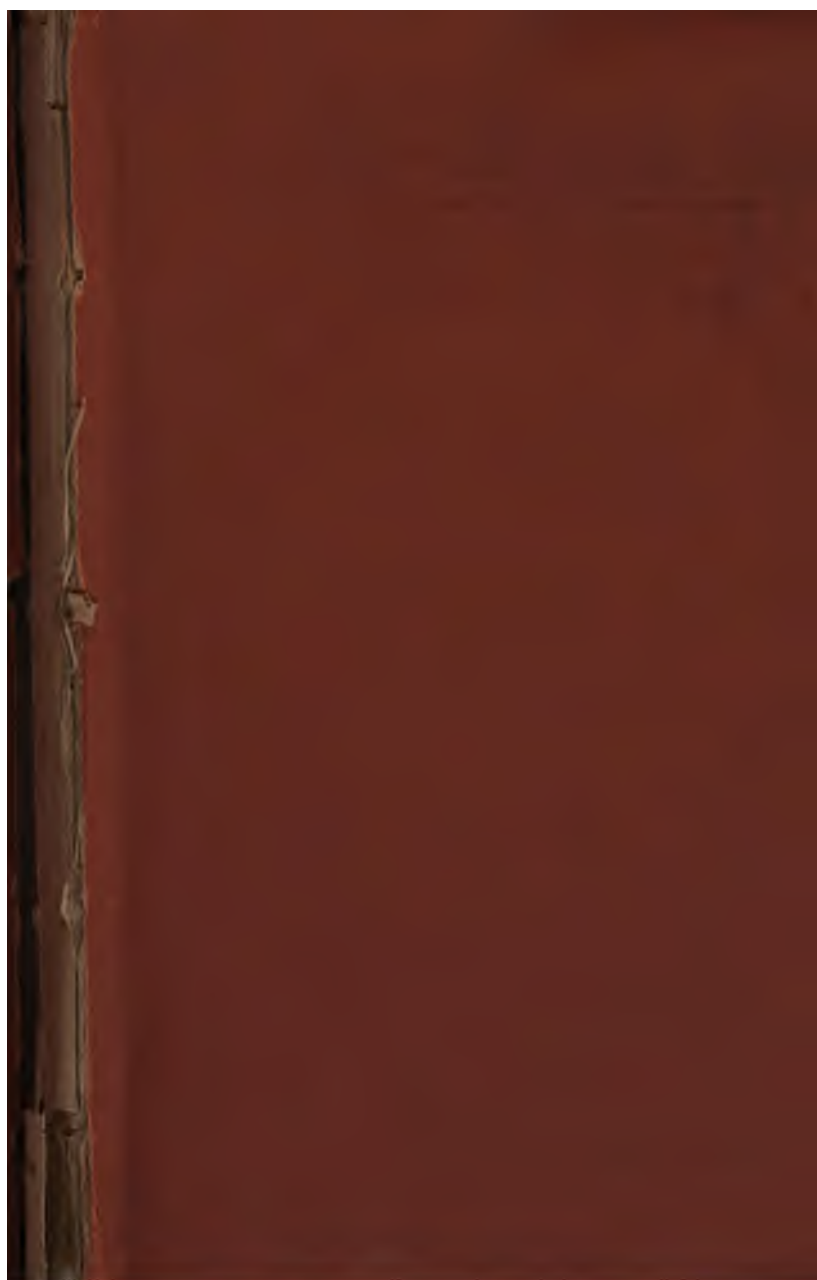
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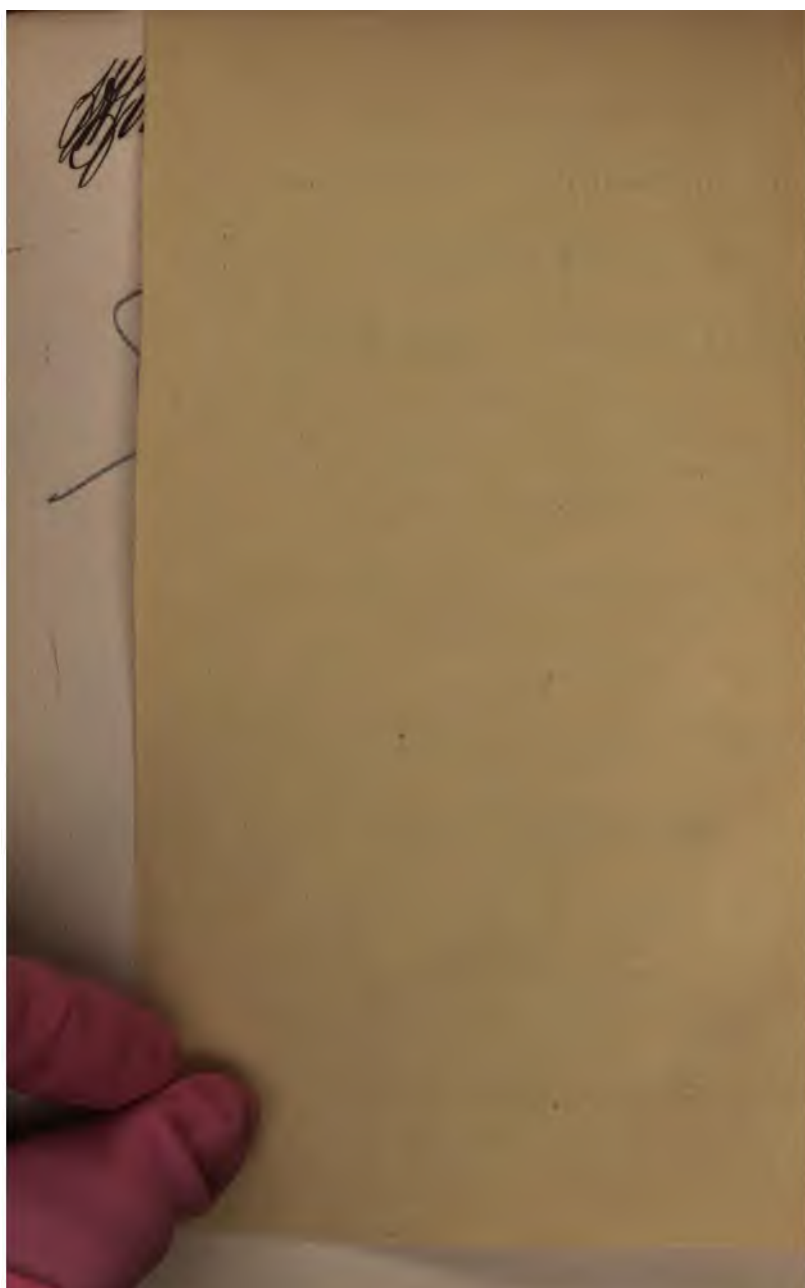
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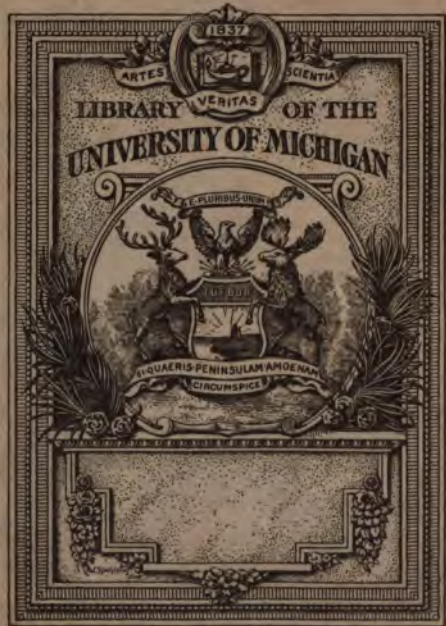
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Edinburgh Review, October, 1845.

DANIEL DE FOE.

*The Novels and Miscellaneous Works of DANIEL DE FOE; with a
Biographical Memoir of the Author.* 20 vols. 12mo. Oxford: 1842.

The Works of DANIEL DE FOE. 3 vols. royal 8vo. London: 1843.

I.

CHARLES THE SECOND.

1661—1685.

SWIFT proposed, for one of the sour consolations of his Irish exile, to compile a catalogue of Things that Ought to have Succeeded. A modern version of the sorry list would be incomplete without the "Complete" Editions of De Foe. Better undertakings have never more decisively failed. Of the only two attempts, now before us, made with any sort of pretension to success, the first scantily executed a limited design, and the second abruptly stopped with four-fifths of its labour unaccomplished. Such as they are, the intelligent bookseller offers them for something less than a fourth of

their original cost, and has yet to complain that his customers turn away. He would fain think better of the writer with whom his boyhood associates the first and most enduring delight he has received from literature; and perhaps he moves him with some reluctance from that popular shelf which holds the Pope, the Swift, and the Addison.

It is with De Foe dead, as it was with De Foe living. He stands apart from the circle of the reigning wits of his time, and his name is not called over with theirs. What in this respect was formerly the fashion, is the fashion still; and whether sought for in the Histories of Doctor Smollett or of Lord Mahon, his niche is vacant. His life, to be fairly presented, should be written as the "Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Daniel De Foe, who lived above Seventy Years all Alone, in the Island of Great Britain." It might then be expected to compare, in vicissitude and interest, with his immortal romance; as written hitherto, it has only shared the fate of his manly but perishable polemics.

He was born much about the time of that year of grace, 1661, when Mr. Pepys and his wife, walking in Whitehall Gardens, saw "the finest smocks and linen petticoats of my Lady Castlemaine, laced with rich lace at the bottom," that ever they saw: "and did me good to look at them," adds the worthy man. There was little

else in those days to do any body good. The people, drunk with the orgies of the Restoration, rejoiced in nothing so much as in pimps and courtesans; and to be a bad Englishman and a worse Christian, was to be a good Protestant and a loyal subject. Sheldon governed the Church, and Clarendon the State; the Bishop having no better charity than to bring Presbyterian preachers into contempt, and the Chancellor no better wisdom than to reduce them to beggary. While Sheldon entertained his dinner-table with caricatures of a dissenting minister's sermon, "till," says one of his guests, "it made us all burst," Clarendon was drawing up that Act of Uniformity, by which, in one day, he threw out three thousand ministers from the benefices they held.

This was in 1662; and the beginning of that system of religious persecution, under which, with God's blessing, the better part of the English character reawakened, and the hardy virtues of Dissent struck root and flourished. Up to this time, vast numbers of the Presbyterians, strongly attached to Monarchy, desired but a reasonable settlement of Episcopacy, and would have given in their adherence to any moderate system. The hope of such a compromise was now rudely closed. In 1663 the Conventicle Act was passed, punishing with transportation a third offence of attendance on any wor-

ship but that of the Church ; and while the plague was raging, two years after, the Oxford Act banished five miles from any corporate town all who should refuse a certain oath, which no Nonconformist could honestly take. Secret, stealthy worship was the resource left ; and other things thrived in secret with it, which would less have prospered openly. Substantial citizens, wealthy tradesmen, even gossiping Secretaries to the Admiralty, began to find other employment than the criticism of Lady Castlemaine's lace, or admiration of Mistress Nell Gwynne's linen. It appeared to be dawning on them at last, that they were really living in the midst of infamy and baseness ; that buffoons and courtesans were their Rulers ; that defeat and disgrace were their Portion ; that a Dutch fleet was riding in their Channel, and a perjured and pensioned Popish despot sitting on their Throne.

The indulgence granted to Dissenters in the year of the Dutch war (the previous year had been one of fierce persecution), opened, among other meeting-houses, that of Little St. Helen's, Bishopsgate ; where the Rev. Dr. Annesley, ejected from his living of Cripplegate by the Act of Uniformity, administered his pious lessons. Under him there sate, in that congregation of earnest listeners, the family of a wealthy butcher of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, Mr. James Foe ; and the worthy minister

would stop approvingly, as he passed the seats of Mr. Foe, to speak to that bright-eyed lad of eleven, by name Daniel, whose activity and zeal in the good cause were already such, that, in fear their Popish governors might steal away their printed Bibles, he had "worked like a horse till he had written out the whole Pentateuch." For the gleam of liberty to Dissenters had been but a veil for the like indulgence to Papists; and it was known at this very time, that the high-minded Richard Baxter had refused a bribe of £50 a year, to give in his public approval of such questionable favours of the crown.

Mr. James Foe, a grave, reserved, and godly man,* seems to have been proud of his son, Daniel. He gave him the best education which a Dissenter had it in his power to give. He sent him to the then famous Academy at Newington Green, kept by Mr. Charles Morton, an excellent Oxford scholar, and a man of various and large ability; whom Harvard College in New England afterwards chose for vice-president, when driven by

* He lived till 1707, and two years before his death wrote this testimony to a servant's character, which now supplies no bad testimony to his own:—"Sarah Pierce lived with us, about fifteen or sixteen years since, about two years; and behaved herself so well that we recommended her to Mr. Cave, that godly minister, which we should not have done had not her conversation been becoming the gospel. From my lodgings, at the Bell, in Broad street, having left my house in Throgmorton street, October 10, 1705. Witness my hand, JAMES FOE."

ecclesiastical persecution to find a home beyond the Atlantic. Here the lad was put through a course of theology; and was set to study the rudiments of political science. These things Mr. Morton reckoned to be a part of education. Young Daniel also acquired a competent knowledge of mathematics and natural philosophy; of logic, geography, and history; and when he left the school, was reasonably accomplished in Latin and Greek, and in French and Italian.* He had made himself known, too, as a "boxing English boy;" who never

* In later life, when replying with great dignity and temper to a scurrilous attack by Swift, he adverts to what some of his studies in those earlier days had been. "Illiterate as I am," he says, repeating Swift's abuse, "I have been in my time pretty well master of five languages, and have not lost them yet, but my father left the language of Billingsgate quite out of my education. I have also made a little progress in science. I read 'Euclid's Elements,' and yet never found the mathematical description of a *scurrilous gentleman*. I have read logic, but could never see a syllogism formed upon the notion of it. I went some length in physics, or natural philosophy, and could never find between the two ends of nature, generation and corruption, one species out of which such a creature could be formed. I thought myself master of geography, and to possess sufficient skill in astronomy to have set up for a country almanac-writer; yet could in neither of the globes find either in what part of the world such a heterogeneous creature lives, nor under the influence of what heavenly body he can be produced. From whence I conclude very frankly that either there is no such creature in the world, or that, according to *Mr. Examiner*, I am a stupid idiot, and a very illiterate fellow."

struck his enemy when he was down. All this he recounted with no immodest or unmanly pride, when assailed in after life, by Browne and Tutchin, for his mean Dissenter's education. It was an act of justice to his ancient father, he said, then still living, freely to testify that, if he was a blockhead, it was nobody's fault but his own, nothing in his education having been spared that could qualify him to match with the accurate Doctor Browne or the learned Observator; and he added, that there was a fifth language, besides those recounted, in which it had been Mr. Morton's endeavour to practise and improve his scholars. "He read all his lectures; gave all his systems, whether of philosophy or divinity; and had all his declaimings and dissertations—in English. We were not critics in the Greek and Hebrew, perfect in languages, and perfectly ignorant, if that term may be allowed, of our mother tongue. We were not destitute of languages, but we were made masters of English; and more of us excelled in that particular than of any school at that time."

So passed the youth of Daniel Foe, in what may be well accounted a vigorous and healthy English training. With sharp and strong faculties, with early and active zeal, he looked out from his honest father's home and his liberal teacher's study, upon a course of public events well fitted to enforce, by dint of bitter contrast, the value

of high courage, of stern integrity, and of unbending faithfulness. He would be told, by all whom he esteemed, of the age of great deeds and thoughts which had lately passed away; and thus early would learn the difference, on which he dwelt in one of his first writings, between the grand old blind schoolmaster of Bunhill-fields, just buried in his father's parish of Cripplegate, and the ribald crowd of profligate poets lounging and sauntering in St. James's. There is no better school for the love of virtue, than that of hatred and contempt for vice. He would hear discussed, with fervid and honest indignation, the recall of the Indulgence in 1674, after the measures for relief of Dissent had been defeated; the persecution of Baxter and Manton in the following year; the subsequent gross interference of the Bishops against a final effort for accommodation; and the fierce cruelty of the penal laws against Nonconformists, between 1676 and 1678. Then, in the latter memorable year, he would find himself involved in that sudden and fierce reaction of the Anti-Papist feeling of the time, which, while Protestants and Presbyterians were groaning under a Popish prince, sent numberless innocent Roman Catholic gentlemen to Protestant and Presbyterian scaffolds.

When the rage of the so-called Popish Plot burst forth, Mr. Morton's favourite pupil was in his seven-

teenth year. We need not say how freely we condemn that miserable madness; or in what scorn we hold the false-hearted spies and truculent murderers, whose worthless evidence sacrificed so many noble and gentle lives;—but as little can we doubt that, to honest Presbyterians then existing, the thing was not that cruel folly it now seems to us; and we can understand their welcoming at last, in even such wild frenzy, a popular denunciation of the faith which they knew to be incompatible with both civil and religious liberty, yet knew to be the faith of him who held and of him who was to succeed to the throne. Out of the villany of the Court sprang this counter-villany of Titus Oates; and the meetings in which that miscreant harangued the London citizens, were the first effectual demonstration against the government of Charles II. We will not wonder, then, that there was often to be seen among his crowds of excited listeners, but less excited than they, a middle-sized, spare, active, keen-eyed youth—the son of Mr. Foe of Cripple-gate.

At these meetings were first heard bandied from side to side, the two not least memorable words in English history. Then broke forth, when the horrible cruelties of Lauderdale were the theme, groans of sympathy for those tortured Cameronians who lived on the refuse, the “weak” of the milk, and so had got the Scotch name of

Whigs; then, when justification was sought for like cruelties and tortures against the opposite faith, shouts of execration were hurled against the Papists who would murder Titus Oates, and who, for their thieving and villanous tendencies, had got the Irish name of *Tories*. Young Foe remembered this in after life; and described the blustering hero of these scenes, with a squat figure, a vulgar drawling voice, and, right in the centre of his broad flat face, a mouth of fit capacity for the huge lies it uttered, "calling every man a Tory that opposed him in discourse." For, be it noted to the credit of the youth's sagacity, he did not even now, to adopt his own expression, "come up to all the extravagances of some people in their notions of the Popish plot." He believed, indeed, that wherever sincere Popery was, a conspiracy to act in conformity with it would not be far off. "I never blame men who, professing principles destructive of the constitution they live under, and believing it their just right to supplant it, act in conformity to the principles they profess. I believe, if I were a Papist, I should do the same. Believing the merit of it would carry me to heaven, I doubt not I should go as far as another. But when we ran up that plot to general massacres, fleets of pilgrims, bits and bridles, knives, handcuffs, and a thousand such things, I confess, though a boy, I could not then, nor can now, come up to them.

And my reasons were, as they still are, because I see no cause to believe the Papists to be fools, whatever else we had occasion to think them. A general massacre truly! when the Papists all over the kingdom are not five to a hundred, in some counties not one, and within the city hardly one to a thousand!"

So saved from the general folly of the Presbyterian party, and intolerant only because a larger toleration was at stake, this manly and sagacious lad needed neither knife nor handcuff to save himself from a Papist. He walked through the thick of the riots with reliance on a stout oaken cudgel, which he called his "Protestant flail;" * and laughed at the monstrous lies that fed the vulgar cravings, and kept taverns agape with terror. See him enter one, and watch the eager group. A fellow bawls forth the last invention against "the Papishes." It concerns the new building honest men took

* With characteristic and manly humour he wrote, several years after this date:—"Now, a Protestant flail is an excellent weapon. A pistol is a fool to it. It laughs at the sword or cane. You know there's no fence against a flail. For my part, I have frequently walked with one about me in the old Popish days, and, though I never set up for a hero, yet, when armed with this scourge for a Papist, I remember I feared nothing. Murthing men in the dark was pretty much the fashion then, and every honest man walked the streets in danger of his life; yet so excellent a weapon is it, that really the very apprehension of it soon put an end to the assassinations that then were practised. I re-

such pride in, and Papists, for a reason, hated so. It is about the "tall bully" of a Monument; and every body pricks up his ears. What has happened? "Why, last night, six Frenchmen came up and stole away the Monument; and but for the watch, who stopped them as they were going over the bridge, and made them carry it back again, they might, for aught we know, have carried it over into France. These Papishes will never have done." Is the tale incredible? Not half so much, as that some of those assembled should stare and doubt it. But now steps forward "Mr Daniel Foe." He repeats the story; and tells the unbelievers to satisfy their doubts by going to the spot, "where they'd see the workmen employed in making all fast again." The simpletons "swallowed the joke, and departed quite satisfied." The touch of reality sent it down: A genius for homely fiction had strolled into the tavern, and there

member I saw an honest stout fellow, who is yet alive, with one of these Protestant instruments, exorcise seven or eight ruffians in Fleet-street, and drive them all before him quite from Fleet-Bridge into White-Friars, which was their receptacle; and he handled it so decently that you would wonder, when now and then one or two of them came within his reach, and got a knock, to see how they would dance: nay, so humble and complaisant were they, that every now and then they would kiss the very ground at his feet; nor would they scruple descending even to the kennel itself, if they received but the word of command from this most Protestant utensil."

found its first victims. They deserved, by way of compensation, a ripe old age, and the reading of *Robinson Crusoe*.

But the strolling into taverns? It is little likely that Mr. Morton or the elder Mr. Foe would have sanctioned it; but the Presbyterian ministry was no longer, as it once had been, the youth's destination. He seems to have desired a more active sphere, and he was put to the business of commerce. His precise employment has been questioned, but when his libellers in later life called him a hosier, he said he had never been apprentice to that craft, though he had been a trader in it; and it is tolerably certain that, in seven years from the present date, he had a large agency in Freeman's Court, Cornhill, as a kind of middleman between the manufacturer and the retail trader. He was a freeman of London by his birth; on embarking in this business of hose-factor, he entered the livery; and he wrote his name in the Chamberlain's book, "Daniel Foe."

Seven eventful years! Trade could not so absorb him, but that he watched them with eager interest. Nor was it possible for him to watch them without hope. Hope would brighten in that sensible manly heart, when it most deserted weaker men's. When the King, alarmed, flung off his lounging sloth for crueller enjoyments; when lampoons and ballads of the streets, directed

against the doings in White-hall, became fiercer and bolder than even Duchess Portsmouth's impudence; when such serious work was afoot, that a satire by Dryden counted more at court than an indecency by Rochester; when bills to exclude a Popish succession were lost in the Upper House but by a phalanx of Protestant Bishops, and the Lower House that had passed them, rudely dissolved by a furious Monarch and intemperately assailed by his servile Churchmen, was calmly defended by a Sydney and a Somers; when, the legitimate field of honest warfare closed, dark conspiracies and treasons took its place, and the boasts of the reckless Shaftesbury passed from mouth to mouth, that he'd walk the King leisurely out of his dominions, and make the Duke of York a vagabond on the earth like Cain,—no fear was likely to depress, and no bragging was needed to keep in hope, a shrewd, clear intellect. The young Cornhill merchant told his countrymen afterwards, how it had gone with him then;—how Tyranny had taught him the value of liberty, Popery the danger of passive pulpits, and Oppression how to prize the fence of laws; with what interest he had observed the sudden visit of the King's nephew, William of Orange, already the hero of the Protestant liberties of Europe, and lately wedded to the presumptive heiress of the throne; of what light esteem he held the monarch's disregard of

that kinsman's prudent counsel; and with what generous anger, yet unshrinking spirit, he saw the men who could not answer Algernon Sydney's Book, erect a scaffold to take off his Head.

That was his first brave impulse to authorship of his own. In the year made infamous by the judicial murders of Russell and Sydney, he published his first political essay. It was a prose lampoon on High Church absurdities;* and, with much that would not bear present revival, bore the stamp of a robust new mind, fresh from the reading of Rabelais. It stirred the veteran libeller L'Estrange, and pamphlet followed pamphlet. It needs not to touch the controversy now. It is dead and gone. Oxford herself repudiates, with shame, the decree she passed in full Convocation on the day of Russell's execution; promulgating, on pain of infamy here and damnation hereafter, the doctrines of divine right and passive obedience; and anathematizing twenty-seven propositions from Milton, Baxter, and Godwin, Bellarmine, Buchanan, and Hobbes, as seditious, scandalous, impious, blasphemous, heretical, and damnable.

Having fleshed his maiden pen, the young merchant

* The allusion in the text is to the *Speculum Crapegownorum*; but since this Essay was written I have seen reason to doubt whether De Foe was really the author.

soon resumed it, in a cause again involving religious liberty; with a spirit in advance of his party; and with force, decision, and success. The reign of Charles was now setting, in a sullen, dire persecution. Chapels were shut; ministers dying in jail; congregations scattered. A man who would not take the sacrament was whipped or pilloried; a man who would not take it kneeling, was plundered or imprisoned. "See there!" cried the sharp strong sense of Daniel Foe, whom business had taken to Windsor, where he had sauntered into St. George's Chapel with a friend—"See that altar-piece! Our Saviour administers his Last Supper to his disciples sitting round the table; and, because *we* would copy that posture, the government oppresses us." Almost as he spoke, the end was approaching. Evelyn had seen the King the past Sunday evening, sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarine. A French boy sang love-songs in a glorious gallery; and, round a table groaning with a bank of two thousand golden pieces, a crew of profligate courtiers drank and gambled. "Six days after, all was in the dust;" and caps in the air for James the Second.

II.

JAMES THE SECOND.

1685—1689.

OF the new monarch's greetings, the most grovelling were those of the churchmen and the lawyers. The Bishop of Chester preached the divinity and infallibility of Kings; the Temple benchers and barristers went to court with the assurance that high prerogative, in its fullest extent, was the subject's best security for liberty and property; and in every pulpit thanksgivings resounded. In the first months of the reign, our hose-factor of Freeman's Yard heard it publicly preached from one of these pulpits, that if the King commanded the subject's head, and sent his messengers to fetch it, the subject was bound to submit, and, as far as possible, facilitate his own decapitation. Close upon this came the sudden tidings of Monmouth's ill-fated landing; and, of a small band of daring citizens who took horse and joined him, Daniel Foe was one. Perhaps he thought his own head nearer danger than it was, and worth a stroke for safety. He knew, at any rate, but the better sides of Monmouth's character. He admired

his popular manners. "None so beautiful, so brave as Absolon." He had seen him among the people in their sports, at races and at games, and thought his bearing sensible and manly. What matter if Lucy Walters was his mother? He knew him to be a sincere Protestant, and a lover of civil freedom; and he remembered the more kindly his disgrace in the reign just passed, for having vainly striven to moderate Episcopal cruelties in Scotland, when he saw the first Scottish act of the reign just begun, in a law to inflict death on conventicle preachers. In a word, our incipient rebel made no nice balance of danger and success; he saw what seemed to him liberty on the one side, and slavery on the other, and he resolved, with whatever fortune, to strike a blow for the good cause. He mounted horse and joined the invaders; was with them in Bristol and at Bath; and very narrowly escaped the crash that followed.

There is little doubt that while Bishops Turner and Ken were prolonging Monmouth's agonies on the scaffold, for the chance of a declaration in favour of divine right and non-resistance; and while Jeffreys's bloody campaign, through the scenes of the late rebellion, was consigning his master and himself to eternal infamy; the young rebel citizen had effected a passage over seas. At about this time, he certainly was absent

from England; as certainly had embarked some capital in the Spanish and Portuguese trade; and no one has questioned his narrow escape from the clutch of Jeffreys. The mere escape had been enough for other men;—*his* practical, unwearying, versatile energy, made it the means of new adventure, the source of a larger experience, the incentive to a more active life. He had seen Spain, Germany, and France, before he again saw Freeman's Court, Cornhill; and, when he returned, it was with the name he has made immortal. He was now Daniel *De Foe*.

Whether the change was a piece of innocent vanity picked up in his travels, or had any more serious motive, it would now be idle to inquire. By both names he was known to the last; but his books, in almost every instance, bore that by which he is known to posterity.

He found a strange scene in progress on his return. The power of the King to dispense with the laws, had been affirmed by eleven out of the twelve judges; and he saw this monstrous power employed to stay the as monstrous persecution of Nonconformists and Dissenters. A licence purchased for fifty shillings had opened the prison doors of Richard Baxter; but the sturdy lovers of freedom who purchased that licence, acknowledged, in the act of doing it, that they placed the King above the laws. It was a state of things in

which men of the clearest sight had lost their way, and the steadiest were daily stumbling. William Penn had gone up to court with a deputation of thanks; he was seconded by not a few Presbyterians; he had the support of all those classes of Dissent whose idea of religion rejected altogether the alliance of civil government, conceiving itself to stand immeasurably above such controul; and, though the main Presbyterian body stood aloof, it was in an attitude of deference and fear, without dignity, without self-reliance. For a while De Foe looked on in silence; and then resolutely took his course.

Of James the Second's sincerity there is no doubt, and as little of his bigotry and meanness. He had the obstinate weakness of his father. "There goes an honest gentleman," said the Archbishop of Rheims, some year or two later, "who lost three kingdoms for a mass." His unwearied, sole endeavour, from the hour in which he ascended the throne to that in which he was hurled from it, was to establish the Roman Catholic religion in England. When the Church that had declared resistance unchristian, and proffered him unconditional obedience, refused him a single benefice, fat or lean, and kept his hungering Popish doctors outside the butteries of her Oxford Colleges,—the Dissenters became his hope. If he could array Dissent against the

Church, there was an entrance yet for Rome. This was his passion. He had none other, and neither breadth of understanding or warmth of heart to counteract this. It stood him in the stead, therefore, of every other faith; and, when the game went wholly against him, he had no better source of courage. He thought but of "raising the Host," and winning it that way.

De Foe understood both game and gambler. We could name no man of the time who understood them so clearly as this young trader of Cornhill. He saw the false position of all parties; the blundering clash of interests, the wily complications of policy. He spoke with contempt of a Church that, with its "fawning, whining, canting sermons," had played the Judas to its Sovereign. He condemned the address-making Dissenters, who, in their zeal for religious liberty, had forgotten civil freedom. He exposed the conduct of the King, as, in plain words, a fraudulent scheme "to create a feud between Dissenters and the Establishment, and so destroy both in the end." And, with emphatic eloquence, he exhorted the Presbyterian party, that now, if ever, they should make just and reasonable terms with the Church; that now, if ever, should her assumption of superiority, her disdain of equal intercourse, her denial of Christian brotherhood, be effectually rebuked; that between the devil sick and

the devil well, there was a monstrous difference ; and that, failing any present assertion of rights and guarantees, it would be hopeless to expect them when she should have risen, once more strengthened, from her humble diet and her recumbent posture.

The advice and warning were urged in two masterly publications. The Dissenters condemned them, and took every occasion to disclaim their author. De Foe had looked for no less. In his twenty-sixth year, he found himself that solitary, resolute, independent thinker, which, up to his seventieth year, he remained. What he calls the "grave, weak, good men" of the party, did not fail to tell him of his youth and inexperience ; but, for all that fell out, he had prepared himself abundantly. "He that will serve men, must not promise himself that he shall not anger them. I have been exercised in this usage even from a youth. I had their reproaches when I blamed their credulity and confidence in the flatteries and caresses of Popery ; and when I protested against addresses of thanks for an illegal liberty of conscience founded on a dispensing power." He was thus early initiated in the transcendent art of thinking and standing ALONE.

Whoso can do this manfully, will find himself least disposed to be alone, when any great good thing is in progress. De Foe would have worked with the meanest

of the men opposed to him, in the business of the nation's deliverance. He knew that Dyckvelt was now in England, in communication with the leaders of both parties in the state. He had always honoured the steady-purposed Dutchman's master as the head of the league of the great European confederacy, which wanted only England to enable it to complete its noble purposes. He believed it to be the duty of that prince, connected both by birth and marriage with the English throne, to watch the course of public affairs in a country, which by even the natural course of succession he might be called to govern. But he despised the Tory attempt to mix up a claim of legitimacy with the greater design of elective sovereignty; and laughed with the hottest of the Jacobites at the miserable warming-pan plot. He felt, and was the first to state it in print at the time, that the title to the throne was but in another form the more sacred title of the people to their liberties. So he mounted his "rebel" horse once more when he heard of the landing at Torbay. He was with the army of William when James precipitately fled; he was at the bar of the House of Lords when Hampden took up the vote of non-allegiance to a Popish sovereign, and when the memorable resolution of the 13th of February declared that no King had reigned in England since the day of James's flight; he heard William's first speech to

the Houses five days later; and, "gallantly mounted and richly accoutred," he was foremost in the citizen troop of volunteer-horse, who were William and Mary's guard of honour at their first visit to Guildhall.*

De Foe never ceased to commemorate William's bearing in these passages of his life. While the Convention debates were in progress, the calmly resolute Stadtholder had stayed, secluded, at St. James's. Sycophants sought access to him, counsellors would

* Oldmixon's account is characteristic. Of course the inveterate old Whig libels De Foe, but a sufficient refutation of his sneers will be given before this Essay closes. "Their Majesties," he says, describing the grand day at Guildhall, "attended by their royal highnesses and a numerous train of nobility and gentry, went first to a balcony prepared for them at the Angel in Cheapside, to see the show; which, for the great number of liverymen, the full appearance of the militia and artillery company, the rich adornments of the pageants, and the splendour and good order of the whole proceeding, outdid all that had been seen before upon that occasion; and what deserved to be particularly mentioned, was a royal regiment of volunteer-horse, made up of the chief citizens, who, being gallantly mounted and richly accoutred, were led by the Earl of Monmouth, now Earl of Peterborough, and attended their Majesties from Whitehall. Among these troopers, who were for the most part Dissenters, was *Daniel Foe*, at that time a hosier in Freeman's Yard, Cornhill; the same who afterwards was pilloried for writing an ironical invective against the Church, and did, after that, 'list in the service of Mr. Robert Harley, and those brethren of his who passed the Schism and Occasional bills, broke the confederacy, and made a shameful and ruinous peace with France."

have advised with him, in vain. He invited no popularity; he courted no party. The only Tory chief who spoke with him, came back to tell his friends that he set "little value on a crown." The strife, the heat, the violent animosity, the doubtful success—all which in these celebrated debates seemed to affect his life and fortune—moved him not. He desired nothing to be concealed from him; he said nothing to his informants. This only was known: he would not hold his Crown by the apron-strings of his wife. He would not reign but as an independent sovereign. "They are an inconstant people, Marshal," he quietly observed to Schomberg.

III.

WILLIAM THE THIRD.

1689—1702.

HERE, then, in the prince who now ruled over England, was a man who also could stand ALONE. Here was a king for such a subject as De Foe. We may not wonder that the admiration conceived of him by the citizen merchant deepened into passion. He revered him, loved, and honoured him ; and kept as a festive day in his house, even to the close of his life, that great day in the month of November which is so remarkably associated with his name. On that day, exclaimed De Foe with enthusiasm, he was born ; on that day he married the daughter of England ; on that day he rescued the nation from a bondage worse than that of Egypt, a bondage of soul as well as bodily servitude ! Its first celebration was held at a country house in Tooting, which it would seem De Foe now occupied ; and the manner of it afforded, in itself, some proof of what we hardly need to be told, that the resolute, practical habits of this earnest, busy man, were not unattended by that genial

warmth of nature which alone gives strength of character such as his, and without which never public virtue, and rarely private, comes quite to its maturity. In this village, too, in this year of the Revolution, we find him occupied in erecting a meeting-house; in drawing together a Nonconformist congregation; and in providing a man of learning for their minister. It was an object always near his heart. For every new foundation of that kind went some way towards the rendering Dissent a permanent separate interest, and an independent political body, in the State; and the Church's reviving heats made the task at once imperative and easy. Wherever intemperate language, and overbearing arrogant persecution, are characteristics of the highest churchmen, should we marvel that sincere church-goers turn affrighted from the flame they see incessantly flickering about those elevated rods, which they had innocently looked to for safe conductors?

But, in the midst of his labours and enjoyments, there came a stroke of evil fortune. He had married some little time before this (nothing further is known on that head, but that in the course of his life he had two wives, the first named Mary, and the second Susannah); and, with the prospect of a family growing up around him, he saw his fortune swept suddenly away by a large unsuccessful adventure. One angry creditor took out a

Commission of Bankruptcy; and De Foe, submitting meanwhile to the rest a proposition for amicable settlement, fled from London. A prison paid no debts, he said. "The cruelty of your laws against debtors, without distinction of honest or dishonest, is the shame of your nation. It is not he who cannot pay his debts, but he who can and will, who must necessarily be a knave. He who is unable to pay his debts at once, may yet be able to pay them at leisure; and you should not meanwhile murder him by law, for such is perpetual imprisonment." So, from himself to his fellow-men, he reasoned always. No wrong or wretchedness ever befell De Foe, which he did not with all diligence bestir himself to turn to the use and profit of his kind. To what he now struggled with, through two desperate years, they mainly owed, seven years later, that many most atrocious iniquities, prevailing in the bankrupt refuges of *Whitefriars* and the *Mint*, were repressed by statute;* and that the small relief of

* The extent of this service could only be measured for the reader by a description, for which this is no fitting place, of the atrocities and knaveries of every kind practised in those privileged haunts of desperate and outlawed men. Well warranted was the pride with which he remarked in his old age:—"I had the good fortune," says he, "to be the first that complained of this encroaching evil in former days, and think myself not too vain in saying, my humble representations, in a day when

William's act was at least reluctantly vouchsafed. He had pressed the subject with all his power of plain strong sense, and with a kind of rugged impressiveness, as of the cry of a sufferer.

His place of retreat appears to have been in Bristol. Doubtless he had merchant friends there. An acquaintance of his last excellent biographer, Mr. Walter Wilson, mentions it as an honourable tradition in his family, that at this time one of his Bristol ancestors had often seen and spoken with "the great De Foe." They called him the *Sunday Gentleman*, he said, because, through fear of the bailiffs, he did not dare to appear in public upon any other day; while on that day he was sure to be seen, with a fine flowing wig, lace ruffles, and a sword by his side, passing through the Bristol

I could be heard, of the abominable insolence of bankrupts, practised in the Mint and Friars, gave the first mortal blow to the prosperity of these excesses." To this I will add, from another of his writings, an illustration of the "excesses" of dishonesty to which their facilities tempted men:—"Nothing was more frequent than for a man in full credit to buy all the goods he could lay his hands on, and carry them directly from the house he bought them at into the Friars, and then send for his creditors and laugh at them, insult them, showing them their own goods untouched, offer them a trifle in satisfaction, and if they refuse it, bid them defiance: I cannot refrain vouching this of my own knowledge, since I have more than many times been served so myself."

streets.* But no time was lost with De Foe, whether he was watched by bailiffs, or laid hold of by their betters. He wrote, in his present retirement, that famous Essay which went far to form the intellect and direct the pursuits of the most clear and practical genius of the succeeding century. "There was also," says Benjamin Franklin, describing the little library in his uncle's house, "a book of De Foe's called an *Essay on Projects*, which perhaps gave me a turn of thinking that had an influence on some of the principal future events of my life."

De Foe composed the *Essay* here, in Bristol; though it was not published until two years later. What the tendency of the age would surely be (partly by the

* I give what is said by Mr. Wilson, because of the oddity of its conclusion, and the manifest confusion of ideas involved in it:— "A friend of mine in Bristol informs me of a tradition in his family, that rather countenances this supposition. He says, that one of his ancestors remembered De Foe, and sometimes saw him walking in the streets of Bristol, accoutred in the fashion of the times, with a fine flowing wig, lace ruffles, and a sword by his side. Also, that he there obtained the name of the 'Sunday Gentleman,' because, through fear of the bailiffs, he did not dare to appear in public upon any other day. The fact of De Foe's residence in Bristol, either at this, or some later period of his life, is further corroborated by the following circumstance. About a century ago, as the same friend informs me, there was a tavern in Castle-street, known by the sign of the Red Lion, and kept by one Mark Watkins, an intelligent man, who had been in better circumstances. His house was in considerable repute amongst the tradesmen of Bristol, who were in the habit

influence of the Revolution, for commerce and religious freedom have ever prospered together; partly by the financial necessities of the war, and the impulse thereby given to projects and adventure), he had promptly discerned, and would have turned to profitable uses in this most shrewd, wise, and memorable piece of writing. It suggested reforms in the System of Banking, and a plan for Central Country Banks; it pointed out the enormous advantages of an efficient improvement of the Public Roads, as a source of public benefit and revenue; it recommended, for the safety of trade, a mitigation of the law against the honest Bankrupt, and a more effectual law against practised knavery; it proposed the

of resorting there after dinner, for the purpose of smoking their pipes, and hearing the news of the day. De Foe, following the custom of the times, occasionally mixed with them at these seasons, and was well known to the laudlord under the same name of the 'Sunday Gentleman.' The house is still standing, and is now a mere pot-house. The same Mark Watkins, it is said, used to entertain his company, in after-times, with an account of a singular personage who made his appearance in Bristol, clothed in goat-skins, in which dress he was in the habit of walking the streets, and went by the name of Alexander Selkirk, or Robinson Crusoe." In other words, Mr. Mark Watkins had lived till Robinson Crusoe was published, and then, in his old age, with his wits not the clearer for all those years of ale and pipe, was apt, in still dwelling on his recollections of the Sunday Gentleman, to confound his quondam guest with the hardly less veritable creation of his fancy, and to substitute the immortal mariner for the mortal De Foe!

general establishment of Offices for Insurance, “in every case of risk;” it impressively enforced the expediency of Friendly Societies, and of a kind of Savings Bank, among the poor; and, with eloquence and clear-sightedness far in advance of the time, it urged the solemn necessity of a greater care of Lunatics, which it described as “a particular rent-charge on the great family of mankind.”

A man may afford to live alone who can make solitude eloquent with such designs as these. What a teeming life there is in them!—what a pregnant power and wisdom, thrown broad-cast over the fields of the future! It might not be ill done, as it seems to us, to transfer to this bankrupt fugitive, to this Sunday Gentleman and every day earnest workman, with no better prospect than a bailiff visible from his guarded window, some part of the honour and glory we too freely assign to more prosperous actors in the busy period of the Revolution. Could we move to London from the side of our hero, by the four days’ Bristol coach, it would be but a paltry scene that awaited us there. He has himself described it. “Is a man trusted, and then made a lord? Is he loaded with honours, and put into places? Has he the King’s ear? and does he eat his bread? Then expect he shall be one of the first to fly in his face!” Such indeed, and no other, would be the scene presented

to us. We should find the great sovereign obliged to repose his trust where no man could trust with safety. There would the first rank growth of the new-gotten Liberty greet us in its most repulsive forms. There we should see the double game of treachery, to the reigning and to the banished sovereign, played out with unscrupulous perfidy by rival statesmen; Opposition and Office but varying the sides of treason, from William to James. There would be the versatile Halifax, receiving a Jacobite agent "with open arms." There would be the dry, reserved Godolphin, engaged in a double service, though without a single bribe, to his actual and to his lawful sovereign. There would be the soldier Churchill, paid by William, yet taking secret gold from James, and tarnishing his imperishable name with an infamous treachery to England.

And all this, wholly unredeemed by the wit and literature which graced the years of noisy faction to which it was the prelude. As yet, Pope was an infant in the cradle, Addison and Steele were boys at Charter House, Bolingbroke was reading Greek at Christ Church, and Swift was amanuensis in Sir William Temple's house, for his board and twenty pounds a-year. Nor does any sign in the present give hope of such a future. The laureateship of Dryden has fallen on Shadwell, and even Garth's *Dispensary* has not yet been

writ; Mr. Tate and Mr. Brady are dividing the town; the noble accents of Locke on behalf of toleration are inaudible in the press; but Sir Richard Blackmore prepares his Epics, and Bishop Burnet sits down in a terrible passion to write somebody's character in his History. Truly we may be well content to return to Bristol, and take humbler part with the fortunes of Daniel De Foe.

We have not recounted all the projects of his *Essay*. The great design of Education was embraced in it, and a furtherance of the interests of Letters. It proposed an Academy, on the plan of that founded in France by Richelieu, to "encourage polite learning, establish purity of style, and advance the so much neglected faculty of correct language;"—urging upon William, how worthy of his high destiny it would be to eclipse Louis Quatorze in the peaceful arts, as much as he had eclipsed him in the field of battle. The proposition was revised, a few years later, in Prior's *Carmen Seculare*, and in 1711, Swift stole the entire notion, and almost the very language of De Foe, in his attempt "to erect some kind of society or academy, under the patronage of the ministers, and protection of the Queen, for correcting, enlarging, polishing, and fixing our language." Nor let us omit recital of the Military College De Foe would have raised; of his project for the Abolition of Impress-

ment ; and of his College for the Education of Women. His rare and high opinion of women had given him a just contempt for the female training of his time. He could not think, he said, that God ever made them so delicate, so glorious creatures, to be only stewards of our houses, cooks, and slaves. "A woman, well-bred and well-taught, furnished with the additional accomplishments of knowledge and behaviour, is a creature without comparison. Her society is the emblem of sublimer enjoyments ; she is all softness and sweetness, love, wit, and delight." This pleasant passage might have been written by Steele.

His Bristol exile was now closed, by the desired arrangement with his creditors. They consented to compound his liabilities for five thousand pounds, and to take his personal security for the payment. In what way he discharged this claim, and what reward they had who trusted him, an anecdote of thirteen years' later date (set down in the book of an enemy) will tell. While the quid-nuncs of the coffee-houses raged against him at the opening of the reign of Anne, a knot of intemperate assailants in one of them were suddenly interrupted by a person who sat at a table apart from theirs. "Come, gentlemen," he said, "let us do justice. I know this De Foe as well as any of you. I was one of his creditors ; compounded with him, and discharged him fully.

We fancy him now, not seldom, among the rude, daring men, who made the shore of the great London river, in those days, a place of danger and romance—"Friends of the sea, and foes of all that live on it." He knew, it is certain, the Kyds as well as the Dampiers, of that boisterous, adventurous, bucaniering, Ocean breed. With no violent effort, we now imagine him fortifying his own resolution, and contempt of danger, by theirs; looking, through their rough and reckless souls, face to face with that appalling courage they inherited from the vikings and sea-conquerors of old; listening to their risks and wanderings for a theme of

they fly away in great multitudes, seeking new habitations, and, not being well practised in the use of their wings, they grow weary, and, pressing one another down by their own weight, when they begin to tire they fall like a shower. I once knew a flight of these ants come over the marshes from Essex, in a most prodigious quantity, like a black cloud. They began to fall about a mile before they came to the Thames, and in flying over the river, they fell so thick that the water was covered with them. I had two servants rowing a small boat over the river just at that time, and I believe near two pecks of them fell into the boat. They fell so thick, that I believe my hatful came down the funnel of two chimneys in my house, which stood near the river's edge; and in proportion to this quantity, they fell for the space, as I could observe, of half a mile in breadth at least: some workmen I employed there said they spread two miles, but then they fell not so thick, and they continued falling for near three miles. Any body will imagine the quantity thus collected together must be prodigious; but, if again they will observe the multitude of these ant-hills, and the millions of creatures to be seen in them, they will cease to wonder."

robust example, some day, to reading landmen; and already, it may be, throwing forward his pleased and stirred imagination into solitary wildernesses and desert islands,

“Placed far amid the melancholy main.”

But, for the present, he turns back with a more practical and earnest interest to the solitary resident at St. James's. It will not be too much to say, that, at this moment, the most unpopular man in England was the man who had saved England. The pensioner of France, the murderer of Vane and Sydney, had more homage and respect for lounging about with his spaniels, and feeding the ducks in St. James's Park, than was ever attained by him who had rescued and exalted two great countries, to whom the depressed Protestant interest throughout the world owed its renovated hope and strength, and who had gloriously disputed Europe with Louis XIV.

Yes! this was the man whom the most powerful in England were now combined to harass and oppose; whom they reproached with the very services he had rendered them; whom they insulted by the baseness of their intrigues against him; in whose face, to use the striking expression of De Foe, they flung continually the filth of their passions. “I confess,” he exclaimed with an irrepressible and noble indignation, “my blood boils at the thought of it! Prodigious ingratitude! Canst

thou not, O man! be content to be advanced without merit, but thou must repine at them that have merit without reward? You helped to make him king, you helped to save your country and ruin him, you helped to recover your own liberties and those of your posterity, and now you claim rewards from him! Has he *not* rewarded you, by sacrificing his peace, his comfort, his fortune, and his country, to support you? As a prince, how great he was—how splendid, how happy, how rich, how easy, and how justly valued both by friends and enemies! He lived in the field glorious, feared by the enemies of his country, loved by the soldiery, having a vast inheritance of his own, governor of a rich State, blessed with the best of consorts, and, as far as this life could give, completely happy. Compare this with the gaudy crown you gave him, which, had a visible scheme been laid with it of all its uneasinesses, dangers, crosses, disappointments, and dark prospects, no wise man would have taken off the dunghill, or come out of jail to be master of. His perils have been your safety, his labours your ease, his cares your comfort, his continued harassing and fatigue your continued calm and tranquillity. When you sit down to eat, why have you not soldiers quartered in your houses, to command your servants and insult your tables? It is because King William subjected the military to the civil authority, and made the sword of justice

triumph over the sword of war. When you lie down at night, why do you not bolt and bar your chamber, to defend the chastity of your wives and daughters from the ungoverned lust of raging mercenaries? It is because King William restored the sovereignty and dominion of the laws, and made the red-coat world servants to them that paid them. When you receive your rents, why are not arbitrary defalcations made upon your tenants, arbitrary imposts laid upon your commerce, and oppressive taxes levied upon your estates, to support the tyranny that demands them, and make your bondage strong at your own expense? It is because King William re-established the essential security of your properties, and put you in that happy condition, which few nations enjoy, of calling your souls your own. How came you by a parliament, to balance between the governed and the governing, but upon King William's exalting liberty upon the ruin of oppression? How came you to have power to abuse your deliverer, but by the very deliverance he wrought for you? He supported you in those privileges you ungratefully bullied him with, and gave you the liberty you took to insult him!"

Such was De Foe's living and lofty appeal against the assailants and detractors of our great King; and, after proof and trial of nearly two centuries, how small is the exception to be taken to its warmth of generous partisanship!

If we see here and there a defect which was not visible to him, is there a greatness he commemorates which we do not also see, indelibly written in our English history? We may be far from thinking William a faultless Prince: but what to Princes who have since reigned has been a plain and beaten path, was rendered so by his experience and example; and our wonder should be, not that he stumbled, but that he was able to walk at all in the dark and thorny road he travelled. He undertook the vexed, and till then unsolved, problem of Constitutional Government; but he came to rule as a monarch, and not as a party chief. He, whom foolish bigots libel with their admiration, came to unite, and not to separate; to tolerate, and not to persecute; to govern one people, and not to raise and depress alternate classes. Of the many thousand Churchmen who had been preaching passive obedience before his arrival, only four hundred refused to acknowledge his government of active resistance; but he lived to find those four hundred his most honourable foes. From the very heart of the councils that surrounded his throne arose the treason against him. His Church overthrew him in his first attempt to legislate in a spirit of equal religious justice. His Whig ministers withdrew from him what they thought an unjust prerogative, because they had given him what they thought a just title. His

Tory opposition refused him what they counted a just prerogative, on the ground of what they held to be an unjust title. Tories joined with Whigs against a standing army, and Whigs joined with Tories against a larger toleration. "I can see no difference between them," said William to the elder Halifax, "but that the Tories would cut my throat in the morning, and the Whigs in the afternoon."

And yet there *was* a difference. The Whigs would have given him more than that "longer day." In the Tory ranks there was no public character so pure as that of Somers; the High-Church Bishops could shew at least no intellect equal to Burnet's; among the Tory financiers, there was no such clear accomplishment and wit as those of Charles Montagu, the later Halifax. Nor, even when with all his heats of advocacy De Foe flung himself into the struggle on the King's behalf, did he omit to remember this. In all his writings he failed not to enforce it. When he most grieved that there should be union to exact from the Deliverer of England what none had ever thought of exacting from her Enslavers, it was that men so different should compose it. When he supported a moderate standing-army against the Whigs, it was with a Whig reason; that "not the King, but the sword of England in the hand of the King, should secure peace and religious freedom." When he

opposed a narrow civil-list against the Whigs, it was with no Tory reason; but because "the King had wasted his own patrimony in a war undertaken for the defence of religion and liberty." Nay, when he opposed the King himself in his *Reasons against a War with France*, it was on a ground which enabled the Whigs, soon after, to prosecute and direct the mighty struggle which for ever broke the tyranny and supremacy of France. "He that desires we should end the war honourably, ought to desire also that we begin it fairly. Natural antipathies are no just ground of a war against nations; neither are popular opinions; nor is every invasion of a right a good reason for war, until redress has first been peaceably demanded."

If William was to find himself again reconciled to the Whigs, it would be by the influence of such Whiggery as this. Indeed it soon became apparent to him, even in the midst of general treachery, by which of the traitors he could most efficiently be served; and when, aware of the Jacobite correspondence of the Whig Duke of Shrewsbury, he sent him a Colonel of Guards with the seals of office in one hand and a warrant of treason in the other, to give him his choice of the Cabinet or the Tower, he but translated, in his decisive fearless way, the shrewd practical counsel of Daniel De Foe.

That this merchant financier and speculator, this

warm yet wary advocate, this sagacious politician, this homely earnest man of business, should early have made his value known to such a sovereign, we cannot doubt. It was not till a later service, indeed, that the private cabinet of William was open to him; but, before the Queen's death, it is certain he had access to the palace, and that Mary had consulted him in her favourite task of laying out Hampton Court Gardens. It is, to us, very pleasing to contemplate the meeting of such a sovereign and such a subject, as William and De Foe. There was something not dissimilar in their physical aspect, as in their moral temperament resemblances undoubtedly existed. The King was the elder by ten years; but the middle size, the spare figure, the hooked nose, the sharp chin, the keen grey eye, the large forehead, and grave appearance, were common to both. William's manner was cold, except in battle; and little warmth was ascribed to De Foe's, unless he spoke of civil liberty. There would be little recognition of Literature on either hand, yet nothing looked for that was not amply given. When the Stadtholder, in his practical way, complimented St. Evremont on having been a major-general in France, the dandy man of letters took offence; but if the King merely spoke to De Foe as one who had borne arms with Monmouth, we would answer for it there was no disappointed vanity. Here, in a word, was profound good

sense on both sides; substantial scorn of the fine and the romantic; impassive firmness; a good, broad, buffeting style of procedure; and dauntless force of character,— a King who ruled by popular choice, and a Subject who represented that choice without a tinge of faction.

Of how few then living, but De Foe, might that last remark be made! Of how few, even of the best Whigs, was it true that their Whiggism found no support in personal spite! At this very time, old Dryden could but weep when he thought of Prior and Charles Montagu (“for two young fellows I have always been civil to, to use an old man in so cruel a manner”): but De Foe, even while assailing the licence of the stage, spoke respectfully of Dryden, and, when condemning his changes of belief in later years, made admission of his “extraordinary genius.” At this time, Prior, so soon to become a Jacobite, was writing to Montagu that he had “faced old James and all his court, the other day, at St. Cloud; *vive Guillaume!* You never saw such a strange figure as the old bully is; lean, worn, and riv’led:” but De Foe, in the publication wherein he most had exalted William, had also described with his most manly pathos James’s personal maltreatment and desertion.

We repeat that the great sovereign would find, in such a spirit as this, the nearest resemblance to his own; and, it may be, the best ultimate corrective of that weary im-

patience of the Factions, which made his English sovereignty so hard a burden. It was better discipline, on the whole, than he had from his old friend, Sir William Temple, whom, on his difficulty with the ultra-factionous Triennial bill, he went to Moor Park to consult : when the wary diplomatist could but set his Irish amanuensis, Mr. Jonathan Swift, to draw up wise precedents for the monarch's quiet digestion of the bill, Whigs, Tories, and all; and the monarch could but drily express his thanks to Mr. Swift, by teaching him to digest asparagus, against all precedent, by swallowing stalks and all.

Those great questions of Triennial bill, of Treason bill, of Settlement Securities bill, whether dictated by wisdom or by faction, we need touch but lightly here. All worked wisely. Urged by various motives, they tended yet to a common end. Silently, steadily, securely, while the roar of dispute and discontent raged and swelled above, the solid principles of the Revolution were rooting themselves deep in the soil below. The censorship of the press expired in 1694; no man in the state was found to suggest its renewal; and it passed away for ever. What, before, it had been the interest of government to impeach, it was now its interest to maintain; what the Tories formerly would have checked in the power of the House of Commons, their interests now compelled them to extend. All became committed

to the principle of Resistance ; and, whether for party or for patriotism, Liberty was the cry of all. De Foe turned aside from politics, when their aspect seemed for a time less virulent ; and applied himself to what is always of intimate connexion with them, and of import yet more momentous—the moral aspects of the time.

We do not, however, think he always penetrated with success to the heart of a moral question. He was somewhat obstructed, at the threshold, by the formal and limited points of Presbyterian breeding ; and there were depths in morals and in moral causes, which undoubtedly he never sounded. Even the more practical and earnest features of his character, had in this respect brought their disadvantages ; and, on some points, stopped him short of that highest reach and grace of intellect, which in a consummate sense constitutes the ideal, and takes leave of the merely shrewd, solid, acute, and palpable. The God of matter-of-fact and reality, is not always in these things a divine god. But there was a manliness and courage well worthy of him, in the general tone he took, and the game at which he flew. He represented in his Essay, the *Poor Man* ; and his object was to show that Acts of Parliament were useless, which enabled those who administered them to pass over in their own class what they punished in classes below them. He arraigned that tendency of English legislation, which

afterwards passed into a proverb, to "punish men for being poor;" abundant were the penalties, he admitted, against vicious practices, but, severe as they were, they were all of cobweb structure, in which only the small flies were caught, while the great ones broke through; and he set forth a petition, pregnant with sense and wit, that the Stocks and House of Correction should be straightway abolished, "till the Nobility, Gentry, Justices of the Peace, and Clergy, will be pleased to reform their own manners." He lived in an age of Justice Midases and Parson Trullibers, and assails both with singular bitterness. "The Parson preaches a thundering sermon against drunkenness, and the Justice sets my poor neighbour in the stocks; and I am like to be much the better for either, when I know that this same Parson and this same Justice were both drunk together but the night before."

He knows little of De Foe who would suspect him of a class-prejudice of his own in this. When, in the present year, the Presbyterian Lord Mayor, going in his robes and chain in the morning to the church, and in the afternoon to the Pinner's Hall meeting-house, raised a vehement and bitter discussion on the question of Occasional Conformity,—ardent Dissenter though he was, De Foe did not hesitate to take part with the Church. He could not see, he said, why Sir Humphrey

Edwin should wish, like a boy upon a holiday, to display his fine clothes at either church or meeting-house. In a religious view, he thought that if it was a point of conscience with a Dissenter not to conform to the Established Church, he could not possibly receive a dispensation to do so from the mere fact of his holding a civic office; in a political view, he held what was called Occasional Conformity to be a surrender of the dignity and independence of Dissent, likely to lead to larger and dangerous concessions; and he maintained these opinions with great force of argument. He was in the right; and the party never forgave him. On no question, no matter how deeply affecting their common interests, could the Dissenters afterwards bring themselves to act cordially with De Foe. Pious Presbyterian ministers took his moral treatises into their pulpits with them, cribbed from them, preached upon them, largely quoted them, but were careful to suppress his name.

Another point of attack in his publications on the manners of his time, had reference to the Stage. With whatever views we approach the consideration of this subject, there can be but one opinion of the existing condition of the theatres. They were grossly profligate. Since that year after the Restoration in which Mr. Evelyn saw the performance of *Hamlet*, and had reason *to note* that "the old plays begin to disgust this refined

age, since his Majesty's being so long abroad," vice had made its home in the theatres. Nor had any check been at this time given to it. The severe tone of William's Court had only made the contrast more extreme. Collier had not yet published his *Short View*. Burnet had not yet written that volume of his *Own Time* wherein he described, with perhaps more sense than logic, the stage as the corrupter of the town, and the bad people of the town as the corrupters of the stage; and proclaimed it a "shame to our nation and religion to see the stage so reformed in France, and so polluted still in England." Neither was the evil merely left unrestrained; for it had lately received potent assistance from the unequalled wit of Congreve, whose *Maskwell* and *Lady Touchwood* were now affecting even the ladies and their attendants in the Lobbies with a touch of shame. Nevertheless, while we admit his excellent intention, we cannot think De Foe made any figure in the argument. He many times returned to it, but never with much effect. His objections would as freely have applied to the best-conducted theatre. Nor, in the special immoralities assigned, had he hit the point exactly. To bring women into the performance of characters was a decided improvement. The morals of Charles II.'s age, though openly and generally worse, were, in particular respects, not so bad as those of James I.; neither was

the stage of even Wycherley and Etherege so deeply immoral as that of Beaumont and Fletcher.

We do not know if the Muses resented, in De Foe's case, this unfriendliness to one of their favourite haunts; but when he attempted to woo them on his account, they answered somewhat coyly to his call. A collection of Fugitive Verses, published by Dunton, appeared at this time—"made," says the eccentric bookseller, "by the chief wits of the age; namely, Mr. Motteux, Mr. De Foe, Mr. Richardson, and, *in particular*, Mr. Tate, now poet-laureat." (Swift was among them, too, but not important enough yet to be named.) Mr. De Foe's contribution was, "The character of Dr. Annesley by way of Elegy;" and we must confess, of this elegiacal tribute to the memory of his old Presbyterian pastor, that it seems to us rightly named Fugitive; whether we apply the word actively to the poetry that flies away, or passively to that which makes the reader do the same. De Foe lost a part of his strength, his facility, and his fancy, when he wrote in verse. Yet, even in verse, he made a lucky, nervous hit, now and then; and the best of his efforts was the *True-born Englishman*.

It appeared in 1701. It was directed against the unrelenting and bitter attacks from which William at that time more particularly suffered, on the ground of his birth and the friends he had ennobled. They were no

true-born Englishmen: that was the cant in vogue. Mr. Tutchin's poem of *The Foreigners* was on every body's tongue. The feeling had vented itself, in the previous year, on that question of the dismissal of the Dutch Guards, which the King took so sorely to heart. The same feeling had forced the Tories into power; it had swelled their Tory majority with malcontent Whigs; and it now threatened the fair and just rewards which William had offered to his deserving Generals. It is recorded of him at this juncture, that even his great, silent heart gave way at last. "My Guards have done for them what they could not do for themselves, and they send them from me." He paced his cabinet in uncontrollable emotion. He would have called out his assailants, he said, if he had been a private man. If he had not had the obligation of other than private duties, he would have resigned the crown.

Then it was that De Foe stepped in with his timely service. The *True-born Englishman* was a doggerel, but a fine one. It was full of earnest, weighty sense; of excellent history; of the nicest knowledge of our English character; and it thrust right home at the point in issue. It proved the undeniable truth, that, so far from being of pure birth and blood, Englishmen are the most mixed race on the earth, and owe their distinction over other feebler races to that very circum-

stance. Whilst others, for the lack of such replenishment, have dwindled or perished, the English have been invigorated and sustained by it, and their best blood has owed its continual predominance mainly to the very rudeness and strength of that admixture. This *True-born Englishman* exposed a vulgar prejudice, even as it flattered a reasonable vanity; and few things of a merely temporary interest have ever equalled its success. Its first four lines—

“Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there;
And ’twill be found, upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation,”—

are all that perhaps fairly can be said to have survived, of couplets that were then shouted from street to street; yet it would be easy, by any dozen lines taken at random from those that have perished, to show not only its merit as a vigorous piece of writing, but the art with which it appealed to the common people. Such an example would present itself at once in the passage which exhibits Charles the Second, with a view to supply the drain upon noble blood occasioned by the Civil Wars, contributing, by his personal exertion, six dukes to the peerage of England—

“And carefully re-peopling us again,
Throughout his lazy, long, lascivious reign.
French cooks, Scotch pedlars, and Italian whores,
Were all made lords, or lords’ progenitors.

Beggars and bastards by his new creation
Still multiplied the peerage of the nation,
Who will be all, ere one short age runs o'er,
As true-born lords as those we had before ;
Then, with true English pride, they may contemn
Schomberg and Portland, new made noblemen !”

The instant popularity of the satire was astonishingly great. Besides the nine editions of which De Foe himself received the profit, upwards of twelve editions were pirated, printed, and sold, in defiance of his interdict. More than eighty thousand copies, we are told, were thus disposed of in the streets alone. But it is more important to have to remark, that it destroyed the cant against which it was directed. “Nothing was more frequent in our mouths *before* that, nothing so universally blushed for and laughed at *since*. Whereas, before, you had it in the best writers, and in the most florid speeches, before the most august assemblies, upon the most solemn occasions,”—now, without a blush or a laugh, you never heard it named.

It may be doubted if this great King had ever so deeply felt a service. His opportunities were few. De Foe has recorded how he was sent for to the palace, on the special occasion of his book ; with what kindness he was received ; “how employed ; and how, above his capacity of deserving, rewarded.” His free access to William’s cabinet never ceased from this time. There

are statements, throughout his writings, of the many points of public policy he had been permitted frankly to discuss with the sovereign. On the agitated questions of the partition-treaties, he was many times consulted; and there was one grand theme, nobly characteristic of the minds of both, often recurred to in these interviews. It was the Union of Scotland with England. "It shall be done," said William; "but not yet." Other things more nearly and closely pressed him then.

The rapid growth and march of the Revolution might be aptly measured by the incidents and disputes of the last year of his reign. They turned solely on the power claimed by the Lower House of legislature. In several ably-written pamphlets, and particularly in a *Letter* distinguished for its plain and nervous diction, and in which the grounds of popular representation were so happily condensed and clearly stated, that it has been a text-book of political disputants from the expulsion of Walpole and of Wilkes to the days of the Reform Bill,*

* This remarkable pamphlet in Defence of Popular Rights, may be briefly described as a demonstration of the predominance of the Original over the Delegated authority, and remains still, as it was when first written, the most able, plain, and courageous exposition in our language, of the doctrine on which our own and all free political constitutions rest. Its argument proceeds from four general propositions, which are worked out with masterly

—De Foe impugned the full extent of the claim on the ground of a non-representation of the people; but a power had lately arisen within that House itself indicative of the changed relations of the government of England, wiser in effect than the wisdom of Somers, more cunning than the cunning of Sunderland. “The

power and clearness. The first is, That all government is contrived and instituted by the consent and for the mutual benefit and protection of the governed. The second, That its constituent members—whether King, Lords, or Commons—if they invert the great end of their institution, cease to be, and surrender their power to the source from which it proceeded. The third, That no collective or representative body of men whatsoever, in matters of politics or religion, have been infallible. And the fourth, That reason is the test and touchstone of laws, which cease to be binding, and become void, when contradictory to reason. Of which propositions the close and inseparable interdependence is shown, by exhibiting the respective relations and obligations of the various authorities of the State to each other and to their supreme head; it being the grand purpose of the argument to demonstrate the sole safety and efficacy of the latter in the final resort. “For, notwithstanding all the beauty of our constitution, and the exact symmetry of its parts, about which some have been so very eloquent, this noble, well-contrived system has been overwhelmed, the government has been inverted, the people’s liberties have been trampled on, and parliaments have been rendered useless and insignificant. And what has restored us? The last resort has been to the People. *Vox Dei* has been found there, not in the representatives, but in their original, the represented.” And let no man dread such last resort, wisely adds De Foe. For what say the practical results of history as to the unvarying political tendencies of the English People? “The

Tories," said the latter to William, "are better speakers than the Whigs *in the House of Commons*." It had arisen into a peculiar art—this art of oratory—there. Confessedly one of the most influential of its members was he whom the last three Parliaments of William elected for their Speaker; yet no man would have

genius of this nation has always appeared to tend to a limited monarchy; and having had, in the late Revolution, a full and uninterrupted liberty to cast themselves into what form of government they pleased, there was not discovered the least inclination in any party to a commonwealth, though the treatment they met with from their last two kings had all in it that could be to put them out of love with monarchy. A commonwealth can never be introduced but by such invasions of right as must make our constituted government impracticable. The reason is, because men never willingly change for the worse; and the people of England enjoy more freedom in our regal, than any people in the world can do in a popular government." But were it otherwise, not the less must this thorough Englishman uphold the superiority of the original power. Before there was such a thing as a Constitution, there must have been a People; and, as the end to which authority is delegated can never be other than the public good, upon the unquestioned assertion of all men's right to the government of themselves must also rest the most absolute and express confirmation that such delegated authority can receive. Addressing the King, he says, "It is not the least extraordinary attribute of your majesty's character, that, as you are king of your people, so you are the people's king; a title, as it is the most glorious, so it is the most indisputable in the world. Your majesty, among all the blessings of your reign, has restored this as the best of all our enjoyments—the full liberty of original right; and your majesty knows too well the nature of govern-

listened patiently for five minutes to Robert Harley, any where but in the House of Commons. There, he was supreme. The country gentlemen voted for him, though they remembered that his family went to a meeting-house. The younger members put forth their most able and graceful representative to honour him,

ment to think it at all the less honourable, or the more precarious, for being devolved from, and centred in, the consent of your people." To the Lords, he conceded their place as an independent branch of the constitution, and then tells them: "The rest of the freeholders have originally a right to sit there with you; but, being too numerous a body, they have long since agreed, that whenever the king thinks fit to advise with his people, they will choose a certain few out of their great body to meet together with your Lordships. Here is the original of parliaments; and, when thrones become vacant, to this original all power of course returns, as was the case at the Revolution." To the House of Commons, finally, as the representatives of the collected body of the people, De Foe turns, and with his very striking address to them may be closed this imperfect sketch of a very important and powerful political tract: "To you they have trusted, jointly with the King and the Lords, the power of making laws, raising taxes, and impeaching criminals; but it is in the name of all the Commons of England, whose representatives you are. All this is not said to lessen your authority, which cannot be the interest of any English freeholder: but if you are dissolved, for you are not immortal; or if you are deceived, for you are not infallible, it was never supposed, till very lately, that all power dies with you. You may die, but the people remain; you may be dissolved, and all immediate right may cease; power may have its intervals, and crowns their interregnum; but original power endures to the same eternity as the world endures."

when Henry St. John seconded his third nomination. And posterity itself had cause to be grateful to him, when, employing for once this influence in its service, he joined Tory and Whig in a common demand for the best securities of the Act of Settlement. It was not genius, it was not eloquence, it was not statesmanship, that had given Harley this extraordinary power. It was House of Commons tact. It was a thing born of the Revolution, and of which the aim and tendency, through whatever immediate effects, was to strengthen and advance it in the end. For it rested on the largest principles, even while it appealed to the meanest passions.

There was something very striking in the notion of De Foe, to bring it suddenly face to face with those higher principles; and this he did in his *Kentish Petition* and *Legion Memorial*. In all the histories which relate the Tory impeachment of William's four Whig lords, will be found that counter-impeachment of the House of Commons itself, preferred in the name of the entire population of England, and comprising fifteen articles of treason against their authority. It was creating a People, it is true, before the people existed; but it was done with the characteristic reality of genius, and had a startling effect. As Harley passed into the house, a man, muffled in a cloak, placed the *Memorial* in his hands. The Speaker

knew De Foe's person, and is said by the latter to have recognised him ; but he kept his counsel.

No one has doubted, that in the excitement of the debates that followed, the Whigs and William recovered much lost ground; and the coffee-houses began to talk mightily of a pamphlet, written by Temple's quondam secretary, now the Reverend Jonathan Swift, parish priest and vicar of Laracor, wherein Lord Portland figured as *Phocion*, Lord Oxford as *Themistocles*, Lord Halifax as *Pericles*, and Lord Somers as *Aristides*. The subsequent declaration of war against France still further cheered and consoled the King. He sent for De Foe, received from him a scheme for opening new "channels of trade," in connection with the war, and assigned to him a main part in its execution.* He felt that he ruled at last, and was probably never so reconciled to his adopted kingdom. But, in the midst of grand designs and hopes, he fell from his horse in hunting, sickened for a month, and died.

* The drift of this scheme was for directing such operations against the Spanish possessions in the West Indies as might open new channels of trade, and render the war self-supporting. Writing about it some years later, De Foe gives the following account of it:—"I gave you an instance of a proposal which I had the honour to lay before his late majesty, at the beginning of the last war, for the sending a strong fleet to the Havannah, to seize that part of the island in which it is situated, and from thence

There are many *Mock Mourners* at royal deaths, and, in a poem with that title, De Foe would have saved his hero's memory from them. He claimed for him nobler homage than such tributes raise, "to damn their former follies by their praise." He told what these mourners were, while yet their living King appeared, "and what they knew they merited, they feared." He described what has since become matter of history, that toast of "William's horse" which had lightened their festivities since his accident:—" 'twould lessen much our woe, had Sorrel stumbled thirteen years ago." And he closed with eloquent mention of the heroic death which Burnet's relation made so distasteful to High Church bigotry—

"No conscious guilt disturb'd his royal breast,
Calm as the regions of eternal rest."

The sincerity of the grief of De Foe had in this work lifted his verse to a higher and firmer tone. It was a heartfelt sorrow. There was no speeding the going, wel-

to seize and secure the possession of at least the coast, if not by consequence the *Terra Firma*, of the empire of Mexico, and thereby entirely cut off the Spanish commerce, and the return of their Plate fleets; by the immense riches whereof, and by which only, both France and Spain have been enabled to support this war. But the king died, in whose hands this glorious scheme was in a fair way of being concerted, and which, had it gone on, I had had the honour to have been not the first proposer only, but to have had some share in the performance."

coming the coming sovereign, for De Foe. Nothing could replace, nothing too gratefully remember, the past. It was his pride always after to avouch, that to have been "trusted, esteemed, and, much more than I deserved, valued by the best king England ever saw," was more than a compensation for what inferior men could inflict upon him. When, in later years, Lord Haversham denounced him in the House of Lords as a mean and mercenary writer, he told that ungrateful servant of King William, that if he should say he had the honour to know something from his majesty, and to transact something for him, that he would not have trusted Lord Haversham with, perhaps there might be more truth than modesty in it. Still, to the very last, it was his theme. "I never forget his goodness to me," he said, when his own life was wearing to its close. "It was my honour and advantage to call him master as well as sovereign. I never patiently heard his memory slighted, nor ever can do so. Had he lived, he would never have suffered me to be treated as I have been in this world." Ay! good, brave, Daniel De Foe! There is indeed but sorry treatment now in store for you.

IV.

ANNE.

1702—1714.

THE accession of Anne was the signal for Tory rejoicings. She was thirty-seven, and her character was formed and known. It was a compound of weakness and of bigotry, but in some sort these availed to counteract each other. Devotion to a High Church principle was needful to her fearful conscience; but reliance on a woman-favourite was needful to her feeble mind. She found Marlborough and Godolphin in office, where they had been placed by their common kinsman, Sunderland; and she raised Godolphin to the post of Lord-Treasurer, and made Marlborough Captain-General. Even if she had not known them to be opponents of the Whigs, she would yet have done this; for she had been some years under the influence of Marlborough's strong-minded wife, and that influence availed to retain the same advisers when she found them converted into what they had opposed. The spirit of The Great lives after them; and this weak, superstitious, "good sort of woman," little thought, when she uttered with so much enjoyment

the slighting allusions to William in her first speech from the throne, that the legacy of foreign administration left by that high-minded sovereign, would speedily transform the Tories, then standing by her side, into undeniable earnest Whigs.*

At first all was well with the most high-flying Churchmen. Jacobites came in with proffered oaths of allegiance; the "landed interest" rubbed its hands with anticipation of discountenance to trade; tantivy parsons cried their loudest halloo against Dissent; the martyrdom of Charles became the theme of pulpits, for comparison of the martyr to the Saviour; and, by way of significant hint of the royal sanctity, and the return of the throne to a more lineal succession, the gift of the royal touch was solemnly revived. Nor did the feeling explode in mere talk, or pass without practical seconding. The Ministry introduced a bill against Occasional Conformity, the drift of which was to disqualify Dissenters

* The Commons replied to the address in the same strain, and congratulated her Majesty on the wisdom of her councils and the success of her arms, by which she had signally retrieved the ancient honour and glory of the English nation. Very felicitous were the lines of the satire:

"Pacific Admirals, to save the fleet,
Shall fly from conquest, and shall conquest meet;
Commanders shall be praised at William's cost,
And honour be RETRIEVED before 'tis lost!"

from all civil employments; and, though the ministers themselves were indifferent to it, court bigotry pressed it so hard, that even the Queen's husband, himself an occasional conformist, was driven to vote for it. "My heart is *vid* you," he said to Lord Wharton, as he divided against him. It was a remark, if taken in connexion with the vote, very charmingly *foreign* to the purpose.

The bill, passed by the Tory House of Commons (where Harley had again been chosen Speaker), was defeated by the Whig lords, to the great comfort of its authors, the ministry. But the common people, having begun their revel of High Church excitement, were not to be balked so easily. They pulled down a few dissenting chapels; sang High Church songs in the streets; insulted known Dissenters as they passed; and in other ways orthodoxly amused themselves. Swift enjoyed the excitement, and in his laughing way told Stella that so universal was it, he observed the dogs in the streets to be much more contumelious and quarrelsome than usual; and, the very night the bill went up to the Lords, a committee of Whig and Tory cats had been having a very warm and loud debate upon the roof of his house. But it seemed to De Foe a little serious. On personal grounds he did not care for the bill, its acceptance or its rejection; but its political tendency

was unsafe; it was designed as an act of oppression; the spirit aroused was dangerous; and the attitude taken by Dissenters wanted both dignity and courage. Nor let it be supposed, while he still looked doubtfully on, that he had any personal reason which would not strongly have withheld him from the fray. He had now six children; his affairs were again thriving; the works at Tilbury had reasonably prospered; and passing judgment, by the world's most favoured tests, on the house to which he had lately removed at Hackney, on the style in which he lived there, and on the company he kept, it must be said that Daniel De Foe was at this time most "respectable" and well to do. He kept his coach, and visited county members.* But, as the popular rage continued, he waived considerations of prudence in his determination to resist it. There was a foul-mouthed Oxford preacher named Sacheverell, who had lately announced from his pulpit to that intelligent University, that he could not be a true son of the Church who did not lift up her banner against the Dissenters, who did not hang out "the bloody flag and banner of defiance;" and this sermon was selling for twopence in the streets. It determined him, he tells us, to delay no

* He makes frequent mention of one of the Sussex members, Sir John Fagg, the hospitality of whose mansion at Steyning appears to have been always at the service of De Foe.

longer. He would make an effort to stay the plague. And he wrote and published his *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*—without his name of course.

Its drift was to personate the opinions and style of the most furious of the high-flying Church party, and to set forth, with perfect gravity and earnestness, the extreme of the ferocious intolerance to which their views and wishes tended. We can conceive nothing so seasonable, or in the execution so inimitably real. We doubt if a finer specimen of serious irony exists in the language. In the only effective mode, it stole a march on the blind bigotry of the one party, and on the torpid dulness of the other; for, to have spoken to either in a graver tone, would have called forth a laugh or a stare. Only discovery could effect prevention. A mine must be sprung to show the combustibles in use, and the ruin and disaster they were fraught with. "'Tis in vain," said the *Shortest Way*, "to trifle in this matter. We can never enjoy a settled uninterrupted union in this nation, till the spirit of Whiggism, faction, and schism, is melted down like the old money. Here is the opportunity to secure the Church, and destroy her enemies. I do not prescribe fire and faggot, but *Delenda est Carthago*. They are to be rooted out of this nation, if ever we will live in peace or serve God. The light foolish handling of them by fines, is their

glory and advantage. If the gallows instead of the computer, and the galleys instead of the fines, were the reward of going to a conventicle, there would not be so many sufferers. The spirit of martyrdom is over. They that will go to church to be chosen sheriffs and mayors, would go to forty churches rather than be hanged."

If a justification of this masterly pamphlet were needed, would it not be strikingly visible in the existence of a state of society wherein such arguments as these could be taken to have grave intention? Gravely, they *were* so taken. Sluggish, timid, cowardly Dissenters were struck with fear; rabid High Churchmen shouted approval. A Cambridge Fellow wrote to thank his bookseller for having sent him so excellent a treatise, it being, next to the Holy Bible and the Sacred Comments, the most valuable he had ever seen. But then came a whisper of its true intention, and the note suddenly changed. There arose a clamour for discovery and punishment of the writer, unequalled in its vehemence and intensity. The very thing that made them eager and exulting to have the thing said, made them shrink in mortification and shame from the fact of *his* saying it. To the lasting disgrace of the Dissenters, they joined the cry. They took revenge for their own dulness. That the writer was De Foe, was now generally known; and they owed his wit no favour. It had troubled them too often before

their time. They preferred to wait until Sacheverell's bloody flag should be hoisted in reality: such a pamphlet, meanwhile, was a scurrilous irreverence to religion and authority, and they would have none of it. Bad as were the consequences their desertion of him involved, he had nothing more harsh than a smile for their stupidity. "All the fault I can find in myself as to these people is, that when I had drawn the picture, I did not, like the Dutchman with his man and bear, write under them, 'This is the man, and this is the bear,' lest the people should mistake me. Having, in a compliment to their judgment, shunned so sharp a reflection upon their senses, I have left them at liberty to treat me like one that put a value upon their penetration at the expense of my own." And so indeed they treated him! A worthy Colonel of the party said, "he'd undertake to be hangman, rather than the author of the *Shortest Way* should want a pass out of the world;" and a self-denying chairman of one of the foremost Dissenters' clubs professed such zeal, that if he could find the libeller he would deliver him up without the reward. For Government had now offered a reward of fifty pounds for the apprehension of Daniel De Foe.

There is no doubt that the moderate chiefs were disinclined to so extreme a step; but they were weak at this time. Lord Nottingham had not yet been displaced;

there was a Tory House of Commons, which not even Harley's tact could always manage, and by which the libel had been voted to the hangman; nor had Godolphin's reluctance availed against the wish of the Court, that office should be given to the member most eminent for opposition to the late King while he lived, and for insults to his memory. De Foe had little chance; and Nottingham, a sincere bigot, took the task of hunting him down. The proclamation in the *London Gazette* described him, "a middle-sized, spare man, about forty years old, of a brown complexion, and dark-brown coloured hair, but wears a wig; a hooked nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes, and a large mole near his mouth; owner of the brick and pantile works near Tilbury Fort, in Essex."* But it was not immediately successful. Warrants

* Here is the exact advertisement:—"Whereas Daniel De Foe, *alias* De Fooe, is charged with writing a scandalous and seditious pamphlet, entitled, 'The Shortest Way with the Dissenters:;' he is a middle-sized spare man, about forty years old, of a brown complexion, and dark-brown coloured hair, but wears a wig; a hooked nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes, and a large mole near his mouth; was born in London, and for many years was a hose-factor, in Freeman's Yard, in Cornhill, and now is owner of the brick and pantile works near Tilbury Fort, in Essex: whoever shall discover the said Daniel De Foe to one of her Majesty's principal secretaries of state, or any of her Majesty's justices of peace, so as he may be apprehended, shall have a reward of fifty pounds, which her Majesty has ordered immediately to be paid upon such discovery."

then threw into custody the printer and the bookseller; and De Foe concealed himself no longer. He came forth, as he says, to brave the storm. He would not have others ruined by mistake for him.

He stood in the Old Bailey dock in July 1703. Harcourt, who before had carried up the impeachment of Somers, and was afterwards counsel for Sacheverell, prosecuted. "A man without shame," says Speaker Onslow, "but very able." It was his doctrine, that he ought to prosecute every man who should assert any power in the people to call their governors to account,—taking this to be a right corollary from the law of libel, then undoubtedly existing, that no man might publish a writing reflecting on the government, or even upon the capacity and fitness of any one employed in it. The Revolution had not altered that law; and it was in effect the direct source of the profligate and most prolific personal libels of the age we are entering on. For, of course, Harcourt's policy was found impracticable, and retaliation was substituted for it,—as the denial of all liberty in theory will commonly produce extreme licentiousness in practice. We do not know who defended De Foe;* but he seems to

* Some idea of the speech for the prosecution is derivable from the allusions made to it by De Foe himself in after years. Harcourt's position throughout was, that it was an atrocious libel on Churchmen to conceive them capable of uttering such abomi-

have been ill defended. He was advised to admit the libel, on a loose assurance in the court that a high influence was not indisposed to protect him. He was declared guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine of two hundred marks, to stand three times in the pillory, to be imprisoned during the Queen's pleasure, and to find sureties for good behaviour for seven years. Alas, for the fate of Wit in this world! De Foe was taken back to Newgate, and told to prepare for the pillory. The high influence whispered about made no sign now. But

noble sentiments. "To hear of a gentleman," says De Foe, writing during his subsequent imprisonment, "telling me 'The Shortest Way' was paving the way over the skulls of Churchmen, and it is a crime to justify it! That should have been said by no man but him who could first answer this question: Whether all that was ironically said in that book was not seriously, as well as with a malicious earnest, published in print with impunity a hundred times before and since? And whether, therefore, to say that this was a crime, flies so much in the face of the Churchmen, that it upbraids them with blowing up their own cause, and ruining their friends by a method they at the same time condemn in others. Upon this foot I again say, the book was just, its design fair, and all the facts charged upon them very true." Then came the Sacheverell sermon at St. Paul's, transcending all that De Foe had invented as apposite to such pulpit agitators; and thus he commented upon it—"Where were the brains of wise Sir Simon Harcourt, when, according to his custom, bullying the author then at the bar, he cried, 'Oh, but he would insinuate that the Churchmen were for these barbarous ways with the Dissenters,' and therefore it was a mighty crime! And now, good Sir Simon, whose honesty and modesty were born together,—you see, sir, the wrong done them;

some years after, when it was her interest to say it, the Queen condescended to say, that "she left all that matter to a certain person, and did not think he would have used Mr. De Foe in such a manner."

But what was the manner to Mr. De Foe? He went to the pillory, as in those after years he went to the palace, with the same quiet temper. In truth, writers and thinkers lived nearer to it, then, than we can well fancy possible now. It had played no ignominious part in the grand age passed away. Noble hearts had been

for this very man, whom you so impudently said was then abused, has doomed them all to the devil and his angels, declares they ought to be prosecuted for high treason, and tells us that every Dissenter from the Church is a Traitor to the State." Again he says, remarking on the same subject: "When Sir Simon Harcourt aggravated it against the author, that he designed the book to have the world believe the Church of England would have the Dissenters thus used, 'tis presumed, without reflection upon that gentleman's penetration, that he had not heard how eagerly they granted the suggestion, by espousing the proposal, and by acknowledging it was the way they desired. Now, here is another test put upon the world of this true high-church principle. Destruction of Dissenters is proved to be no more persecution than hanging of highwaymen. This is saying in earnest what the author of 'The Shortest Way' said in jest; this is owing that to the sun, which Sir Simon Harcourt said before was a crime to suggest. Now the blessed days are come that the great truth is owned barefaced; and the party that ruined and abused the author for telling the truth out of season, makes no scruple of taking this as a proper season to tell the same truth in their own way."

tried and tempered in it. Daily had been elevated in it, mental independence, manly self-reliance, robust athletic endurance. All from Within that has undying worth, it had, in those times, but the more plainly exposed to public gaze Without. The only Archbishop that De Foe ever truly revered, Robert Leighton, was the son of a man who, in it, had been tortured and mutilated; and the saintly character of that Prelate was even less saintly than his father's. A Presbyterian's first thought would be of these things; and De Foe's preparation for the pillory was to fortify his honest dignity by remembrance of them, in the most nervous and pointed verses he had ever written.

“ Hail, Hieroglyphic State machine,
 Contriv'd to punish Fancy in!
 Men that *are* men, in thee can feel no pain,
 And all thy insignificants disdain.
 Contempt, that false new word for shame,
 Is, without crime, an empty name.
 A Shadow to amuse mankind,
 But ne'er to fright the wise or well-fix'd mind.
 Virtue despises human scorn!

* * * *

Even the learned Selden saw
 A prospect of thee through the law.
 He had thy lofty pinnacles in view,
 But so much honour never was thy due," &c.

The entire Ode is in truth excellent.

On the 29th of July, 1703, there appeared, in twenty-four quarto pages, *A Hymn to the Pillory by Daniel De Foe*; and on that day, we are informed by the *London Gazette*, Daniel De Foe stood in the pillory before the Royal Exchange in Cornhill; on the day following, near the conduit in Cheapside; and on the 31st, at Temple-Bar. A large crowd had assembled to provide themselves sport; but the pillory they most enjoyed was not of the government's erecting. Unexpectedly they saw the Law pilloried, and the Ministers of State,—the dulness which could not comprehend, and the malice which on that account would punish, a popular champion. They veered quickly round. Other missiles than were wont to greet a pillory reached De Foe; and shouts of a different temper. His health was drunk* with acclamations as he stood there; and nothing harder than a flower was flung at him. "The people were expected to treat me very ill," he said; "but it was not so. On the contrary, they were with me; wished those who had set me there were placed in my room; and expressed their affections by loud shouts and acclamations when I was

* A Tory satirist of the day thus refers to that circumstance:

"All round him Philistines adoring stand,
And keep their Dagon safe from Israel's hand.
They, dirt themselves, protected him from filth,
And for the faction's money drank his health."

taken down." We are told that garlands covered the platform where he stood; that he saw the *Hymn* passed from hand to hand; and that what it calmly had said, he heard far less calmly repeated from angry groups that stood below.

"Tell them the men that placed him here
Are scandals to the times;
Are at a loss to find his guilt,
And can't commit his crimes."

An undeniably good witness who was present, in short, being himself a noted Tory libeller of the day (Ned Ward), frankly admits this "lofty *Hymn* to the wooden-ruff" to have been "to the law a counter-cuff; and truly, without Whiggish flattery, a plain assault and downright battery." Had not De Foe established his right, then, to stand there "unabashed?" Unabashed by, and unabated in his contempt for, Tyranny and Dulness, was he not now entitled to return fearless—not "earless," O readers of the *Dunciad!**—to his appointed home in Newgate?

* "Earless on high stood unabash'd De Foe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below."

A most ungenerous attack, and very wantonly made. It is possible, indeed, that in addition to his grudge against the assailant of Swift, Pope may have resented De Foe's attack on Harcourt, the attorney-general, who was an intimate friend of his; but I am afraid there must also have been not a little of the mere fine gentleman in the attack. De Foe was not in "the cir-

A home of no unwise experience to the wise observer. A scene of no unromantic aspect to the minute and careful painter. It is a common reproach to the memory of William of Orange, that literature and art found no encouragement in him; but let us remember that Daniel De Foe and David Teniers acknowledged him for their warmest friend. There is higher art, and higher literature; within the field selected by both, there is none so exact and true. But the war of politics has not yet released our English Teniers. He has not leisure yet for the more peaceful "art of roguery." It is to come with the decline of life, when that which mainly he had struggled for was won, and the prize had passed to others.

In the Writings he now rapidly sent forth from Newgate, we think we see something of what we may call the impatient restlessness of Martyrdom. He is more eager than was perhaps desirable, to proclaim what he has done, and what he will do. We can fancy, if we may so express it, a sort of reasonable dislike somewhat

cles," and did not write always according to the "regles," and it was to be understood that the fashionable poet kept no such unfinished company. Even the paternal linen-drapery of Lombard Street may have rendered him the more willing to back out of the hosierly neighbourhood of Cornhill. It is, however, likewise to be added that Pope, notwithstanding the real liberality of his religious opinions, if not by very reason of them, could hardly have liked the bitterness of De Foe's attacks on his kinsfolk the Catholics.

unreasonably conceived against him now, by the young men of letters and incipient wits, Mr. Pope and the gentlemen at Will's, with whom the world was going easily. His utmost address might seem to have some offence in it; his utmost liberality to contain some bigotry; his best offices to society to be rendered of doubtful origin, by what would appear a sort of everlasting pragmatism and delight in finding fault. It is natural, all this. We trample upon a man, plunder him, imprison him, strive to make him infamous, and wonder if he is only the more hardened in his persuasion that he has a much better case than ourselves. One of the pirate printers of the day, took advantage of the imprisoned writer's popularity to issue the *Works of the Author of the True-born Englishman*; and thought himself grossly ill-used, because the author retorted with a charge of theft, and a *True Collection corrected by Himself*. The very portrait he had affixed to this latter book constituted a new offence. Here was a large, determined, resolute face; and here was a lordly, full-bottomed wig surmounting it,—flowing lower than the elbow, and rising higher than the forehead, with amazing amplitude of curl. Here was richly-laced cravat; fine, loose, flowing cloak; and surly, substantial, citizen aspect. He was proud of this portrait, by the way, and complains of that of the pirate volume as no more like himself than Sir

with double columns. After the eighth number, it was published twice a-week, on Tuesdays and Saturdays. Before the close of the first volume, it sent forth monthly supplements. And at last it appeared on the Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, of every week; and so continued, without intermission, and written solely by De Foe, for nine years. He wrote it in prison and out of prison; in sickness and in health. It did not cease when circumstances called him from England. No

“1. As to the abusing the copy, the ‘True-born Englishman’ is a remarkable example, by which the author, though in it he eyed no profit, had he been to enjoy the profit of his own labour, had gained about £1000; a book that, besides nine editions of the author, has been twelve times printed by other hands; some of which have been sold for 1d., others 2d., and others 6d., the author’s edition being fairly printed, and on good paper, and could not be sold under a shilling. Eighty thousand of the small ones have been sold in the streets for 2d. or at 1d.: and the author, thus abused and discouraged, had no remedy but patience.

“And yet he had received no mortification at this, had his copy been transmitted fairly to the world; but the monstrous abuses of that kind are hardly credible; twenty, fifty, in some places sixty lines left out in a place, others turned, spoiled, and so intolerably mangled, that the parent of the brat could not know his own child. This is the thing complained of, and which I wait with patience, and not without hopes, to see rectified.”

To this he adds other illustrations of a similar kind, and then remarks:—

“It may be inquired here how will you find a remedy for this mischief? How will you have the drones that work none, but devour the labour and industry of the bees, kept out of the hive?

“It is an unhappiness that, in answering this point, there is

official employment determined it ; no politic consideration availed to discontinue it ; no personal hostility or party censure weighed with him in the balance against it. "As to censure," he exclaimed, "the writer expects it. He writes to serve the world, not to please it. A few wise, calm, disinterested men, he always had the good hap to please and satisfy. By their judgment he desires still to be determined ; and, if he has any pride, it is that he may be approved by such. To the rest,

not difficulty enough either to excuse the Government in letting it lie so long neglected, or to procure me any reasonable applause for the contrivance.

"The road is as plain as the table of multiplication, and that a conjunction of parts makes an addition of quantity ; two short clauses would heal all these evils, would prevent seditious pamphlets, lampoons, and invectives against the Government, or at least prevent their going unpunished, and preserve to every man the fruit of his own labour and industry.

"First. That every author set his name to what he writes, and that every printer or publisher that prints or publishes a book without it, shall be deemed the author, and answerable for the contents.

"Secondly. That no man shall print another man's copy ; or, in English, that no printer or bookseller shall rob another man's house, for it really is no better, nor is it any slander, notwithstanding the aforesaid pretence, to call it by that title."

Whether or not De Foe's plan would have proved effective, needs not now be discussed. Suffice it to observe, that it never occurred to him to provide a remedy by limiting the author's right to the fraction of time afterwards conceded to him ; though he was fain to accept even that concession, wrung forth mainly by his own remonstrances, as an improvement on the existing system.

he sedately says, their censure deserves no notice." So, through all the vicissitudes of men and ministries, from 1704 to 1713, amid all the contentions and the shouts of party, he kept with this homely weapon his single-handed way, a solitary watchman at the portals of the commonwealth. Remarkable for its rich and various knowledge, its humour, its satire, its downright hearty earnestness, it is a yet more surprising monument of inexhaustible activity and energy. It seems to have been suggested to him, in the first instance, as a resource against the uncertainties of his imprisonment, and their disastrous effect on his trade speculations (he had lost by his late prosecution more than £4000); and there is no doubt it assisted him in the support of his family for several of these years. But he had no efficient protection against its continued piracy. The thieves counted it by thousands, when worthy Mr. Matthews the publisher could only account by hundreds; and hence the main and most substantial profit its writer derived from all the anxiety and toil it cost him, was expressed in the proud declaration of one of its latest Numbers. "I have here espoused an honest interest, and have steadily adhered to it all my days. I never forsook it when it was oppressed; never made a gain by it when it was advanced; and, I thank God, it is not in the power of all the Courts and Parties in Christendom to bid a price high enough to buy me off from it, or make me desert it."

The arrangement of its plan was not less original than that of its form. The path it struck out in periodical literature was, in this respect, entirely novel. It classed the minor and the larger morals; it mingled personal and public themes; it put the gravities of life in an entertaining form; and at once it discussed the politics, and corrected the vices, of the age. We may best indicate the manner in which this was done, by naming rapidly the subjects treated in the first volume, in addition to those of political concern. It condemned the fashionable practice of immoderate drinking; in various ways ridiculed the not less fashionable habit of swearing; inveighed against the laxity of marital ties; exposed the licentiousness of the stage; discussed, with great clearness and sound knowledge, questions affecting trade and the poor; laughed at the rage for gambling speculations; and waged inveterate war with that barbarous practice of the duel, in which De Foe had to confess, with shame, that he had once during his life been engaged. Its machinery for matters non-political was a so-called *Scandalous Club*, organized to hear complaints, and entrusted with the power of deciding them. Let us show how it acted. A gentleman appears before the Club, and complains of his wife. She is a bad wife; he cannot exactly tell why. There is a long examination, proving nothing; when suddenly a member of the Club begs pardon for the question, and asks if his worship was a good husband. His worship,

greatly surprised at such a question, is again at a loss to answer. Whereupon, the Club pass three resolutions. 1. That most women that are bad wives are made so by bad husbands. 2. That this society will hear no complaints against a virtuous bad wife from a vicious good husband. 3. That he that has a bad wife, and can't find the reason of it in her, 'tis ten to one that he finds it in himself. And the decision finally is, that the gentleman is to go home, and be a good husband for at least three months; after which, if his wife is still uncured, they will proceed against her as they shall find cause. In this way, pleas and defences are heard on the various points that present themselves in the subjects named; and not seldom with a lively dramatic interest. The graver arguments and essays, too, have an easy, homely vigour, a lightness and pleasantry of tone, very different from the ponderous handling peculiar to the Ridpaths and the Dyers, the Tutchins and the Leslies. We open at an essay on Trade, which would delight Mr. Cobden himself. De Foe is arguing against impolitic restrictions. We think to plague the foreigner, he says; in reality, we but deprive ourselves. "If you vex me, I'll eat no dinner, said I, when I was a little boy: till my mother taught me to be wiser by letting me stay till I was hungry."

The reader will remember the time when this *Review* was planned. Ensign Steele was yet but a loungee in the lobbies of the theatres, and Addison had not emerged

from his garret in the Haymarket. The details of common life had not yet been invested with the graces of literature, the social and polite moralities were still disregarded in the press, the world knew not the influence of my Lady Betty Modish, and Colonel Ranter still swore at the waiters. Where, then, shall we look for "the first sprightly runnings" of *Tatlers* and *Spectators* if we have not found them in De Foe's *Review*? The earlier was indeed the ruder workman; but wit, originality, and knowledge were not less the tools he worked with; and the later "twopenny authors," as Mr. Dennis is pleased to call them, found the way well struck out for their finer and more delicate art. What had been done for the citizen classes, they were to do for the beauties and the wits. They had watched the experiment, and seen its success. The *Review* was enormously popular. It was stolen, pirated, hawked about every where; and the writer, with few of the advantages, paid all the penalties of success. He complains that his name was made "the hackney title of the times." Hardly a penny or twopenny pamphlet was afterwards cried in the streets, or a broadside put forth appealing to the people, to which the scurrilous libeller, or witless dunce, had not forged that popular name. Nor was it without its influence on the course of events which now gradually changed the aspect and the policy of Godolphin's government. De Foe has claimed for himself large share in preparing a

way for what were called the "modern Whigs;" and the claim was undoubtedly well founded.

Nottingham and Rochester had resigned; and the great House of Commons tactician was now a member of the government. The seals of the Home and War Offices had been given to Harley and his friend Henry St. John. The Lord-Treasurer could not yet cross boldly to the Whigs, and he would not creep back to the Tories. To join with Robert Harley was to do neither of these things. This famous person appears to us to have been the nearest representative of what we might call the practical spirit of the Revolution, of any who lived in that age. In one of his casual sayings reported by Pope, we seem to find a clue to his character. Some one had observed of a measure proposed, that the people would never bear it. "None of us," replied Harley, "know how far the good people of England will bear." All his life he was engaged in attempts upon that problem. If he had thought less of the good people of England, he would have been a less able, a more daring, and certainly a more successful statesman. We do not think he was a Trimmer, in the ordinary sense of the word. When he went to church, and sent his family to the meeting-house,—when he never asked a clergyman to his Sunday table, without providing a clergyman "of another sort" to meet him,—we should try to find a better word for it, if we would not find a worse for the Revolution. The Revolution trimmed between two parties. The Revolu-

tion, to this day, is but the grand unsolved experiment of how much the people of England will bear. To call Harley a mere court intriguer, is as preposterous as to call him a statesman of commanding genius. He had less of mere courtliness than any of his colleagues. The fashionable French dancing-master who wondered what the devil the Queen should have seen in him to make him an Earl and Lord-Treasurer, for he had attended him two years, and never taught such a dunce,—gives us a lively notion of his homely, *bourgeois* manners. Petticoat politics are to be charged against him; but to no one who thoroughly knew the Queen can it be matter of severe reproach, that he was at the pains to place Abigail Hill about her person. He knew the impending downfall of Marlborough's too imperious wife; and was he to lose a power so plainly within his grasp, and see it turned against him? His success in the Bedchamber never shook his superior faith in the agencies of Parliament and the Preas. These two were the levers of the Revolution; and they are memorably associated with the Government of Robert Harley.

As soon as he joined Godolphin, he seems to have turned his thoughts to De Foe. He was not, indeed, the first who had done so. More than one attempt had been already made to capitulate with that potent prisoner. Two lords had gone to him in Newgate! says Oldmixon; in amaze that one lord could find his way to such a place. He says the same thing himself in the witty narrative

at the close of the *Consolidator*. But they carried conditions with them; and there is a letter in the British Museum (Addit. MS. 7421), wherein De Foe writes to Lord Halifax, that he “scorned to come out of Newgate at the price of betraying a dead master.” Harley made no conditions, for that was not his way: he sent to De Foe because he was a man of letters, and in distress. His message was “by word of mouth;” and to this effect —“Pray, ask Mr. De Foe what I can do for him.” Nor was the reply less characteristic. The prisoner took a piece of paper, and wrote the parable of the blind man in the gospel. “I am blind, and yet ask me what thou shalt do for me! My answer is plain in my misery. *Lord, that I may receive my sight!*” What else could such a man wish for but his Liberty? Yet four months passed before a further communication. It seemed to imply reluctance in a higher quarter. Within four months, however, “her Majesty was pleased particularly to inquire into my circumstances, and by my Lord-Treasurer Godolphin to send a considerable supply to my wife and family; and to send to me the prison-money, to pay my fine and the expenses of my discharge.”

His health was shattered by his long confinement. He took a house at Bury in Suffolk, and lived there a little while retired. But his pen did not rest; nor could he retire from the notorieties that followed him. His name was still hawked about the London streets; and it was reported, and had to be formally denied, that he

had escaped from Newgate by a trick. Then came the exciting news that Blenheim was won, France humbled, Europe saved; and De Foe, in a *Hymn to Victory*, verses of no great merit, but which cost him only "three hours" to compose, gave public utterance to his joy. Then the dry unlettered Lord-Treasurer went in search of the most graceful wit among the Whigs, to get advice for a regular poet to celebrate the Captain-General. Then Halifax brought down Addison from his garret; the *Campaign* was exchanged for a comfortable government salary; and communications were again opened with De Foe. Two letters of this date, from himself to Halifax, have escaped his biographers. In the first he is grateful for that lord's unexpected goodness, in mentioning him to my Lord-Treasurer; but would be well pleased to wait till Halifax is himself in power. He speaks of a government communication concerning "paper credit," which he is then handling in his *Review*. He regrets that some proposal his lordship had sent, "exceeding pleasant for me to perform, as well as useful to be done," had been so blundered by the messenger that he could not understand it; and from this we get a glimpse of a person hitherto unnamed in his history—a brother, a stupid fellow. In the second letter, he acknowledges the praise and favours of Lord Halifax; and thus manfully declares the principle on which his own services are offered. "If to be encouraged in giving myself up to that service your lordship is pleased so much to overvalue; if going

on with the more cheerfulness in being useful to, and promoting, the general peace and interest of this nation; if to the last vigorously opposing a stupid, distracted party, that are for ruining themselves rather than not destroy their neighbours; if this be to merit so much regard, your lordship binds me in the most durable, and to me the most pleasant engagement in the world, because 'tis a service that, with my gratitude to your lordship, keeps an exact unison with my reason, my principle, my inclinations, and the duty every man owes to his country, and his posterity."

Harley was at this time in daily communication with Halifax, and doubtless saw these letters; but he was a man who managed all things warily, and who knew the value of the delicacies even in dealing with the press. He had not appeared in De Foe's affairs since he effected his release; and that release he threw upon the Queen. In the same temper he sent to him now. The Queen, he said, had need of his assistance. He offered him no employment to fetter his future engagements. He knew that in the last of his publications (the *Consolidator*, a prose satire remarkable for the hints it threw out to *Gulliver*) he had laughed at Addison* for refusing to

* In his verses of *Double Welcome to the Duke of Marlborough* he has also a sarcastic allusion to Addison, when he speaks of the way in which

"Macænas has his modern fancy strung—

You fix'd his pension first, or he had never sung."

write the *Campaign* "till he had £200 a-year secured to him;"—an allusion never forgiven. He sent for him to London; told him the Queen "had the goodness to think of taking him into her service;" and did what the Whigs were vainly endeavouring to do for the Irish Priest who had written the most masterly satire since the days of Rabelais,—took him to Court to kiss hands. We see in all this but the truth of the character we would assign to Harley. On grounds independent of either party, except so far as "reason, principles, inclination, and duty to his country" should prompt, he had here enlisted this powerful, homely, and popular writer in the service of the Government of the Revolution. Compared with Harley, we cannot but think the old Whigs, with every honest inclination, little better than bunglers in matters of the kind. It is true that not even Harley could carry the Vicar of Laracor to the palace;—but he could carry him in his coach to country ale-houses; he could play games of counting poultry on the road, or "who should first see a cat or an old woman;" he could loll back on his seat with a broad "Temple" jest; or he could call and be called *Jonathan* and *Harley*;—and the old Whigs were much too chary of these things. So they had lost Prior, and were losing Parnell and Swift; and he who had compared Lord Somers to *Aristides*, was soon to talk of him as little better than a rascal.

We next see De Foe in the house of Mr. Secretary Harley. He has been named to execute a secret com-

mission in the public service, which requires a brief absence on the Continent. He is making preparations for his departure; is proposing to travel as *Mr. Christopher Hurt*; is giving Harley advice for a large scheme of secret intelligence; and is discussing with him a proposed poetical satire (afterwards published as the *Diet of Poland*)* against the High Church faction. In a subsequent farewell letter he adverts to these things; and, after naming some matters of public feeling in which one of the minister's Tory associates was awkwardly involved, characteristically closes with an opinion, that it was needful Harley should know in this, as well as any thing else, *what the people say*.

The foreign service was one of danger. "I ran as much danger of my life as a grenadier upon the counterscarp."

* There are excellent lines in this *Diet of Poland*, of which a great part satirizes, under cover of the factions against Sobieski, the character of the party intrigues against William III. One might expect to meet in the Satires of Churchill such a passage as I here subjoin :

"Statesmen are gamesters, sharp and trick's the play,
Kings are but cullies, wheedled in to pay;
The Courtiers footballs, kick'd from one to one,
Are always cheated, oftentimes undone,
Besieged with flattery, false report, and lies,
And sooth'd with schemes of vast absurdities.
The jangling statesmen clash in their designs,
Fraud fights with fraud, and craft to craft inclines;
Stiffly engage, quarrel, accuse, and hate,
And strive for leave to help undo the State."

But it was discharged successfully; and, in consideration of the risk, the Government offered him what seems to have been a small sinecure. He took it as a debt; and at a later period, when opposed to the reigning ministry, complains that large arrears were then unpaid. On his return he had found the Tory House of Commons dissolved, and the new elections in progress. He threw himself into the contest with characteristic ardour. He wrote; he canvassed; he voted; he journeyed throughout the country on horseback, he tells us, more than eleven hundred miles; and, in addresses to electors every where, still counselled the necessity of laying aside party prejudices, of burying former animosities, and of meeting their once Tory ministers at least half-way. He found many arguments on his road, he adds. He found people of all opinions, as well Churchmen as Dissenters, living in Christian neighbourhood; and he had very often the honour, "with small difficulty, of convincing gentlemen over a bottle of wine, that the author of the *Review* was really no monster, but a conversable, social creature." His *Essays*, meanwhile, written in the progress of this journeying, were admirable; and with every paper that he wrote, to use his own language, *Rehearsals* raved, *Observers* bullied, and the High Church voted him to the Devil. They were read in every coffee-house and club; often they were stolen from these houses by Highfliers, that they might *not* be

read; they were quoted on every popular hustings; the Duchess of Marlborough sent them over to the camp in Flanders;* and the writer, on peril of his life, was warned to discontinue them. His tributes of this latter kind were numerous; he had to change his publisher, Mr. Matthews, a set of High Churchmen having conspired to clap him into prison; his printer was threatened; his own house was marked to be pulled down; he was beset and dogged by adversaries armed for personal violence. Highflying Justices followed him about the country with false warrants of arrest; sham actions were brought against him in shoals; compounded debts of long past years were revived; his life was threatened by bullying letters, his morals were assaulted by impotent and groundless slanders, his principles were misrepresented alike by professing friends and malicious enemies; and only his own unequalled and irresistible energy could have stayed the completion of his ruin. But no jot of heart or hope was abated in him. "Take him with all his failings," says no friendly critic, "it must be acknowledged that he is a man of good parts, and very clear

* Acknowledging one in which he is himself gallantly vindicated, the Duke writes to the Duchess, "I do not know who the author of the *Review* is, but I do not like to see my name in print; for I am persuaded that an honest man must be justified by his own actions, and not by the pen of a writer, though he should be a zealous friend." To which I will venture to reprint the brief comment which I find affixed to this passage in my copy of Wilson's *De Foe*.—Nonsense; he was afraid he would have to pay something!

sense. He is master of the English tongue, and can say what he pleases upon any subject. With all my revenge, I cannot but own his thoughts are always surprising, new, and singular; and, though he writes for bread, he could never be hired to wrong his conscience or disgrace the quill; and, which crowns his panegyric, he is a person of true courage. He is not daunted with multitudes of enemies; for he faces as many every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, as there are foes to moderation and peace. He *Reviews* without fear, and acts without fainting. To do him justice, he has piety enough for an author, and courage enough for a martyr. And in a word, if any, Daniel De Foe is a True Englishman." It was an honest opponent of his, eccentric old John Dunton, who said that, and honoured himself by saying it.

The elections confirmed the power of the Whigs. The Duke of Buckingham and Sir Nathan Wright retired to make way for the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Cowper; and a renegade Whig and former Dissenter, Lord Haversham, led the first attack upon the ministers. De Foe was dragged forward by this lord as the "mean and mercenary prostitute of the *Review*;" as making his fortune by the way of "scribbling;" and as receiving both "encouragement and instructions" from Godolphin. There was a quiet dignity and eloquence in his answer. He reminds the

turncoat peer that Fate, which makes footballs of men, kicks some men up stairs and some down; that some are advanced without honour, others suppressed without infamy; that some are raised without merit, some crushed without crime; and that no man knows, by the beginning of things, whether his course shall issue in a deage or a pillory. To the charge of writing for bread, he asks what are all the employments in the world pursued for, but for bread? "The lawyer pleads, the soldier fights, the musician fiddles, the players act, and, no reflection on the tribe, the clergy preach for bread."* For the rest, he reminds him that *he* had never betrayed his master (William had given Lord Haversham his peerage), nor his friend; that he had always espoused the cause of truth and liberty; that he had lived to be ruined for it; that he had lived to see it triumph over tyranny, party rage, and persecution principles; that

* It is a remarkable fact, nevertheless, that for a great part of the time during which he was carrying on the *Review*, De Foe derived no personal profit from it. Such income as accrued to him was drawn still from the remains of his mercantile speculations, and he continued the labours and sacrifices which the *Review* involved, "amassing infinite enemies," as he remarks, "and not at all obliging even the men I serve," for the sole reward of promoting public morals and the public service. "I defy the whole world to prove," he said at this particular time, "that I have directly or indirectly gained or received a single shilling, or the value of it, by the sale of this paper, for now almost four years; and honest Mr. Morphew is able to detect me if I speak false." Mr. Morphew had succeeded Mr. Matthews as its publisher.

he thanked God this world had not a price to give, sufficient to bribe him from it; and that *he was sorry to see any man abandon it.*

Besides the *Review*, he had published in the current year works on Trade; on the conduct and management of the Poor; on Toleration; and on colonial Intolerance in North America. It would be difficult to name a more soundly reasoned or shrewdly written pamphlet than his *Giving Alms No Charity*. Yet he knew what then he had to contend with, in dealing with a subject so imperfectly understood. "His judgment may differ from that of others in giving some needful hints as to the state of our poor," he says, "but he must be plain. While he is no enemy to charity-hospitals and work-houses, he thinks that methods to keep our poor out of them far exceed, both in prudence and charity, all the settlements and endeavours in the world to maintain them there." Especially did he claim to be heard on that subject, he added, as an English freeholder. His town tenements had been taken from him, the Tilbury works were gone, and the Freeman's Yard house was his no longer,—but he still possessed one English freehold. He does not tell us in what county; but he had moved his family to Newington, and it was doubtless in some way connected with that scene of his boyhood. To this date, also, belong several pamphlets on Dissenters' questions; his attempted enforcement of a better scheme for the Regulation of Madhouses; and

his *Jure Divino*. In the latter, the reasoning is better than the poetry, but it has vigorous verses in it, and its rude strong lines passed current with great masses of the people. It appeared with a large subscription, and, such was the certainty that its author would be worth plundering, that the whole satire was impudently pirated on the very day of its publication. Now, too, there went to him that worthy and much distressed bookseller, who had published a large edition of a very dull and heavy book, called *Drelincourt on Death*, "with several directions how to prepare ourselves to die well;" which the public, not appearing to relish unauthorized directions of that nature, had stubbornly refused to buy. What was to be done with the ponderous stock under which his shelves were groaning? De Foe quieted his fears. Nothing but a ghost from the grave, it was true, could recommend such a book with effect; but a ghost from the grave the worthy bookseller should have.*

* In connection with this subject, and the impression one cannot but receive, from the downright earnestness with which the invention is characterised, that De Foe actually might himself have believed in the possibility of such a visitation, and so might have thought it no bad service to his countrymen to do his best to persuade them of the like, even by means of a fiction, —I ought here to mention that, besides innumerable passages in his general writings to the same effect, he published a formal treatise on Apparitions and Spirits, and the strong probabilities of their direct communication with the visible world. There can be little doubt that De Foe's religious convictions and belief sought

As speedily done as said. De Foe sent him, in a few days, *The True History of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal, the next day after her Death, to one Mrs. Bargrave, at Canterbury, the 8th of September, 1705.* If such a

help and sustainment from speculations of this nature, and that he believed it to be the moral and material defect of his day, that the spiritual element in life obtained such small recognition. "Between our ancestors laying too much stress on supernatural evidences," he says, "and the present age endeavouring wholly to explode and despise them, the world seems hardly ever to have come to a right understanding.....Spirit is certainly something we do not fully understand in our present confined circumstances; and, as we do not fully understand the thing, so neither can we distinguish its operation. Yet, notwithstanding all this, it converses here; is with us and among us; corresponds, though unembodied, with our spirits; and this conversing is not only by an invisible, but to us an inconceivable way." Such communication he believes to take place by two modes. First, by "immediate, personal, and particular converse;" and secondly, by "those spirits acting at a distance, rendering themselves visible, and their transactions perceptible, on such occasions as they think fit, without any further acquaintance with the person." It was his conviction that God had posted an army of these ministering spirits round our globe, "to be ready, at all events, to execute his orders and to do his will; reserving still to himself to send express messengers of a superior rank on extraordinary occasions." These, he adds, "may, without any absurdity, be supposed capable of assuming shapes, conversing with mankind by voice and sound, or by private notices of things, impulses, forebodings, misgivings, and other imperceptible communications to the minds of men, as God their great employer may direct." But upon the power of man to control, or communicate at his will with such spiritual beings, he entertains doubts, and gravely protests against the arts of conjuration. I subjoin also the curious and

thing was ever to be believed, here it was made credible. When Shakespeare invented five justices to put their hand to that enormous flam of Autolycus about the mermaid that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above

somewhat touching passage in which De Foe accounts for the strength of these beliefs in him, by the ordinary current of his daily experiences. "I firmly believe," says he, "and have had such convincing testimonies of it, that I must be a confirmed atheist if I did not, that there is a converse of spirits, I mean those unembodied, and those that are encased in flesh. From whence, else, come all those private notices, strong impulses, involuntary joy, sadness, and foreboding apprehensions, of and about things immediately attending us, and this in the most important affairs of our lives? That there are such things, I think I need not go about to prove; and I believe they are, next to the Scriptures, some of the best and most undeniable evidences of a future existence. It would be endless to fill this paper with the testimonies of learned and pious men; and I could add to them a volume of my own experiences, some of them so strange as would shock your belief, though I could produce such proofs as would convince any man. I have had, perhaps, a greater variety of changes, accidents, and disasters in my short unhappy life, than any man, at least than most men alive; yet I had never any considerable mischief or disaster attending me, but sleeping, or waking, I have had notice of it beforehand, and, had I listened to those notices, I believe might have shunned the evil. Let no man think this a jest. I seriously acknowledge, and I do believe my neglect of such notices has been my great injury; and, since I have ceased to neglect them, I have been guided to avoid even snares laid for my life, by no other knowledge of them than by such notices and warnings; and, more than that have been guided by them to discover even the fact

water, and sang her pitiful ballad of her love adventures, we laugh at the joke, and there's an end on't. But here was quite another matter. The very narrative purports to be drawn up "by a gentleman, a *Justice of Peace*, at Maidstone, in Kent, a very intelligent

and the persons. I have living witnesses to produce, to whom I have told the particulars in the very moment, and who have been so affected with them, as that they have pressed me to avoid the danger, to retire, to keep myself up, and the like." At a time when this subject has been revived, in a form as little likely to recommend it to the right feeling as to the rational understanding of the community, I have thought that these extracts might be interesting. I will add that this very Essay on Apparitions contains one of the best pieces of prose satire I know, descriptive of a class of men rife in De Foe's day, and not extirpated since, to whom it would be as ridiculous to talk of such a subject, as to listen to its discussion by them. "To see a fool," he says, "a fop, believe himself inspired!—a fellow that washes his hands fifty times a day, but, if he would be truly cleanly, should have his brains taken out and washed, his skull trepanned, and placed with the hinder side before; so that his understanding, which nature placed by mistake with the bottom upward, may be set right, and his memory placed in a right position! To this unscrewed engine, talk of spirits and of the invisible world, and of his conversing with unembodied souls! when he has hardly brains to converse with any thing but a pack of hounds, and owes it only to his being a fool that he does not converse with the Devil!—For I must tell you, good people," adds De Foe, "he that is not able to see the Devil, in whatever shape he is pleased to appear in, is not really qualified to live in this world, no, not in the quality of a common inhabitant." I venture to commend these sentences to the admiration of my friend Mr. Carlyle.

person." Moreover, it is attested "by a very sober and understanding gentlewoman, who lives in Canterbury, within a few doors of the house in which Mrs. Bargrave lives." The one vouches for the other, and the other vouches for Mrs. B.'s veracity. The justice believes his kinswoman to be of so discerning a spirit as not to be put upon by any fallacy; and the kinswoman positively assures the justice that the whole matter, as it is related and laid down, is really true, and what she herself heard, as near as may be, from Mrs. Bargrave's own mouth, "*who, she knows*, had no reason to invent or publish such a story, or any design to forge or tell a lie; being a woman of so much honesty and virtue, and her whole life a course, as it were, of piety." Now, surely this business-like, homely, earnest, commonplace air of truth, is perfectly irresistible. And what said the ghost to Mrs. Bargrave? Why, the ghost, in the course of a long gossip, filled with the *says I* and *thinks I*, the *says she* and *thinks she*, of the tea-table of a country town, and in which are introduced scoured silks, broken china, and other topics such as the ghost of an exciseman's house-keeper *might* talk over with a seamstress, but which certainly nobody would ever think of inventing for a supernatural visitation,—said, with all the confident dogmatism of her recent mortuary experience, that Drelincourt's book about Death was the best book ever written on that subject. Doctor Sherlock was not bad; two Dutch books had merit; several others were worth mention; but Drelin-

court, she protested, had by far the clearest notions of death and the future state, of any one who had handled the matter. The Narrative was appended to the book, and a new edition advertised. It flew like wildfire. The copies, to use an illustration of Sir Walter Scott's (with whom the Narrative was an immense favourite), which had hung on the bookseller's hands as heavy as a pile of lead bullets, now traversed the town in every direction, like the same bullets discharged from a field-piece. Nay, the book has been popular ever since. More than fifty editions have not exhausted its popularity. Mrs. Veal's ghost is still believed by thousands; and the hundreds of thousands who have bought the silly treatise of *Drelincourt* (for hawking booksellers have made their fortunes by traversing the country with it in sixpenny numbers), have borne unconscious testimony to the genius of De Foe.

It was now engaged once more in the service of the Ministry. He had, in various writings, prepared his countrymen for the greatest political measure of the time; he was known to have advised the late King on a project for the Scottish Union; and Godolphin, about to immortalize his administration by that signal act of statesmanship, called in the services of De Foe. He describes the Lord-Treasurer's second introduction of him to her Majesty, and to the honour of kissing her hand. "Upon this second introduction, her Majesty was pleased to tell me, with a goodness peculiar to

Union. We rejoice to have to couple that act, so eminently in the best spirit of the Revolution, so large-minded and so tolerant, with De Foe's name. It changed turbulence to tranquillity; rude poverty to a rich civilisation; and the fierce atrocities of a dominant church, to the calm enjoyment of religious liberty.

A strange scene was meanwhile going on in London. The easy, indolent Prince George (whom Charles II. said he had tried drunk and sober, and could do nothing with him) had been heard to complain one day, in the intervals of his dinner and his bottle, that the Queen came very late to bed. This casual remark, falling on the already sharp suspicions of the Duchess of Marlborough, discovered the midnight conferences of the Queen with Abigail Masham and her kinsman, Secretary Harley; and the good Mrs. Freeman, knowing that her dear Mrs. Morley had not a stock of amity to serve above one object at a time, at once peremptorily insisted on the suspension of the Abigail, and the dismissal of the Secretary. We state the fact without comment; but it may be remarked, that if Harley's back-stairs midnight visits implied treachery to his colleagues, it was not of that black kind which would have ruined men who trusted him. It had been clear to the Secretary for some time, that the Whigs would *not* trust him. He says himself, and there is no reason to doubt it, that he was not enough of a party-man for them. One smiles, indeed, with a kind of sympathy for him, to read in

Lord Cowper's diary of two years' date before this, his devotion of his best tokay ("good, but thick") to the hapless effort of Whig conciliation. The accession of strength received from the great measure of the Union, had been straightway used to weed his friends from office. Hedges had made way for Sunderland; and even Prior and his colleagues, in the Board of Trade, had been removed. Nor was that an age in which party warfare was scrupulous on either side. In the session just begun, the party motion supported by Rochester and Buckingham, to ruin the Whig chiefs of the ministry, was supported by Somers and Wharton with the sole hope of ruining Harley. In now retiring, the Secretary's principal mortification would seem to have been the necessity it laid him under of joining an ultra-faction. He made a last attempt to conciliate Cowper and Somers. But the arrangements were made. To the ill-concealed grief and distress of the Queen, he and his friend St. John retired; Robert Walpole entered the ministry; Somers was made Lord Chancellor; and the imperious Duchess of Marlborough thought herself triumphant. She had known Anne now forty years, but she did not know the strength of her sullen obstinacy. In a few months more, the death of the Prince threw fresh power into Whig hands. Somers became President of the Council, and Lord Wharton went to Ireland. He took with him, as his secretary, Mr. Joseph Addison.

Mr. Addison was, at this time, less distinguished by the fame of his writings than of his sayings. He was the most popular man in the little commonwealth of Whig wits, who now met nightly (Button's was not yet established) at Will's coffee-house, in Covent Garden. They were a kind of offshoot from the more dignified club who eat mutton-pies at Kit Katt's the pastrycook's; and of which the principal literary members were Congreve, Garth, Vanbrugh, Steele, and Addison. The Revolution gave a new character, in giving new duties, to associations of this kind. They were no longer what they were, when, in this same Will's coffee-house, then called "The Rose," Dryden ruled the town wits from his Tory chair. They were a recognised class, with influence before unknown. In sketching the career of De Foe, we have indicated its rise and growth. The People were beginning to be important, and it was the only direct means of communication with the People. Thus the little party at Will's were not sought or courted for the graces of their wit and literature alone. That pale, bright-eyed, sickly, deformed youth of one-and-twenty, whose *Pastorals* are so much talked of just now, may seek them for no better reason; but not for this are they sought by that tall, stern-looking, dark-faced Irish priest, whose forty-two years of existence have been a struggle of ill-endured dependence and haughty discontent, which he now desires to redeem in the field of

political warfare. Here, meanwhile, he amuses himself and the town with Mr. Bickerstaff's joke against Mr. Partridge, suggesting to hearty Dick Steele those pleasant *Lucubrations* of Isaac, which, in a few months more, are to take the town by storm; or, it may be, showing privately to Addison that sneer against De Foe, worded with such malignant art, which he was about now to give to the world. "One of those authors (*the fellow who was pilloried, I have forgot his name*) is indeed so grave, sententious, dogmatical a rogue, that there is no enduring him." * That was it! There was profiting by his labour; there was copying the suggestions of his genius; there was travelling to wealth and power along the path struck out by his martyrdom; but, for this very reason, there was no enduring him. A man who will go into the pillory for his opinions, is not a "club-able" man. Yet, at this very moment, De Foe was labouring for the interests of the literary class. For twenty years he had urged the necessity of a law to protect an author's property in his writings, and in this session the Copyright Act was passed. The common law recognised a perpetual right, but gave no means

* He hated him still worse, when he found him writing for Harley on the same side with himself, and became conscious that hack partisans on the other side did not scruple to couple them together, as "fellow-labourers in the service of the White Staff." "He paid De Foe better than he did Swift, looking on him as the shrewder head of the two for business," is the reckless assertion of Oldmixon.

of enforcing it; the statute limited the right, and gave the means. It was a sort of cheat, but better than unlimited robbery.*

Notwithstanding Harley's retirement, De Foe continued in the service of Godolphin's Ministry. But at the special desire of Harley himself; to whom, as the person by whom he had been first employed for Anne, and whose apparently falling fortunes were a new claim of attachment, he considered himself bound. "Nay, not so, Mr. De Foe," said Harley, "I shall not take it ill from you in the least. Besides, it is the Queen you are serving, who has been very good to you." The words were well selected for continuance of the tenure by which the sagacious diplomatist had first engaged his services. Upon this, he went to the Lord-Treasurer, who received him with great friendliness, and told him, "smiling," he had not seen him a long while. De Foe frankly mentioned his obligations to Harley, and his fear

* I have adverted to this subject in a previous note; but I may add, in a few pregnant sentences from one of De Foe's *Reviews* of this date, a description of the existing abuses of the law:—"Books are printed by no body, and wrote by every body. One man prints another man's works, and calls them his own; another man prints his own, and calls them by the name of another. Continual robberies, piracies, and invasions of property occur in the occupation. One man shall study seven years to bring a finished piece into the world; and, as soon as produced, it shall be republished by some piratical printer at a quarter of the price, and sold for his own benefit. These things call loudly for an act of re-
ment."

that his interest might be lessened on that account. "Not at all, Mr. De Foe," rejoined Godolphin; "I always think a man honest till I find the contrary." To which De Foe might have added, without rebuke, in the language he always afterwards used of Harley, "And I shall ever preserve this principle, that an honest man cannot be ungrateful to his benefactor." The scrupulous author, nevertheless, considered it his duty, while now again engaged in ministerial employments,* entirely to cease communication with the rival statesman, till he again appeared as a public minister.

It was not very long. Nor had the Ministry, on the score of moderation at any rate, profited greatly by his absence; while he, by the position of parties, was driven to the extreme of opposition. Despairing of the Queen's power to second her well-known inclination, the High

* What these employments exactly were, is not now known; but they were thus hinted at by himself, when he defended his conduct after the death of Anne:—"After this reception, my Lord Godolphin had the goodness, not only to introduce me for the second time to Her Majesty, and to the honour of kissing her hand, but obtained for me the continuance of an appointment which Her Majesty had been pleased to make me, in consideration of a formal special service I had done, and in which I had run as much risk of my life as a grenadier upon the counterscarp..... Upon this second introduction, Her Majesty was pleased to tell me, with a goodness peculiar to herself, that she had such satisfaction in my former services, that she had appointed me for another affair, which was something nice, and
er should tell me the rest; and so I with-

Church trumpet had again sounded to battle, and De Foe had again buckled on his armour of offence against both ultra-parties. Again, as he says himself, he went on freely telling offensive truths, regarding no censures, fearing no prosecutions, asking no favour of any man, making no court to any, and expecting not to oblige even those he thought the best of. It was now he told the world that fate of the unbiassed writer, with which a celebrated journal of modern days has familiarized its readers. "If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it should be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truths, let him proclaim war with mankind, *à la mode le pays de Pole*, neither to give nor take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of their virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him

drew. The next day, his lordship having commanded me to attend, told me that he must send me to Scotland, and gave me but three days to prepare myself. Accordingly, I went to Scotland, where neither my business, nor the manner of my discharging it, is material to this tract; nor will it be ever any part of my character, that I reveal what should be concealed. And yet, my errand was such as was far from being unfit for a sovereign to direct, or an honest man to perform; and the service I did upon that occasion, as it is not unknown to the greatest man now in the nation under the king and the prince, so, I dare say, his grace was never displeased with the part I had in it, and I hope will not forget it." The last allusion, I need hardly say, is to the Duke of Marlborough.

with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless. *And this is the course I take myself.*" It was now, describing his personal treatment by one of the Tory mobs, he told them the destiny of all that had ever served them. "He that will help you, must be hated and neglected by you, must be mobbed and plundered for you, must starve and hang for you, and must yet help you. *And thus I do.*" Then came again upon the scene his old friend Dr. Henry Sacheverell. This brawling priest attacked Godolphin in the pulpit by the name of *Volpone*; inveighed against Burnet and other bishops for not unfurling the bloody flag against Dissent; abused the Revolution as unrighteous; and broadly reasserted non-resistance and passive obedience. The fellow was such a fool and madman, that a serious thought should not have been wasted on *him*, whatever might be needful to discountenance his atrocious doctrines. This was the feeling of De Foe. When Harley called the sermon a "circumgyration of incoherent words" (in a speech thought to merit the same description), it seems to have been his feeling too. It was certainly that of Somers, and of the best men in the cabinet. They all knew his noisy ignorance. His illustration of "parallel lines meeting in a centre," was a standing joke with the wits. But *Volpone* stuck to Godolphin, and an impeachment was resolved upon. The Minister little thought, when he took to what Burnet calls the luxury of roasting a

parson, that the fire would blaze high enough to roast himself and his colleagues.

Harley made a shrewder guess. He was dining with a friend in the country when the news reached him. "The game is up!" he cried; left the dinner-table, and hurried to London. In vain De Foe still urged, "Let us have the crime punished, not the man. The bar of the House of Commons is the worst pillory in the nation." In that elevated pillory, Sacheverell was placed; well dressed, with clean gloves, white handkerchief well managed, and other suitable accomplishments;—Atterbury, who secretly despised him, in affected sympathy by his side; the mob without, screaming for their martyr; and women, high and low, frantic with admiration. "You could never embark the ladies," said De Foe, "till you fell upon the clergy. As soon as you pinch the parson, the women are one woman in his defence." His description of the interest created by the impeachment is one of his happiest pieces of quiet irony. It has also historic value. The ladies, he tells us, laid aside their chocolate, their china, and their gallantries, for State business; the *Tatler*, the immortal *Tatler*, the great Bickerstaff himself (to whom, let us remark by the way, De Foe, in his hearty admiration, * had lately resigned

* This feeling led him soon after to condemn Steele for taking any public notice of his quondam friend Swift's vituperation. "For my part," he says, "I have always thought that the weakest step the *Tatler* ever took, *if that complete author can be said*

the offices of his own *Scandal Club*), was fain to leave off talking to them; they had no leisure for Church; little Miss, still obliged to go, had the Doctor's picture put into her prayer-book; even Punch laid aside his domestic broils, to gibber for the holy man; and not only were the churches thinned, and the parks, but the very playhouses felt the effects, and Betterton died a beggar. Well had it been, however, if this were all. A series of horrible riots followed. Meeting-houses were pulled down; the Bloody Flag was in reality unfurled; mounted escorts, carrying Martyr Sacheverell about the country, were every where the signal for the plunder and outrage of Dissenters; the Martyr's printed defence (filled with abuse of De Foe and his *Reviews*) circulated by tens of thousands; and Lord Treasurer Godolphin was ordered to break his staff and make way for Robert Harley.

He took office; and at once began the work, which, whatever the motives we assign to him, and whatever the just faults we may find with the absence of decision in his mind and in his temper, we must admit that he continued to the last, of opposing, against his own *in- to have done any thing weak*, was to stoop to take the least notice of the barkings of the animals that have condoled him, examined him, &c. He should have let envy bark, and fools rail; and, according to his own observation of the fable of the sun, continue to shine on. This I have found to be agreeable to the true notion of contempt. Silence is the utmost slight nature can dictate to a man, and the most insupportable for a vain man to bear."

terests, the exterminating policy of the party who had borne him into power. While several leading Whigs yet retained office, he again unsuccessfully attempted a coalition with Cowper and Walpole; and it was not till wholly rebuffed in this quarter that he completed his High Tory cabinet, and determined to risk a dissolution. St. John was made secretary; Harcourt had the great seal; and he himself took the treasurer's staff. The elections gave him a majority, though not very decisive; and Anne's celebrated "Last Administration" began its career. A man might predict in some sort the course of it, who had seen the new Premier on the first of October; the eve of the meeting of Parliament. He was not at the palace of the Queen, nor in his office of business with Harcourt or St. John; but he was stopping in his coach at the St. James's coffee-house, to set down Jonathan Swift. "He knew my Christian name very well," says the *Journal to Stella*. On that day the reverend ex-Whig partisan had sent forth a lampoon against Godolphin, and paid his first visit to Harley. On the 4th he dined with him. Afterwards, his visits were daily welcomed. The proud and long-neglected Priest found himself, on the same hopeful October day, dining for tenpence in his old chop-house; then going "reeking" from thence to the first minister of state; and then, in charity, sending a *Tatler* to Steele, "who is very low of late." Others were "low" too. There was Congreve, a resolute Whig, and member of the Kit Katt, whose little

place depended on the Ministry. But Harley quieted his fears with a happy quotation from Virgil :

“ Our hearts are not so cold, nor flames the fire
Of Sol so distant from the race of Tyre.”

Whatever else were the objections to this statesman, then, they did not lie on the score of his indifference to genius. The administration organized, he sent for De Foe. A different course was needful with Daniel from that taken with Jonathan. Harley knew De Foe thoroughly ; and was not grieved to know that the High Church majority in the Commons might have been much larger but for his unwearied personal and public exertions against that faction, in the elections recently closed. De Foe distinctly states the result of the interview to have been, that he capitulated for liberty to speak according to his own judgment of things, and that he had that liberty allowed him. Nor did he wait on Harley till he had first consulted the dismissed Godolphin, who counselled him to consider himself as the Queen's servant, to wait till he saw things settled, and then to take her Majesty's commands from the new minister. In the same tone Harley conferred with him now. And if we couple the interview with the paper sent forth in the *Review*, and which first opened the fury of the Whig batteries on De Foe, we shall find every thing to confirm the impression here taken of it ; of the character of Harley himself ; and of the honourable grounds of De Foe's conditional support. He states his opinion to be,

that the Ministry must be carried on upon the foundation and with the principles of the Revolution. This, he adds, even though with it should come the fate of pleasing and displeasing all parties in their turn, can be the only safe guide where so many parties alternately govern; and where men of the same party have so often been of several opinions about the same thing. If, on the other hand, they reject such guidance, another kind of language would have to be talked to them. "For, let not governors flatter themselves, nor people be dismayed—the Revolution cannot be overthrown in Britain. It is not in the power of Ministry or Party, Prince or Parliament, to do it. If the attempt is made, let them look to it that venture upon the attempt. The People of England have tasted Liberty, and I cannot think they will bear the exchange." He then says explicitly, that he shall not go along with the Ministry unless they go along with him. He exults in Harley's known inclination to the Whigs; and, indeed, he argues, "the Constitution is of such a nature, that, whoever may be in it, if they are faithful to their duty, it will either find them Whigs or make them so." In short, he says, "we have but one interest as Englishmen, whatever interest we may have as to parties."

And upon these plain principles Daniel De Foe acted. They were principles professed by Swift two years later; but never, later or earlier, acted on by him. "I bear of the Ministry to be my witnesses," he wrote to Steele

in whose *Correspondence* the letter may be found, "that there is hardly a man of wit of the adverse party, whom I have not been so bold as to recommend often and with earnestness to them; for I think principles at present are quite out of the case, and that we dispute wholly about persons. In these last, you and I differ; but in the other I think we agree; for I have in print professed myself in politics to be what we formerly called a Whig." And in two months from the date of the letter, he was covering this very "Dick Steele" with the most lavish contempt, for no better reason than that he held Whig principles. But he wrote for his deanery, and got it; De Foe wrote for what he believed to be the public service, and had no reward or fee but the consciousness of having done so.

Compare Swift's *Examiner* with De Foe's *Review*, and the distinction is yet more plain. It is earnest and manly reasoning against a series of profligate libels. Libels, too, in which the so-called advocate of Harley is denounced by Harley's confidential writer, as an *illiterate idiot*. "Much wit in that," quietly answered De Foe; who never was seduced into party lampooning, who held **that no difference of opinion should discharge the obligation of good manners,*** and who, even at moments like

* At a time when De Foe was engaged in his bitterest political controversy, it is for ever to be recorded to his honour, in that age of personal abuse, that he thus wrote to state the matter fairly between you and me, and possibly coming under such cases, I am really

these, held Swift's wit and genius in honour. "Now, I know a learned man at this time, an orator in the Latin, a walking index of books, who has all the libraries in Europe in his head, from the Vatican at Rome to the learned collection of Doctor Salmon at Fleet Ditch; but he is a cynic in behaviour, a fury in temper, unpolite in conversation, abusive in language, and ungovernable in passion. Is this to be learned? Then may I still be illiterate. I have been in my time pretty well master of five languages, and have not lost them yet, though I write no bill over my door, nor set Latin quotations in any part of the *Review*. But, to my irreparable loss, I was bred only by halves; for my father, forgetting Juno's royal academy, left the language of Billingsgate quite out of my education. Hence I am, in the polite style of the street, perfectly *illiterate*, and am not fit to make a fair truce of honour with you, viz., that if what either party are doing or saying may clash with the party we are for, and urge us to speak, it shall be done without naming either's name, and without personal reflections; and thus we may differ still, and yet preserve both the Christian and the gentleman. This, I think, is an offer may satisfy you. I have not been desirous of giving just offence to you, neither would I to any man, however I may differ from him; and I see no reason why I should affront a man's person because I do not join with him in principle. I always thought that men might dispute without railing, and differ without quarrelling, and that opinions should not affect our temper." Most admirably and wisely did he, on another occasion, in reference to the same vile personal recrimination, "I have always carefully avoided any man's private infirmities, as being too sensible

converse with the porters and carmen of quality, who adorn their diction with the beauties of calling names, and cursing their neighbour with a *bonne grace*. I have had the honour to fight a rascal, but never could muster the eloquence of calling a man so." It was the calm spirit of every return vouchsafed by the author of the *Review* to the cross-fire which now assailed him. He was content, whether defending or opposing, to stand alone. He did not think the *Brothers' Club* had helped the Ministry, nor that the *Scriblerus Club* would be of any service to Literature. He preferred to stand where he did; "unplaced, unpensioned, no man's heir or slave;" in frank and free communication with his countrymen. And therefore was he assailed by Tory scribes on the one hand, and Whig scribes on the other, who could yet join their attacks only on the one point of accusing him of a hankering after place. "And what place do I write for?" he pleasantly asked; "I have not yet inquired whether there is a vacancy in the press-yard; but I know of no place any body could think I should be writing for, unless it be a place in Newgate, for this truly may be the fate of any body that dares to speak plainly to men in power." The same charge had been brought against him while yet the old Whigs held

"As to places, I have been seven years under
in government, and have not been a

I have had the honour to
the fury of an en-

raged party has given their testimony to it, and I could produce yet greater; but the man is not alive of whom I have sought preferment or reward. If I have espoused a wrong cause; if I have acted in a good cause in an unfair manner; if I have, for fear, favour, or by the bias of any man in the world, great or small, acted against what I always professed, or what is the known interest of the nation; if I have any way abandoned that glorious principle of truth and liberty, which I ever was embarked in, and which I trust I shall never, through fear or hope, step one inch back from;—if I have done thus, then, as Job says in another case, ‘Let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockles instead of barley;’ then, and not till then, may I be esteemed a mercenary, a missionary, a spy, or what you please. But, if the cause be just, if it be the peace, security, and happiness of both nations, if I have done it honestly and effectually—how does it alter the case if I have been fairly encouraged, supported, and rewarded in the work, as God knows I have not? Does the mission disable the messenger, or does it depend upon the merit of the message?”*

* His experiences derived from such support as he had given Harley’s government, were very happily stated in another of his writings. After telling the story of a malcontent, “of a reign not many years behind us” (whether he wrote *Postboys* or *Examiners*, De Foe humorously interposes, authors are not agreed), who, when an argument was brought a little too close to him, said, “Sir, you would rail as I do, if you were not bribed;” to which the other replied, “Ay, and you would be quieter than I, if any body would bribe you;”—he proceeds to remark: “Three

And now, as the best comment we can make upon this manly avowal, let us briefly state De Foe's debtor-and-creditor account with the Administration of Robert Harley.

He supported him against the October Club ; a party of a hundred country gentlemen, who drank October ale, and would have driven things to extremes against the Whigs. He supported him against the bigot Rochester ; and against the fiery, impatient Bolingbroke. He supported him against the Whigs ; when the Whigs, to avenge their party disappointments, laid aside their noblest principles, and voted with Lord Findlater for the dissolution of the Scottish Union. He supported him also against the Whigs, when, for no nobler reason, they

sorts of men always rail at a government. First, those whose opinion of their own merit makes them think they are never well enough rewarded. The second sort are those, who, having enjoyed favours, but being found unworthy, are discarded from their offices ; these always rail as if they had never been obliged. But we have a third sort of people who always go with their mouths open, in order to have them stopped ; like a sort of dogs I have met with, that, when they attend under your table, bark that they may be fed. I remember a man of some note who practised this with great success, and canted a long while in the House of Commons about abuses in the management, misapplying the public treasure, making felonious treaties, and the like ; but a wise old fox no sooner halved his den to this badger, but he put a stop to the clamour, and the nation's treasure was never misapplied since, because a good share of it ran his way." The wise old reynard was Sir Stephen Fox, and the quieted badger a certain notorious place-hunter of the parliament of William and Anne, Mr. John Howe, M.P., whom Sir Stephen made joint-paymaster of the forces with himself.

joined with his old enemy Lord Nottingham, to oppress and disable the Dissenters. And, again, he supported him against the Whigs, when, speaking through their ablest and most liberal representatives, the Walpoles and the Stanhopes, they declared emphatically, and in all circumstances, for a total prohibition of trade with France. It was on this latter question De Foe would seem to have incurred their most deadly hatred. He had achieved the repute of a great authority in matters of this kind; and he threw it all into the scale in favour of Bolingbroke's treaty. He wrote on it often, and largely; with eminent ability, and with great effect. His view briefly was, that the principle of a free trade, unencumbered by prohibitions, and with very moderate duties, was "not only equal and just, but proceeding on the true interest of trade, and much more to the advantage of Britain than of France."* What disadvantages of unpopularity such reasoning then had, we need not

* He argued this question of Free Trade, which he dealt with in a spirit greatly in advance of his time, chiefly in a government paper called the *Mercator*, set on foot by Harley, in which he had no personal or pecuniary interest, and over which (though he was very unjustly made responsible for all its contents) he exercised no control; but to whose pages he contributed a series of most remarkable papers on commercial subjects. It is now extraordinarily scarce. When Mr. Wilson published his *Life of De Foe*, he had not been able to get sight of a copy. One of the very few in existence belongs to my friend Mr. Crossley of Manchester, who justly describes it as "replete with the vigour, the life, and animation, the various and felicitous power of illustration, which *this great and truly English author could impart to any subject.*"

say; the cry of "Trade and Wool" did as much for the Whigs, as that of "Sacheverell and the Church" had done for the Tories; but De Foe opposed both alike; and it is little likely that he will be traduced for it now.

But we have not yet stated the reverse of the account in his relation with Robert Harley's Administration. It is not less honourable to him.

He did not oppose the Peace when settled; but while it was in progress he opposed the terms. He desired peace; but did not think the Spanish guarantees sufficient. He thought that Europe had been saved by the policy of William and the Whigs, and by the genius of Marlborough; but he did not approve the violent method of winding up the war. He was, in short, glad when it was done, but would have been ashamed to take part in the doing. And the best judgment of posterity, we believe, confirms his judgment. He opposed the creation of Peers. He opposed strongly, while the Whigs made the feeblest resistance, the Parliamentary Qualification act; which he condemned for a lurking tendency to give preponderance to the landed interest. He opposed the Occasional Conformity Bill; though his position respecting it was such that he might fairly have kept his peace. He opposed the Tax upon Papers; and bitterly denounced the false attack upon the press which signalized Bolingbroke's few days' Ministry. He concentrated all his strength of opposition against the same statesman's Schism Bill; in which an attempt

was made to deprive Dissenters of all share in the work of education, grounded precisely on those preposterous High Church claims which we have seen flagrantly revived in more recent days. Let us show, by a memorable passage from the *Review*, how little Church pretences and extravagances alter, while all else alters around them. "Who are they that at this juncture are so clamorous against the Dissenters, and are eagerly soliciting for a further security to the Church? Are they not that part of the clergy who have already made manifest advances towards the synagogue of Rome? they who preach the independency of the Church on the State? who urge the necessity of auricular confession, sacerdotal absolution, extreme unction, and prayer for the dead? who expressly teach the real presence in the Lord's Supper, which they will have to be a proper sacrifice? and who contend for the practice of rebaptizing, wherein they overshoot the Papists themselves? Are they not they who are loudly clamorous for those church lands which, to the unspeakable detriment of the public, were in the days of ignorance given to impudent begging friars?" Finally, when it was whispered about that the leading Ministers were intriguing for the succession of the Pretender; and when it was reported every where that the manifesto of the Jacobites against a Protestant succession lay splendidly bound in the Queen's closet at Windsor; De Foe wrote and published those *three pamphlets*, which, for prompt wit and timely.

satire, may reckon with his best efforts: *A Seasonable Caution.*—*What if the Pretender should come?*—and *What if the Queen should die?*

It is almost inconceivable that the Whigs should have led the cry against him on the score of these admirable pieces; but it is another proof of the blindness of party malice. The men of whose principles throughout life he was the sturdiest advocate, were the Dissenters and the Whigs, and as he had to thank the one for his earliest experience of a prison, for his latest he had now to thank the other. A great Whig light, Mr. Auditor Benson, commenced a prosecution against him, at his private cost, for desiring by these works to favour the Jacobite succession; their mode of recommending the Jacobite succession having been, to say that it would confer on every one the privilege of wearing wooden shoes, and ease the nobility and gentry of the hazard and expense of winter journeys to Parliament! But dulness had the odds against wit, in this as in the former instance, and the prosecutors had no difficulty in finding judges to tell De Foe, "that they contained matter for which he might be hanged, drawn, and quartered." He was accordingly thrown again into Newgate; and might possibly again have been taken thence to the pillory, but for the interposition of Harley, now Lord Oxford. He represented the matter to the Queen; and made known to De Foe the opinion expressed by Anne. "She saw nothing but private pique in it." A pardon was issued

by Bolingbroke, and the prisoner released. But not until, with an instinct that the end was now approaching, he had brought his *Review* to a close, within the hard ungenial walls wherein it had begun. It was with a somewhat sorrowful retrospect he closed it, but not without a dignified content. There were two sorts of people out of reach by the world, he said—those that are above and those that are below it; they might be equally happy, for aught he knew; and between them he was not unwilling to accept the lot, which, as it placed him below envy, yet lifted him far above pity. In the school of affliction, he bethought him he had learned more philosophy than at the academy, and more divinity than from the pulpit; in prison he had learned to know that liberty does not consist in open doors, and the free egress and regress of locomotion. He had seen the rough and smooth sides of the world, and tasted the difference between the closet of a King and the Newgate dungeon. Here, in the dungeon, he had still, “with humblest acknowledgments,” to remember that a glorious Prince had “loved” him; and, whatever fortune had still in store, he felt himself not unfit, by all this discipline, for serious application to the great, solemn, and weighty work, of resignation to the will of Heaven.

V.

GEORGE THE FIRST AND GEORGE THE SECOND.

1714—1731.

THE cheerful and pious resignation for which De Foe had so prepared himself, he needed when the crisis came. It is not here our province to dwell on the memorable scenes of 1714, which consigned Oxford to the Tower and Bolingbroke to exile; shattered the Tory party; settled the succession of Hanover; and fixed the Whigs in power. The principles for which De Foe had contended all his life were at last securely established; and for his reward he had to show the unnoticed and unprotected scars of thirty-two years' incessant political conflict. But he retired as he had kept the field—with a last hearty word for his patron Harley; and with a manly defence against the factious slanders which had opened on himself. He probably heard the delighted scream of Mr. Boyer as his figure disappeared; to the effect of how fully he had been "confuted by the ingenious and judicious Joseph Addison, esquire." Doubtless he also smiled to observe what Whig rewards for Whig services were now most plentifully scattered. The

ingenious Joseph Addison, esquire, Secretary of State; Mr. Steele, *Sir* Richard and Surveyor of the royal stables; Mr. Tickell, Irish Secretary; Mr. Congreve, twelve hundred a-year; Mr. Rowe, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Ambrose Philips, all snugly and comfortably sinecured. For himself, he was in his fifty-fourth year; and, after a life of bodily and mental exertion that would have worn down a score of ordinary men, had to begin life anew.

Into that new life we shall enter but briefly. It is plain to all the world. It is the life by which he became immortal. It is contained in the excellent books which are named at the head of this article; and there the world may read it, if they will. What we sought to exhibit here, we trust we have made sufficiently obvious. After all the objections that may be justly made to his opinions, on the grounds of shortcoming or excess, we believe that in the main features of the career we have set before the reader, will be recognised a noble English example of the qualities most prized by Englishmen. De Foe is our only famous politician and man of letters, who represented, in its inflexible constancy, sturdy dogged resolution, unwearied perseverance, and obstinate contempt of danger and of tyranny, the great Middle-class English Character. We believe it to be no mere national pride to say, that, whether in its defects or its surpassing merits, the world has had none other to compare with it. He *lived in the thickest* stir of the conflict of the four most

violent party reigns of English history; and if we have at last entered into peaceful possession of most part of the rights at issue in those party struggles, it the more becomes us to remember such a man with gratitude, and with wise consideration for what errors we may find in him. He was too much in the constant heat of the battle, to see all that we see now. He was not a philosopher himself; but he helped philosophy to some wise conclusions. He did not stand at the highest point of toleration, or of moral wisdom; but, with his masculine active arm, he helped to lift his successors over obstructions which had stayed his own advance. He stood, in his opinions and his actions, alone and apart from his fellow men; but it was to show his fellow men of later times the value of a juster and larger fellowship, and of more generous modes of action. And when he now retreated from the world Without to the world Within, in the solitariness of his unrewarded service and integrity, he had assuredly earned the right to challenge the higher recognition of Posterity. He was walking towards History with steady feet; and might look up into her awful face with a brow unabashed and undismayed.

This was his language, when, withdrawn finally and for ever from the struggle, he calmly reviewed the part he had taken in it. "I was, from my first entering into the knowledge of public matters, and have ever been to this day, a sincere lover of the constitution of my country; zealous for Liberty and the Protestant

interest; but a constant follower of moderate principles, a vigorous opposer of hot measures in all. I never once changed my opinion, my principles, or my party; and, let what will be said of changing sides, this I maintain, that I never once deviated from the Revolution principles, nor from the doctrine of liberty and property on which it was founded." Describing the qualities that should distinguish a man "who, in those critical times, elected so to treat of public affairs," he added: "Find him where you will, this must be his character. He must be one that, searching into the depths of truth, dare speak her aloud in the most dangerous times; that fears no face, courts no favour, is subject to no interest, bigoted to no party, and will be a hypocrite for no gain. I will not say I am the man. I leave that to posterity."

His last political Essay was written in 1715; and, while the proof-sheets lay uncorrected before him, he was struck with apoplexy. After some months' danger, he rallied; and in the three following years sent forth a series of works, chiefly moral and religious, and of which the *Family Instructor* and the *Religious Courtship* may be mentioned as the types; which were excellently adapted to a somewhat limited purpose, and are still in very high esteem. They are far too numerous even for recital here. They had extraordinary popularity; went through countless editions; and found their way, not only in handsome setting forth to the King's private

library, but on rough paper to all the fairs and markets of the kingdom. In the fact that Goldsmith makes his lively Livy Primrose as thoroughly acquainted with the dialogue in *Religious Courtship*, as she is with the argument of Man Friday and his Master in *Robinson Crusoe*, and the disputes of Thwackum and Square in *Tom Jones*, we may see in what vogue they continued to that date. But beyond, and up to the beginning of the century, they were generally among the standard prize-books of schools; and might be seen lying, in coarse workman garb, with *Pomfret's Poems* or *Hervey's Meditations*, on the window-seat of any tradesman's house. Grave moral and religious questions had, in truth, not before been approached with any thing like that dramatic liveliness of manner. To the same popularity were also in later years committed, such half-satirical, half-serious books, as the *Political History of the Devil*; of which, strong plain sense, and a desire to recommend, by liveliness of treatment, the most homely and straightforward modes of looking into moral and religious questions, were again the distinguishing characteristics. Other works of miscellaneous interest will be found recited in the careful catalogue of De Foe's writings (upward of two hundred in all) compiled by Mr. Walter Wilson. The most remarkable of these works was probably the *Complete English Tradesman*; in which you see distinctly reflected many of the most solid and striking points of De Foe's own character;

and, let us add, of the general character of our middle-class countrymen. The plays of Heywood, Massinger, and Ben Jonson, do not give us the citizens of their time more vividly, nor better contrast the staidness and the follies of old and young, than De Foe has here accomplished for the traders of William and Anne. We are surprised to be told that this book was less popular than others of its class; but perhaps a certain surly vein of satire which was in it, was the reason. A book which tends, however justly, to satirize any general community, readers included, is dangerous to its author's popularity, however the public may like satire in particular, or when aimed at special classes. Our hasty summary would be incomplete, without a reference to his many publications on points of domestic economy, and questions of homely domestic morals; to his occasional satires in verse; or to a timely and powerful series of strictures on London Life, in which he earnestly suggested the necessity of a Metropolitan University, of a Foundling Hospital, and of a well-organized system of Police. He also again attacked the stage on the success of the *Beggar's Opera*; and here, confusing a little the prose and poetry of the matter, made that excellent piece responsible for a coarse drama on the subject of the recently hanged "Jack Sheppard."*

* "Our rogues," he says, "are grown more wicked than ever; and vice of all kinds is so much winked at, that robbery is

encountered his old enemy, the Dean of St. Patrick's; and, moving the spleen of Swift's dearest friend, got himself niched in the *Dunciad*. But the assailant lived to regret it more than the assailed, and to confess to his friend Spence, that out of all the countless works written by "restless Daniel," there was not one that did not contain some good—in other words—that did

accounted a pretty crime. We take pains to puff them up in their villainy, and there is one set out in so amiable a light in the Beggar's Opera, it has taught them to value themselves on their profession, rather than to be ashamed of it. Not content with the mischief done by the Beggar's Opera, we must have a Quaker's Opera forsooth, of much more evil tendency than the former: for in this, Jack Sheppard is made the head of the drama, and runs through such a scene of riot and success, that but too many weak minds have been drawn away, and many unwary persons so charmed with his appearance on the stage, dressed in that elegant manner, and his pockets so well lined, they have forthwith commenced street-robbers or housebreakers; so that every idle fellow, weary of honest labour, need but fancy himself a Macheath or a Sheppard, and there's a rogue at once." It is rather curious that in the same pamphlet De Foe makes a concession we would hardly have expected from his earlier opposition to all stage performances. "Since example has so much force," he says, "the stage should exhibit nothing but what might be represented before a bishop. They may be merry and wise; let them take the Provoked Husband for a pattern." Gay sneered at De Foe as a "fellow who had excellent natural parts, but wanted a small foundation of learning," and as "a lively instance of those wits who, as an ingenious author says, will endure but one skimming:" with which sneer the judicious reader may probably be disposed to connect the passage just quoted from De Foe about Gay's masterpiece.

not brand reproach on the man who had stigmatized their author as a dunce.

Meanwhile, concurrently with these works, there had appeared a more memorable series from the same untiring hand. In 1719, being then in his fifty-eighth year, he had given *Robinson Crusoe* to the world, but not till he had first wearily gone the round of all the trade, and at last, with enormous difficulty, had found a purchaser and publisher. Paternoster Row is not bound to find out the value of genius, until it begins to sell. With *Robinson Crusoe's* successors there was less difficulty. In 1720 he had published the *Life and Piracies of Captain Singleton*; the *Dumb Philosopher*; and *Duncan Campbell*. In 1721, the *Fortunes and Misfortunes of Moll Flanders*. In 1722, the *Life and Adventures of Colonel Jack*; and the *Journal of the Plague Year*. In 1723, the *Memoirs of a Cavalier*. In 1724, *Roxana*. In 1725, the *New Voyage round the World*. And in 1728, the *Life of Captain Carleton*. He was at work upon a new production at the close of 1729, as we shall shortly see, and apologises to his printer for having delayed the proofs through "exceeding illness." It never appeared.

Of *Robinson Crusoe* it is needless to speak. Was there ever any thing written by mere man but this, asked Doctor Johnson, that was wished longer by its readers? It is a Standard Piece in every European language; its popularity has extended to every civilized nation. The traveller Burckhardt found it translated into

Arabic, and heard it read aloud among the wandering tribes in the cool hours of evening. It is devoured by every boy; and, as long as a boy remains in the world he will clamour for *Robinson Crusoe*. It sinks into the bosom while the bosom is most capable of pleasurable impressions from the adventurous and the marvellous; and no human work, we honestly believe, has afforded such great delight. Neither the *Iliad* nor the *Odyssey*, in the much longer course of ages, has incited so many to enterprise, or to reliance on their own powers and capacities. It is the romance of solitude and self-sustainment, and could only so perfectly have been written by a man whose own life* had for the most part been

* That De Foe in some sort intended the adventures even of the first part of *Robinson Crusoe* as a kind of type of what the dangers and vicissitudes and surprising escapes of his own life had been, appears to be confessed in his *Crusoe's Serious Reflections*. Towards the close of that book this unmistakable passage occurs:—"Had the common way of writing a man's history been taken, and I had given you the conduct or life of a man you knew, and whose misfortunes and infirmities perhaps you had sometimes unjustly triumphed over, all I could have said would have yielded no diversion, and perhaps scarce have obtained a reading, or at best no attention; the teacher, like a greater, having no honour in his own country." But more explicit and remarkable still is the preface to this same work in which, speaking of the objection that had been urged against the former volumes of *Robinson Crusoe* as wholly fictitious, he adds, that "the story, though allegorical, is also historical. It is the beautiful representation of a life of unexampled misfortunes, and of a variety not to be met with in the world. Farther, there is a man alive, and

passed in the independence of unaided thought, accustomed to great reverses, of inexhaustible resource in confronting calamities, leaning ever on his Bible in sober and satisfied belief, and not afraid at any time to find himself Alone, in communion with nature and with God. Nor need we here repeat, what has been said so well by many critics, that the secret of its fascination is its Reality. The same is to be said, in a no less degree, of the *History of the Plague*; which, for the grandeur of the theme and the profoundly affecting

well known too, the actions of whose life are the subject of these volumes, and to whom all or most part of the story most directly alludes." He then recounts a number of particulars necessary for the purposes of his narrative, and says: "The adventures of Robinson Crusoe are one whole scene of real life of eight-and-twenty years, spent in the most wandering, desolate, and afflicting circumstances that ever a man went through, and in which I have lived so long a life of wonders, in continual storms; fought with the worst kind of savages and man-eaters, by unaccountable surprising incidents; fed by miracles greater than that of ravens; suffered all manner of violences and oppressions, injurious reproaches, contempt of men, attacks of devils, corrections from heaven, and oppositions on earth; have had innumerable ups and downs in matters of fortune, been in worse slavery than Turkish, escaped by an exquisite management as that in the story of Xury and the boat of Salee, been taken up at sea in distress, raised again and depressed again, and that oftener, perhaps, in one man's life than ever was known before; shipwrecked often, though more by land than by sea;—in a word, there is not a circumstance in the imaginary story but has its just allusion to a real story, and chimes part for part, and step for step, with the inimitable life of Robinson Crusoe."

familiarity of its treatment, for the thrilling and homely touches which paint at once the moral and the physical terrors of a pestilence, is one of the noblest prose epics of the language. These are the masterpieces of De Foe. But, while open to objections on another score, the *Moll Flanders*, the *Colonel Jack*, and the *Roxana*, are not less decisive examples of a wonderful genius. In their day, too, they had no unwise or hurtful effect; for certainly they had a tendency to produce a more indulgent morality, and larger fair play to bad and good. That we question the wisdom of now reviving them as they were written, we will frankly confess; but as models of fictitious narrative, in common with all the writings of De Foe, they are supreme. The art of natural story-telling, that which can discard all resort to mere writing or reflection, and rest solely on what people, in peculiar situations, say and do, just as if there were no reader to hear all about it, has had no such astonishing illustrations. High authorities have indeed thought them entitled to still higher dignity. Some one asked Doctor Robertson to advise him as to a good historical style. "Read De Foe," replied the great historian. Colonel Jack's life has been commonly reprinted in the genuine accounts of Highwaymen; Lord Chatham thought the Cavalier a real person, and his description of the Civil Wars the best in the language; Doctor Mead quoted the book of the Plague as the narrative of an eyewitness; and Doctor Johnson sat up all night over Captain Carleton's

Memoirs, as a new work of English history he wondered not to have seen before. In particular scenes, too, of the three tales we are more immediately considering (those of the Prison in *Moll Flanders*, of Susannah in *Rorana*, and of the Boyhood in *Colonel Jack*), the highest masters of prose fiction have never surpassed them either in power or pathos, in the subtle portraiture of humanity or in a profound acquaintance with life. But it will remain the chief distinction of De Foe, in these minor tales of English scenes and manners, to have been the father of the illustrious family of the English Novel. Swift directly copied from him; Richardson founded his style of minute narrative wholly upon him; Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, and Goldsmith,—Godwin, Scott, Bulwer, and Dickens,—have been more or less indebted to him. Shall we scruple to add, then, that while he remains unapproached in his two great masterpieces, he has been surpassed in his minor works by these his successors? His language is as easy and copious, but less elegant and harmonious; his insight into character is as penetrating, but not so penetrating into the heart; his wit and irony are as playful, but his humour is less genial and expansive; and he wants the delicate fancy, the richness of imagery, the sympathy, the truth and depth of feeling, which will keep the later Masters of our English Novel the delightful companions, the gentle monitors, the welcome instructors, of future generations. So true it is, that every great writer

promotes the next great writer one step; and in some cases gets himself superseded by him.

While his gigantic labours were in progress, De Foe seems to have lived almost wholly at his favourite Newington. His writings had been profitable. He got little for *Robinson Crusoe*, but was paid largely for its successors. We have occasional glimpses of him still engaged in mercantile speculation; purchasing and assigning leases; disposing of South Sea stock; and otherwise attending to worldly affairs. But we do not see him steadily till 1724. A gentleman named Baker, afterwards known as a somewhat celebrated philosophical inquirer, had then occasion to go to Newington, where he fell in love with a pretty girl, the youngest of three daughters who lived in a large and handsome house in Church Street, which their father had newly built.* The

* This fact is doubtful, though De Foe does not appear to have occupied the house in question till shortly before the time mentioned. It is still standing. It is the one which was occupied by the late William Friend, M.A., of the Rock Life Office, and which now belongs to his widow. It is on the south side of Church-street, a little to the east of Lordship Lane or Road, and has about four acres of ground attached, bounded on the west by a narrow foot way, once (if not still) called Cut-throat Lane. Or it may be identified thus: take the map of Stoke Newington in Robinson's history of that place, London, 1820, 8vo, and look directly below the first "e" in "Church-street." Among the papers by which the house is held, is the copy of the enrolment of a surrender to the lord of the manor, dated February 26, 1740, in which the house is described as "heretofore in the tenure or occupation of

love-making, on the gentleman's side at least, appears to have been gone about in a highly philosophical way, and from time to time the marriage was deferred until the father had signed a bond to Mr. Baker for due payment

Daniel De Foe." The history just mentioned states that he was living at Newington in 1709. There appears no good reason to suppose that he built the house. Dr. Price lived for some years in it, as the domestic chaplain of a subsequent owner. These facts I derive from that very useful and well-conducted little work *Notes and Queries*, iv. 299-300. A whimsical proof was given not long ago of the interest with which the name of De Foe still surrounds this unpicturesque house in an unpoetical locality. Whimsical I call it, but it is also very honourable to the pilgrims from over distant seas who figure in it, and display such enthusiasm for the memory of the great writer, in whom they have a common property with ourselves. The anecdote was originally told me by my old and valued friend, Sir James Emerson Tennent, who kindly re-tells it here at my request. "The incident of which you remind me, in connexion with the memory of De Foe, was this. A friend of mine lately told me that the gentleman residing in De Foe's house at Newington, about two years back, was one forenoon surprised by a visit from a party of Americans, who drove to his door in a hired carriage. They drew up in front, knocked, and requested to see the proprietor. On making his appearance, the spokesman said he presumed they were right in supposing that this was the house of Daniel De Foe?—And being assured of the fact, he went on to say that he and his companions from the new country, had waited on him as the occupant of that mansion, impelled by their respect for the name of his illustrious predecessor in it, to beg that they might be permitted to spend a little time in the dwelling-place of so eminent a man. Assent was readily given; whereupon they said that already they had ventured to anticipate that, by bringing a pic-nic hamper in their car-

of Sophia's dowry.* The father was an old gentleman of sixty-four years, afflicted with gout and stone, but very cheerful, still very active, with mental faculties in sharp abundance, keeping a handsome coach, paying away

riage—and their satisfaction was complete on permission being granted to carry it into the garden, where the explosion of cork, and other corresponding symptoms, speedily gave evidence of the sincerity with which they had made this very matter-of-fact pilgrimage to the home of the great novelist and patriot.”

* The eldest son of this marriage, David Erskine Baker, so named after his godfather, Lord Buchan, wrote the *Biographia Dramatica*, or Companion to the Playhouse. What follows I transcribe from a note in the second edition of my *Life of Goldsmith*. “Pleading the case of authors, and their title to a longer protection of their copyright, Mr. Serjeant Talfourd employed this affecting illustration. ‘A man of genius and integrity, who has received all insult and injury from his contemporaries, obtains nothing from posterity but a name. Look at Daniel De Foe; recollect him pilloried, bankrupt, wearing away his life to pay his creditors in full, and dying in the struggle!—and his works live, imitated, corrupted, yet casting off their stains, not by protection of law, but by their own pure essence. Had every schoolboy, whose young imagination has been prompted by his great work, and whose heart has learned to throb in the strange yet familiar solitude he created, given even the halfpenny of the statute of Anne, there would have been no want of a provision for his children, no need of a subscription for a statue to his memory!’ As I transcribe these eloquent words (January 1854), I become acquainted with the most striking practical comment which it would be possible for them to receive, in the fact that there is now living in Kennington, in deep though uncomplaining poverty, James De Foe, aged 77, the great grandson of the author of *Robinson Crusoe*.”—*Life and Times of Goldsmith*, vol. ii. p. 482.

much money in acts of charity, and greatly given to the cultivation of a large and pleasant garden. This was Daniel De Foe. Homely but hearty are the words in which a certain honest old Thomas Webb, after telling us what he had suffered by the death of his wife, goes on to tell us who it was that comforted and consoled him. "And poor distressed I, left alone, and no one to go and speak to, save only Mr. Deffoe, who hath acted a noble and generous part towards me and my poor children. The Lord reward him and his with the blessings of upper and nether spring, with the blessings of his basket and store," &c.

Alas! the basket and store of De Foe were not much oftener to be replenished on this side the grave. Five years pass, and the next glimpse we get reveals a sad change. It is a letter to his printer, Mr. J. Watts in Wild Court, and even in its signature the bold upright hand is broken down. He is grieved to have detained the proofs, but he has been exceeding ill. He has revised his manuscript again, and contracted it very much, and he hopes to bring it within the bulk the printer desires. He now sends him back the first sheet, with as much copy as will make near three sheets more; and he shall have all the remainder, so as not to let him stand still at all. He greatly regrets the number of alterations made in the pages he returns, and fears the corrections will cost as much as perhaps setting the whole over again would be; but he will endeavour to send the rest

of the copy so well corrected as to give very little trouble.—Whether or not he succeeded in that endeavour, cannot now be told; for there is no evidence that any more than that single sheet was ever printed.* It must be enough for us that such was his hope and his intention, and that even such, to the very last, according to this most characteristic letter, were the labours, anxieties, and ill-rewarded toil, that followed this great English author up to the very verge of the grave.

There is but one more letter of his preserved; its date is a year later, and from this letter, which is one of the most affecting that the English language contains, we learn that far beyond poverty, or printers, or booksellers, or any of the manifold ills of authorship, the conduct of De Foe's second son was embittering the closing hours of his long and checkered life. He had violated some large trust reposed in him by his father, and had reduced his mother and sisters to beggary. "Nothing but this has conquered or could conquer me. *Et tu! Brute.* I depended upon him, I trusted him, I gave up my two dear unprovided children into his hands; but he has no compassion, and suffers them and their poor dying mother to beg their bread at his door, and to crave, as if it were an alms, what he is bound under hand and seal, besides the most sacred promises, to

* The original manuscript nevertheless exists, and is in the possession of Mr. Dawson Turner of Great Yarmouth. Its title is *The Complete Gentleman.*

supply them with; himself, at y^e same time, living in a profusion of plenty. It is too much for me. Excuse my infirmity; I can say no more, my heart is too full. I only ask one thing of you as a dying request. Stand by them when I am gone, and let them not be wronged, while he is able to do them right. Stand by them as a brother; and if you have any thing within you owing to my memory, who have bestow'd on you the best gift I had to give, let y^m not be injured and trampled on by false pretences, and unnatural reflections. I hope they will want no help but that of comfort and council; but that they will indeed want, being too easie to be manag'd by words and promises." Even thus De Foe writes from a place near Greenwich, where he seems to have been some time wandering about, alone, in want, and with a broken heart. The letter is to his son-in-law, Baker; possessor of his "best gift," his dear daughter; and it closes thus: "I would say, I hope with comfort, that it is yet well I am so near my journey's end, and am hastening to the place where the weary are at rest, and where the wicked cease to trouble; be it that the passage is rough, and the day stormy. By what way soever He please to bring me to the end of it, I desire to finish life with this temper of soul in all cases—*Te Deum laudamus*. May all you do be prosperous, and all you meet with pleasant, and may you both escape the tortures and troubles of uneasie life! It adds to my grief that I must never see the pledge of your mutual

love, my little grandson. Give him my blessing, and may he be to you both your joy in youth, and your comfort in age, and never add a sigh to your sorrow. Kiss my dear Sophy once more for me; and, if I must see her no more, tell her this is from a father that loved her above all his comforts, to his last breath."

The money was recovered, and the family again prosperous; but Daniel De Foe was gone. In his seventy-first year, on the 24th of April, 1731, he had somehow found his way back to LONDON—to die in that parish of St. Giles's, Cripplegate,* wherein he was born; and, as long as the famous old city should live, to live in the memory and admiration of her citizens.

* The precise place of De Foe's death was not known to Mr. Walter Wilson. It took place in Ropemakers' Alley, Moorfields. Of this fact there can be no reasonable doubt, it being so stated in the *Daily Courant* of the day following his death, which paper is now in the possession of my friend Mr. Crossley. Ropemakers' Alley no longer exists, but it stood about opposite to where the London Institution now stands.

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

BY JOHN FORSTER,

OF THE INNER TEMPLE, BARRISTER.

AUTHOR OF "LIVES OF STATESMEN OF THE COMMONWEALTH," "LIFE OF GOLDSMITH," ETC.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMANS.

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CHARLES CHURCHILL.

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These Specimens of CHURCHILL's Poetry and Satire are taken, not from Mr. Tooke's Edition, but from the Edition (the third) issued in 1766 by the poet's brother and executor, JOHN CHURCHILL. *The Fragment of a Dedication to Warburton* is of later date, being the only composition of CHURCHILL's not published until after his death.

Edinburgh Review, January, 1845.



CHARLES CHURCHILL.

The Poetical Works of CHARLES CHURCHILL. With copious Notes, and a Life of the Author. By W. TOOKE, F.R.S. 3 vols. 12mo. London: 1844.

MR. WILLIAM TOOKE sets us a bad example in his "copious notes," which we do not propose to follow. Our business is with Churchill; and not with the London University, or the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, or the Reform Bill, or the Penny Postage Bill, or the Dissenters' Marriage Act, or the Whigs in general, or Lord Campbell in particular, or the Popish Ascendency, or the voters of Metropolitan Boroughs, or the members who represent them in Parliament. There are many reasons why Mr. Tooke should not have named these things, far less have gone out of his way so lavishly to indulge his contempt and abuse of them; but we shall content ourselves with mentioning one. If the editorial pains bestowed upon them had been given to his author, we should probably not have had the task, which,

before we speak of Churchill, we shall discharge as briefly as we may, of pointing out his editorial deficiencies.

It would be difficult to imagine a worse biographer than Mr. Tooke. As Dr. Johnson said of his friend Tom Birch, he is "a dead hand at a Life." Nor is he a more lively hand at a Note. In both cases he compiles with singular clumsiness, and his compilations are not always harmless. But though Mr. Tooke is a bad biographer and a bad annotator, he is a far worse critic.

If it were true, as he says, that "the character of Churchill as a poet, may be considered as fixed in the first rank of English classics" (Vol. i. p. xiii), we should have to place him with Shakespeare and Milton, in the rank above Dryden and Pope. If the *Rosciad* were really, as Mr. Tooke thinks, remarkable for its "strength of imagination" (Vol. i. p. xxxiv), we should have to depose it from its place beside the *Dunciads*, and think of it with the *Paradise Losts*. And indeed we shall be well disposed to do this, when Mr. Tooke establishes the critical opinion he adopts from poor Dr. Anderson, that the *Cure of Saul*, a sacred ode by Dr. Brown, "ranks with the most distinguished lyric compositions" (Vol. iii. p. 302).

This Dr. Brown, the author of the flat tragedy of

Barbarossa, and a vain, silly, impracticable person, is described by Mr. Tooke to have been "a far wiser and better man than Jeremy Bentham" (Vol. iii. p. 109); whose "always mischievous, but happily not always intelligible, gibberish," is in a previous passage ranked with "the coarse blasphemy of Richard Carlyle" (Vol. iii. p. 107). It is in the same discriminating taste we are told after this, that Dr. Francklin's *Translation of Sophocles* is "a bold and happy transfusion into the English language of the terrible simplicity of the Greek tragedian" (Vol. iii. p. 298);—poor Dr. Francklin being as much like the terrible simplicity of the Greeks, as Mr. Tooke resembles Aristides, or an English schoolmaster is like the Phidian Jove.

The reader will not suppose that Mr. Tooke, a wealthy and respectable solicitor of long standing, and a gentleman who appears to have been really anxious to do good after his peculiar fashion, has not had ample time to set himself right on these points, when we mention the fact of his first appearance as Churchill's editor no fewer than forty years ago. Forty years ago, when he was in the flush of youth, and George the Third was King, he aspired to connect himself with the great satirist. What turned his thoughts that way, from the "quiddets and quilllets, and cases and tenures and tricks," that surrounded him in his daily studies, he has not informed

us. But, among his actions of scandal and battery, the echo of Churchill's rough and manly voice was in that day lingering still; and an aspiring young follower of the law could hardly more agreeably indulge a taste for letters, than among the mangled and still bleeding reputations of the *Duellist*, the *Candidate*, and the *Ghost*. We have yet reason to complain, that he did not improve this taste with some little literary knowledge. In his notes to his favourite satirist he has drawn together, no doubt, a great mass of information; which can, however, only be in any manner useful to those who know better than himself not only how to select what is of any worth in it, but how to reject what is utterly worthless; and unhappily, where it is not matter of fact but of opinion, even this chance is not left to them.

Whether he praises or blames, Mr. Tooke has the rare felicity of never making a criticism that is not a mistake. Nothing of this kind, committed forty years back, has he cared to correct; and every new note added, has added something to the stock of blunders. He cannot even praise in the right place, when he has such a man as Dr. Garth to praise. Garth was an exquisite creature—a real wit, a gentleman, a friend, a physician, a philosopher; and yet his *Satire* was not “admirable,” nor his *Claremont* “above mediocrity,”

nor his *Translations from Ovid* "spirited and faithful" (Vol. iii. p. 16-17). In an earlier page, Mr. Tooke has occasion to refer to the writer of a particular panegyric, whom he calls Conyngham (Vol. ii. p. 317). This exemplifies another and abundant class of mistakes in his volumes. The writer was Codrington, and the lines were addressed to Garth on his *Dispensary*. Mr. Tooke has to speak of the two Doctors William King; and he attributes the well-known three octavos of the King of St. Mary's Hall to the King of Christ Church (Vol. iii. p. 173). He has to speak of Bishop Parker, Marvell's antagonist, and he calls him Archbishop Parker (Vol. ii. p. 171); a singularly different person. He condemns Churchill for his public appearance in a theatre with a celebrated courtesan, whom his next sentence, if correct, would prove to have been a venerable lady of between eighty and ninety years old (Vol. i. p. 47);—the verses quoted having been written sixty-three years before, to the Venus of a past generation. If an anecdote has a point, he misses it; and if a question has two sides, he takes the wrong one. He gravely charges the old traveller Mandeville, with wilful want of veracity, and with having "observed in a high northern latitude the singular phenomenon of the conge-lation of words as they issued from the mouth, and the strange medley of sounds that ensued upon a thaw"

(Vol. ii. p. 76);—vulgar errors, we need not say. Sir John Mandeville wrote conscientiously, according to the lights of his times; and qualifies his marvellous relations as reports. The congelation of words was a pure invention of Addison's, palmed upon the old traveller.

In matters more closely connected with his subject, Mr. Tooke is not more sparing of errors and self-contradictions. He confounds Davies, the actor and bookseller—Johnson's friend, Garrick's biographer, and a reasonably correct as well as agreeable writer—with Davis, an actor not only much lower in the scale than Davies, but remembered only by the letter Mr. Tooke has printed (Vol. i. p. 36-7). He tells us, with amazing particularity, that "Churchill's brother John survived him little more than one year, dying, after a week's illness only, on 18th November 1765" (Vol. i. p. lvi): the truth being that John, who was a surgeon-apothecary in Westminster, survived his brother many years; published, in the character of his executor, the fifth collected edition of his works as late as 1774; and was recommending the use of bark to Wilkes, whose medical attendant he became, as late as 1778. In one place he says that he, Mr. Tooke, has endeavoured, without success, to ascertain the truth of a statement that Churchill had a curacy in Wales, and became bankrupt in cider

speculations there; suppositions which, unable to substantiate, he rejects (Vol. i. p. xxv). Yet in another place he speaks, without a doubt, of Churchill's "flight from his curacy in Wales" (Vol. iii. p. 28); and in a third, tells us decisively that Churchill's "own failure in trade as a cider-dealer," had "tinctured him with a strong and unfounded prejudice" against the merchants of London (Vol. ii. p. 318). At one time he relates a story of Churchill's having incurred a repulse at Oxford, on account of alleged deficiency in the classics, to acquaint us that it "is obviously incorrect" (Vol. i. p. xxi). At another, he informs us that "the poet's antipathy to colleges may be dated from his rejection by the University of Oxford, on account of his want of a competent skill in the learned languages" (Vol. ii. p. 227). No opportunity of self-contradiction is too minute to be lost. Now he says that the price of the *Rosciad* was half-a-crown (Vol. i. p. 114), and now that it was but "the moderate price of one shilling" (Vol. ii. p. 167); now that Lord Temple resigned in 1761 (Vol. i. p. 170), and now that the resignation was in 1762 (Vol. ii. p. 29); now that the *Apology* was published in April 1761 (Vol. i. p. 115), and, six pages later (Vol. i. p. 121), that it was published in May of that year; now that Churchill's Sermons were twelve in number (Vol. i. p. xxvi), and now, quoting

Dr. Kippis, that they were ten (Vol. iii. p. 318). These instances, sparingly selected from a lavish abundance, will probably suffice.

We shall be equally sparing of more general examples that remain. Mr. Tooke, as the character of this literary performance would imply, has no deficiency on the score of boldness. Thus, while he thinks that "the Rev. Doctor Croly, in his classical and beautiful play of *Catiline*, has at once shown what a good tragedy should be, and that he is fully equal to the task of producing one" (Vol. ii. p. 297), he has an utter contempt for the Wordsworths and Coleridges. "What language," he indignantly exclaims, before giving a specimen of the latter poet *in a lucid interval*, "could the satirist have found sufficiently expressive of his disgust at the *simplicity* of a later school of poetry, the spawn of the lakes, consisting of a mawkish combination of the nonsense verses of the nursery, with the rodomontade of German mysticism and transcendentalism!" (Vol. i. p. 189.) This is a little strong, for a writer like Mr. Tooke. Nor, making but one exception in the case of Lord Byron, does he shrink from pouring the vials of his critical wrath upon every Lord who has presumed to aspire to poetry. Not the gentle genius of Lord Surrey, nor the daring passion of Lord Buckhurst; not the sharp wit of my Lords *Rochester and Buckingham*, nor the earnestness and

elegance of Lord Thurlow—can shake the fierce poetical democracy of Mr. William Tooke. “The *claim* of the whole lot of other noble poets,” he observes with great contempt, “from Lord Surrey downwards—the Buckinghams, the Roscommons, the Halifaxes, the Grenvilles, the Lyttletons of the last age, and the still minor class of Thurlows, Herberts, and others of the present generation, *have* been tolerated as poets, only because *they* were peers.” (Vol. iii. p. 262.)

A contempt of grammar, as of nobility, may be observed to relieve the sense and elegance of this passage. But this is a department of Mr. Tooke’s merits too extensive to enter upon. When he talks of “a masterly *but* caustic satire” (Vol. i. p. xl), and of “plunging deeper and *more irrecoverably* into,” &c. (Vol. i. p. xli), we do not stop to ask what he can possibly mean. But his use of the prepositions and conjunctions is really curious. His “*and* to which we would refer our readers accordingly, *and* to whose thanks we shall entitle ourselves for so doing” (Vol. iii. p. 157); his “*and from which* but little information could be collected, he *was* at the same time confident that none others existed, *and which* the lapse of time has confirmed” (Vol. iii. p. 296); are of perpetual recurrence in the shape of *and who*, or *but which*, and may be said to form the peculiarity of his style. On even Mr. Pickering’s Aldine press, a genius of blun-

dering has laid its evil touch. The errors in the printing of the book are execrable. Not a page is correctly pointed from first to last; numbers of lines in the text (as at vol. iii. pp. 216-17) are placed out of their order; and it is rare when a name is rightly given. But enough of a distasteful subject. We leave Mr. Tooke and pass to Churchill.

Exactly a hundred years after the birth of Dryden, Charles Churchill was born. More than a hundred years were between the two races of men. In 1631, Hampden was consoling Eliot in his prison, and discussing with Pym the outraged Petition of Right; in 1731, Walpole was flying at Townshend's throat, and suggesting to Gay the quarrels of Lockit and Peachum. Within the reach of Dryden's praise and blame, there came a Cromwell and a Shaftesbury; a Wilkes and a Sandwich exhausted Churchill's. There is more to affect a writer's genius in personal and local influences of this kind, than he would himself be willing to allow. If, even in the failures of the first and greatest of these satirists, there is a dash of largeness and power; there is never wholly absent from the most consummate achievements of his successor, a something we must call conventional. But the right justice has not been done to Churchill. Taken

with the good and evil of his age, he was a very remarkable person.

An English clergyman, who, in conjunction with his rectory of Rainham, in Essex, held the curacy and lectureship of St. John the Evangelist in Westminster, from 1733 to his death in 1758, was the father of Charles Churchill. He had two younger sons: William, who afterwards chose the church for his profession, and passed a long, quiet, unobtrusive life within it; and John, brought up to the business of medicine. The elder, named Charles after himself, he from the first especially designed for his own calling; and sent him in 1739, when eight years old, as a day-boy to Westminster school. Nichols was then the head master, and the second master was (not Lloyd, as Mr. Tooke would inform us, but) Johnson, afterwards a bishop. Vincent Bourne was usher of the fifth form, and Dr. Pierson Lloyd (after some years second master), a man of fine humour as well as of rare worth and learning, was usher at the fourth. Churchill, judging from the earliest notice of him, must have been already a robust, manly, broad-faced little fellow when he entered the school; all who in later life remembered him, spoke of the premature growth and fulness both of his body and mind; and he was not long in assuming the place in his boy's circle, which quick-sighted lads are not slow to concede

to a deserving and a daring claimant. He was fond of play; but, when he turned to work, was a hard worker, and a successful. There is a story of one of his punishments by flogging, which only increased and embittered the temper that provoked it; but there is another, of a literary task by way of punishment, for which the offender received public thanks from the masters of the school. "He could do well if he would," was the admission of his enemies; and the good Dr. Lloyd loved him.

There were then a number of remarkable boys at Westminster. Bonnell Thornton was already in the upper forms; but George Colman, Robert Lloyd, Richard Cumberland, and Warren Hastings, were all, with few years' interval, Churchill's contemporaries; and there was one mild, shrinking, delicate lad of his own age, though two years younger in the school, afraid to lift his eyes above the shoestrings of the upper boys, but encouraged to raise them as high as Churchill's heart. He stood by Cowper in these days; and the author of the *Task* and the *Table-Talk* repaid him in a sorer need. Indeed, there was altogether a manly tone of feeling among these Westminster scholars. If they were false to some promises of their youth when they grew to manhood, they were yet true to all that in those earlier days had pledged them to each other. Never,

save when two examples occurred too flagrant for avoidance, in a profligate Duke and a hypocritical Parson, did Churchill lift his pen against a schoolfellow. Mr. Tooke says that the commencement of a satire against Thornton and Colman was found among his papers; but there is no proof of this, and we doubt, in common with Southey, the alleged desertion of poor Lloyd which is said to have suggested the satire. Even Warren Hastings profited by his old connexion with Westminster, when Wilkes deserted his supporters in the House of Commons to defend the playfellow of his dead friend; and the irritable Cumberland so warmed to the memory of his school companion, as to call him always, fondly, the Dryden of his age.

Literature itself had become a bond of union with these youths before they left the Westminster cloisters. The *Table-Talk* tells of the "little poets at Westminster," and how they strive "to set a distich upon six and five." Even the boredom of school exercises, more rife in English composition then than since, did not check the scribbling propensity. All the lads we have named had a decisive turn that way; and little Colman, emulating his betters, addressed his cousin Pulteney from the fifth form with the air of a literary veteran. For, in the prevailing dearth of great poetry, verse-writing was cultivated much, and much encouraged. It had become

again, as Lady Mary Montagu said of it a few years before, as common as taking snuff. Others compared it to an epidemical distemper—a sort of murrain. Beyond all doubt, it was the rage. “Poets increase and multiply to that stupendous degree, you see them at every turn, in embroidered coats, and pink-coloured topknots.” Nor was it probable, as to Churchill himself, that he thought the dress less attractive than the verse-tagging. But his father, as we have said, had other views with respect to him. He must shade his fancies with a more sober colour, and follow the family profession.

It was an unwise resolve. It was one of those resolves which more frequently mar than make a life. The forced control of inclinations to a falsehood is a common parent's crime; not the less grievous when mistaken for a virtue. The stars do not more surely keep their courses, than an ill-regulated manhood will follow a mis-directed youth. This boy had noble qualities for a better chosen career. Thus early he had made it manifest that he could see for himself and feel for others; that he had strong sensibility and energy of intellect; that where he had faith, he had steadiness of purpose and enthusiasm: but that, closely neighbouring his power, were vehemence, will, and passion; and that these made him confident, inflexible, and very hard to be controlled. From the bad discipline of such a mind, one

of two results was sure. He would resist or yield: in the one case, boasting exemption from vice, would become himself the victim of the worst of vices; or in the other, with violent recoil from the hypocrisies, would outrage the proprieties of life. The proof soon came.

Churchill had given evidence of scholarship in Latin and Greek as early as his fifteenth year, when, offering himself a candidate for the Westminster foundation, he went in head of the election; but on standing for the studentship to Merton College, Oxford, three years later, he was rejected. Want of learning, premature indulgence of satirical tastes, and other as unlikely causes, have been invented to explain the rejection; but there can be little doubt that its real cause was the discovery of a marriage imprudently contracted some months before, with a Westminster girl named Scot, and accomplished within the rules of the Fleet. A marriage most imprudent—most unhappy. It disqualified him for the studentship. It introduced his very boyhood to grave responsibilities he was powerless to discharge, almost to comprehend. What self-help he might have exerted against the unwise plans of his father, it crippled and finally destroyed. There is hardly a mistake or suffering in his after life, which it did not originate, or leave him without the means of repelling. That it was

entered into at so early an age, and that it was effected by the scandalous facilities of the Fleet—were among its evil incidents, but not the worst. It encumbered him with a wife from whom he could not hope for sympathy, encouragement, or assistance in any good thing; and to whom he could administer them as little. Neither understood the other; or had that real affection which would have supplied all needful knowledge.

The good clergyman received them into his house soon after the discovery was made. The compromise seems to have been, that Churchill should no longer oppose his father's wishes, in regard to that calling of the Church to which he afterwards bitterly described himself decreed, "ere it was known that he should learn to read." He was entered, but never resided, at Trinity, in Cambridge. There was a necessary interval before the appointed age of ordination (for which he could qualify without a degree), and he passed it quietly: the first twelve months in his father's house; the rest in retirement, for which "family reasons" are named but not explained, in the north of England. In that retirement, it is said, he varied church reading with "favourite poetical amusements;" with what unequal apportionment it might not be difficult to guess. The already congenial charm he may be supposed to have found in the stout declamation of Juvenal, in the sly and

insinuating sharpness of Horace, and in the indignant eloquence of Dryden—had little rivalry to fear from the fervid imagination of Taylor, the copious eloquence of Barrow, or the sweet persuasiveness of South.

In 1753 he visited London, to take possession, it is said, of a small fortune in right of his wife; but there is nothing to show that he got the possession, however small. It is more apparent that the great city tempted him sorely; that boyish tastes were once more freely indulged; and that his now large and stalwart figure was oftener seen at theatres than chapels. It was a great theatrical time. Drury Lane was in its strength, with Garrick, Mossop, Mrs. Pritchard, Palmer, Foote, Woodward, Yates, and Mrs. Clive. Even in its comparative weakness, Covent Garden could boast of Barry, Smith, Shuter, and Macklin; of Mrs. Cibber and Mrs. Vincent; and, not seldom, of Quin, who still lingered on the stage he had quitted formally two or three years before, and seemed as loth to depart from really, as Churchill, on these stolen evenings of enjoyment, from his favourite front row of the pit. Nevertheless, the promise to his father was kept: and, having now reached the canonical age, he returned to the north in deacon's orders; whence he removed, with little delay, to the curacy of South Cadbury in Somersetshire. Here he

officiated till 1756, when he was ordained priest, and passed to his father's curacy of Rainham.

Both these ordinations without a degree, are urged in special proof of his good character and reputation for singular learning; but there is reason to suspect his father's influence as more powerful than either. "His behaviour," says Dr. Kippis, writing in the *Biographia Britannica*, "gained him the love and esteem of his parishioners; and his sermons, though somewhat raised above the level of his audience, were commended and followed. What chiefly disturbed him, was the smallness of his income." This, though connected with a statement as to a Welsh living now rejected, has in effect been always repeated since, and may or may not be true. It is perhaps a little strange, if his sermons were thus elevated, commended, and followed, that no one recognised their style, or could in the least commend them, when a series of ten were published with his name eight years later; but the alleged smallness of his income admits of no kind of doubt. He had now two sons, and, as he says himself, "prayed and starved on forty pounds a-year." He opened a school. It was bitter drudgery. He wondered, he afterwards told his friends, that he had ever submitted to it; but necessities more bitter overmastered him. What solid help this new toil might have given was yet uncertain, when, in 1758, his father

died, and, in respect to his memory, his parishioners elected the curate of Rainham to succeed him. At the close of 1758, Charles Churchill was settled in Westminster, at the age of twenty-seven, curate and lecturer of St. John's.

It was not a very brilliant change, nor did it enable him as yet to dispense with very mean resources. "The emoluments of his situation," observes Dr. Kippis—who was connected with the poet's friends, and, excepting where he quotes the loose assertions of the *Annual Register*, wrote on the information of Wilkes—"not amounting to a full hundred pounds a-year, in order to improve his finances, he undertook to teach young ladies to read and write English with propriety and correctness; and was engaged for this purpose in the boarding-school of Mrs. Dennis. Mr. Churchill conducted himself in his new employment with all the decorum becoming his clerical profession." The grave doctor would thus gently indicate the teacher's virtue and self-command, in showing him able to control by the proper clerical decorums his instruction of Mrs. Dennis's young ladies. Mr. Tooke's biography more confidently asserts, that not only as the servant of Mrs. Dennis, but as "a parochial minister, he performed his duties with punctuality, while in the pulpit he was plain, rational, and emphatic." On the other hand, Churchill himself

tells us that he was not so. He says, that he was an idle pastor and a drowsy preacher. We are assured, among the last and most earnest verses he composed, that "sleep at his bidding crept from pew to pew." With a mournful bitterness he adds, that his heart had never been with his profession ;—that it was not of his own choice, but through need, and for his curse, he had ever been ordained.*

* "Much did I wish, e'en whilst I kept those sheep,
Which, for my curse, I was ordain'd to keep,
Ordain'd, alas ! to keep through need, not choice,
Those sheep which never heard their shepherd's voice,
Which did not know, yet would not learn their way,
Which stray'd themselves, yet griev'd that I should stray ;
Those sheep which my good father (on his bier
Let filial duty drop the pious tear)
Kept well, yet starv'd himself, e'en at that time
Whilst I was pure and innocent of rhyme,
Whilst, sacred dulness ever in my view,
Sleep at my bidding crept from pew to pew ;
Much did I wish, though little could I hope,
A friend in him who was the friend of Pope."

In the same poem occurs the fine apostrophe to that friend of Pope :

"Doctor ! Dean ! Bishop ! Glo'ster ! and my Lord !
If haply these high titles may accord
With thy meek spirit ; if the barren sound
Of pride delights thee, to the topmost round
Of Fortune's ladder got, despise not one
For want of smooth hypocrisy undone,
Who, far below, turns up his wondering eye,
And, without envy, sees thee placed so high."

The lines are in the *Dedication to Warburton*, iii. 317-19; 325-6.

It is a shallow view of his career that can differently regard it, or suppose him at its close any other than he had been at its beginning. The sagacious Mr. Tooke, after a fashion worthy of himself, would "divide the life into two distinct and dissimilar portions; the one pious, rational, and consistent; the other irregular, dissipated, and licentious." During the first portion of seven-and-twenty years, says this philosophic observer, "with the exception of a few indiscretions, his conduct in every relation, as son, as brother, as husband, as father, and as friend, was rigidly and exemplarily, though obscurely virtuous; while the remaining six years present an odious contrast." Why, with such convictions, he edited the odious six years, and not the pure twenty-seven; why he published the poems, and did not collect the sermons; the philosopher does not explain. For ourselves let us add, that we hold with no such philosophy in Churchill's case, or any other. Whatever the corrupting influence of education may be, or whatever the evil mistakes of early training, we believe that Nature is apt to show herself at all times both rational and consistent. She has no delight in monsters, and no pride in odious contrasts. Her art is at least as wise as Horace describes the art of poetry to be: she joins no discordant terminations to beginnings that are pure and lovely. Such as he honestly was, Churchill can afford to be honestly

judged; when he calls it his curse to have been ordained, he invites that judgment. He had grave faults, and paid dearly for them; but he set up for no virtue that he had not. In the troubled self-reproaches of latter years, he recalled no pure self-satisfactions in the past. To have been

“Decent and demure at least,
As grave and dull as any priest,”

was all the pretence he made. It was his disgrace, if the word is to be used, to have assumed the clerical gown. It was not his disgrace to seek to lay it aside as soon as might be.

That such was the direction of his thoughts, as soon as his father's death removed his chief constraint, is plain. His return to Westminster had brought him back within the sphere of old temptations; the ambition of a more active life, the early school aspirings, the consciousness of talents rusting in disuse, again disturbed him; and he saw, or seemed to see, distinctions falling on the men who had started life when he did, from the literature *he* might have cultivated with yet greater success. Bonnell Thornton and Colman were by this time established town wits; and with another school-fellow (his now dissolute neighbour, Robert Lloyd, weary of the drudgery of *his* father's calling, to which he had been appointed in Westminster school, and on the

eve of rushing into the life of a professed man of letters), he was in renewed habits of daily intercourse. Nor, to the discontent thus springing up on all sides, had he any power of the least resistance in his home. His ill-considered marriage had by this time borne its bitterest fruit; it being always understood in Westminster, says Dr. Kippis, himself a resident there, "that Mrs. Churchill's imprudence kept too near a pace with that of her husband." The joint imprudence had its effect in growing embarrassment; continual terrors of arrest induced the most painful concealments; executions were lodged in his house; and his life was passed in endeavours to escape his creditors, perhaps not less to escape himself. It was then that young Lloyd, whose whole life had been a rude impulsive scene of licence, threw open to him, without further reserve, his own mad circle of dissipation and forgetfulness. It was entered eagerly.

In one of his later writings, he described this time;* his credit gone, his pride humbled, his virtue undermined, himself sinking beneath the adverse storm, and the kind hand, whose owner he should love and reverence to his dying day, which was suddenly stretched forth to save him. It was that of good Dr. Lloyd, now under-master of Westminster: he saw the creditors, persuaded them

* In *The Conference*, ii. 194-195.

to accept a composition of five shillings in the pound, and lent what was required to complete it. In this, with the generous wish to succour his favourite pupil, there may have been the hope of one more chance of safety for his son. But it was too late. At almost the same instant, young Lloyd deserted his ushership of Westminster to throw himself on literature for support; and Churchill, resolving to try his fate as a poet, prepared to abandon his profession. A formal separation from his wife, and a first rejection by the booksellers, date within a few months of each other.

At the close of 1760, he carried round his first effort in verse to those arbiters of literature, then all-powerful; for it was the sorry and helpless interval (so filled with calamities of authors) when the patron was completely gone, and the public had not fairly come. The *Bard*, written in Hudibrastic verse, was contemptuously rejected. But, fairly bent upon his new career, he was not the man to waste time in fruitless complainings. He wrote again, in a style more likely to be acceptable; and the *Conclave*, a satire aimed at the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, would have been published eagerly, but for a legal opinion on the dangers of a prosecution, interposed by the bookseller's friend. This was at once a lesson in the public taste, and in the caution with which it should

catered for. Profiting by it, Churchill with better fortune planned his third undertaking. He took a subject in which his friend Lloyd had recently obtained success; in which severity was not unsafe, and to which, already firm as it was in the interest of what was called the Town, he could nevertheless give a charm of novelty. After "two months' close attendance at the theatres," he completed *The Rosciad*.

It is not known to what bookseller he offered it, but it is certain that it was refused by more than one. Probably it went the round of "The Trade;"—a Trade more remarkable for mis-valuation of its raw material, than any other in existence. He asked five guineas for the manuscript (according to Southey; Mr. Tooke says he asked twenty pounds), and there was not a member of the craft that the demand did not terrify. But he was not to be baffled this time. He possibly knew the merit of what he had done. Here, at any rate, into this however slighted manuscript, a something long restrained within him had forced its way; and a chance he was determined it should have. It was no little risk to run in his position; but at his own expense he printed and published *The Rosciad*. It appeared without his name, after two obscure advertisements, in March 1761.

A few days served to show what a *hit* had been made.

7 in a double sense had cause to feel it, doubt-

less cried out first; but *Who is He?* was soon in the mouths of all. Men upon town spoke of its pungency and humour; men of higher mark found its manly verse an unaccustomed pleasure; mere playgoers had its criticism to discuss; and discontented Whigs, in disfavour at court for the first time these fifty years, gladly welcomed a spirit that might help to give discontent new terrors, and Revolution principles new vogue. Thus, in their turn, the wit, the strong and easy verse, the grasp of character, and the rude free daring of the *Rosciad*, were, within a few days of the appearance of its shilling pamphlet, the talk of every London coffee-house.

One remarkable piece of writing in it might well startle the town by the power it displayed. It was the full length picture of a noted frequenter of the theatres in those days, who had originated some shameful riots against Garrick's management of Drury Lane, the very vileness of whose character had been hitherto his protection, but who now saw himself gibbeted to universal scorn, where no man could mistake him, and none administer relief. It is one of the masterpieces of English satire; and, dependent for its interest on something higher than the individual likeness, it may still be presented, as Churchill desired it should be left, *without a name*.

A CHARACTER.

With that low cunning, which in fools supplies,
And amply too, the place of being wise ;
Which Nature, kind indulgent parent, gave
To qualify the blockhead for a knave ;
With that smooth falsehood, whose appearance charms,
And reason of each wholesome doubt disarms,
Which to the lowest depths of guile descends,
By vilest means pursues the vilest ends,
Wears friendship's mask for purposes of spite,
Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night ;
With that malignant envy, which turns pale,
And sickens, even if a friend prevail,
Which merit and success pursues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate ;
With the cold caution of a coward's spleen,
Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a screen,
Which keeps this maxim ever in his view—
What's basely done should be done safely too ;
With that dull, rooted, callous impudence,
Which, dead to shame and ev'ry nicer sense,
Ne'er blushed, unless, in spreading vice's snares,
She blunder'd on some virtue unawares ;
With all these blessings, which we seldom find,
Lavish'd by nature on one happy mind,
A motley Figure, of the Fribble tribe,
Which heart can scarce conceive, or pen describe,
Came simpering on : to ascertain whose sex
Twelve sage, impannell'd matrons would perplex.
Nor male, nor female ; neither, and yet both ;
Of neuter gender, though of Irish growth ;
A six-foot suckling, mincing in It's gait ;
Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate ;

Fearful It seem'd, tho' of athletic make,
 Lest brutal breezes should too roughly shake
 It's tender form, and savage motion spread
 O'er It's pale cheeks, the horrid manly red.

Much did it talk, in It's own pretty phrase,
 Of genius and of taste, of players and plays;
 Much too of writings, which Itself had wrote,
 Of special merit, though of little note;
 For Fate, in a strange humour, had decreed
 That what It wrote, none but Itself should read:
 Much too It chatter'd of dramatic laws,
 Misjudging critics, and misplac'd applause,
 Then, with a self-complacent jutting air,
 It smil'd, It smirk'd, It wriggled to the Chair;
 And, with an awkward briskness not It's own,
 Looking around, and perking on the throne,
 Triumphant seem'd: when that strange savage Dame,
 Known but to few, or only known by name,
 Plain Common Sense appear'd, by Nature there
 Appointed, with plain Truth, to guard the Chair,
 The pageant saw, and, blasted with her frown,
 To It's first state of nothing melted down.

Nor shall the Muse (for even there the pride
 Of this vain Nothing shall be mortified)
 Nor shall the Muse (should fate ordain her rhymes,
 Fond, pleasing thought! to live in after-times)
 With such a trifler's name her pages blot;
 Known be the Character, the Thing forgot!
 Let It, to disappoint each future aim,
 Live without sex, and die without a name!

Other likenesses there were, too, named as well as
 gibbeted, because taken from a more exalted and more

public stage; and, prominent among them, the Scotch lawyer,

WEDDERBURNE.

To mischief train'd, e'en from his mother's womb,
 Grown old in fraud, tho' yet in manhood's bloom,
 Adopting arts by which gay villains rise,
 And reach the heights which honest men despise ;
 Mute at the bar, and in the senate loud,
 Dull 'mongst the dullest, proudest of the proud ;
 A pert, prim, Prater of the northern race,
 Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face,
 Stood forth : and thrice he waved his lily hand—
 And thrice he twirl'd his tye—thrice strok'd his band.

But these, masterly as they might be, were only “limbs and flourishes,” for of course the substance of the satire was its picture of the Stage. And how finished was the portraiture, how vivid its reflection of the originals, how faithful the mirror it set up, in which the vainest, most sensitive, and most irritable of mankind, might see themselves for nothing better than they were, will appear in even the few incomplete subjects we here borrow from its gallery.

YATES.

In characters of low and vulgar mould,
 Where nature's coarsest features we behold,
 Where, destitute of ev'ry decent grace,
 Unmanner'd jests are blurted in your face,

There Yates with justice strict attention draws,
 Acts truly from himself, and gains applause.
 But when, to please himself or charm his wife,
 He aims at something in politer life,
 When, blindly thwarting Nature's stubborn plan,
 He treads the stage by way of gentleman,
 The Clown, who no one touch of breeding knows.
 Looks like Tom Errand dress'd in Clincher's clothes.
 Fond of his dress, fond of his person grown,
 Laugh'd at by all, and to himself unknown,
 From side to side he struts, he smiles, he prates,
 And seems to wonder what's become of Yates.

SPARKS, SMITH, AND ROSS.

Sparks at his glass sat comfortably down
 To separate frown from smile, and smile from frown ;
 Smith, the genteel, the airy, and the smart,
 Smith was just gone to school to say his part ;
 Ross (a misfortune which we often meet)
 Was fast asleep at dear Statira's feet ;
 Statira, with her hero to agree,
 Stood on her feet as fast asleep as he.

MOSSOP.

Mossop, attach'd to military plan,
 Still kept his eye fix'd on his right-hand man.
 Whilst the mouth measures words with seeming skill,
 The right-hand labours, and the left lies still ;
 For he resolved on scripture-grounds to go,
 What the right doth, the left-hand shall not know.
 With studied impropriety of speech
 He soars beyond the hackney critic's reach
 To epithets allots emphatic state,
 Whilst principals, ungrac'd, like he

In ways first trodden by himself excels,
 And stands alone in indeclinables ;
 Conjunction, preposition, adverb, join
 To stamp new vigour on the nervous line ;
 In monosyllables his thunders roll,
 HE, SHE, IT, AND, WE, YE, THEY, fright the soul.

BARRY.

In person taller than the common size,
 Behold where Barry draws admiring eyes !
 When lab'ring passions, in his bosom pent,
 Convulsive rage, and struggling heave for vent,
 Spectators, with imagin'd terrors warm,
 Anxious expect the bursting of the storm :
 But, all unfit in such a pile to dwell,
 His voice comes forth, like Echo from her cell ;
 To swell the tempest needful aid denies,
 And all adown the stage in feeble murmurs dies.

What man, like Barry, with such pains, can err
 In elocution, action, character ?

What man could give, if Barry was not here,
 Such well applauded tenderness to Lear ?
 Who else can speak so very, very fine,
 That sense may kindly end with ev'ry line ?

Some dozen lines before the ghost is there,
 Behold him for the solemn scene prepare.
 See how he frames his eyes, poises each limb,
 Puts the whole body into proper trim.

From whence we learn, with no great stretch of art,
Five lines hence comes a ghost, and, Ha ! a start.

When he appears most perfect, still we find
 That jars upon, and hurts the mind ;
 That are thrown
 At his own.

No flame from Nature ever yet he caught ;
 Nor knew a feeling which he was not taught ;
 He raised his trophies on the base of art,
 And conn'd his passions, as he conn'd his part.

QUIN.

His words bore sterling weight ; nervous and strong,
 In manly tides of sense they roll'd along.
 Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence
 To keep up numbers, yet not forfeit sense.
 No actor ever greater heights could reach
 In all the labour'd artifice of speech.....
 His eyes, in gloomy socket taught to roll,
 Proclaim'd the sullen habit of his soul.
 Heavy and phlegmatic he trod the stage,
 Too proud for tenderness, too dull for rage.
 When Hector's lovely widow shines in tears
 Or Rowe's gay rake dependent virtue jeers,
 With the same cast of features he is seen
 To chide the libertine, and court the queen.
 From the tame scene, which without passion flows,
 With just desert his reputation rose ;
 Nor less he pleased, when, on some surly plan,
 He was, at once, the actor and the man.

HAVARD AND DAVIES.

Here Havard, all serene, in the same strains
 Loves, hates, and rages, triumphs, and complains ;
 His easy vacant face proclaim'd a heart
 Which could not feel emotions, nor impart.
 With him came mighty Davies. On my life
 That Davies hath a very pretty wife !
 Statesman all over !—In plots famous grown !—
 He mouths a sentence, as curs mouth a bone.

DAVID GARRICK.

Last Garrick came.—Behind him throng a train
Of snarling critics, ignorant as vain.

One finds out,—“He’s of stature somewhat low,—
Your hero always should be tall you know.
True natural greatness all consists in height.”
Produce your voucher, Critic.—“Sergeant Kite.”

Another can’t forgive the paltry arts,
By which he makes his way to shallow hearts ;
Mere pieces of finesse, traps for applause—
“Avaunt ! unnatural Start, affected Pause.”

For me, by Nature form’d to judge with phlegm,
I can’t acquit by wholesale, nor condemn.
The best things carried to excess are wrong :
The start may be too frequent, pause too long ;
But, only us’d in proper time and place,
Severest judgment must allow them grace.

If bunglers, form’d on Imitation’s plan,
Just in the way that monkees mimic man,
Their copied scene with mangled arts disgrace,
And pause and start with the same vacant face,
We join the critic laugh ; those tricks we scorn
Which spoil the scenes they mean them to adorn.
But when, from Nature’s pure and genuine source,
These strokes of acting flow with generous force,
When in the features all the soul’s portray’d,
And passions, such as Garrick’s, are display’d,
To me they seem from quickest feelings caught :
Each start is Nature, and each pause is Thought.

* * * * *

The judges, as the sev’ral parties came,
With temper heard, with judgment weigh’d each claim
And, in their sentence happily agreed,
In name of both, Great Shakespeare thus decreed.

" If manly sense, if nature link'd with art;
 If thorough knowledge of the human heart ;
 If powers of acting, vast and unconfined ;
 If fewest faults with greatest beauties join'd ;
 If strong expression, and strange powers which lie
 Within the magic circle of the eye ;
 If feelings which few hearts, like his, can know,
 And which no face so well as his can show,
 Deserve the preference ;—Garrick ! take the chair,
 Nor quit it—till thou place an Equal there."

To account for the reception Satire commonly meets with in the world, and for the scant number of those who are offended with it, it has been compared to a sort of glass wherein beholders may discover every body's face but their own. The class whom the *Rosciad* principally offended, however, could discover nobody's face but their own. It was the remark of one of themselves, that they ran about the town like so many stricken deer. They cared little on their own account, they said; but they grieved so very much for their friends. "Why should this man attack Mr. Havard?" remonstrated one. "I am not at all concerned for myself; but what has poor Billy Havard done, that he must be treated so cruelly?" To which another with less sympathy rejoined: "And pray, what has Mr. Havard done, that he cannot bear his misfortunes as well as another?" For, indeed, many more than the Billy Havards had these misfortunes to bear. The strong, quite as freely as

the weak, were struck at in the *Rosciad*. The Quin, the Mossop, and the Barry, as we have seen, had as little mercy as the Sparks, the Ross, and the Davies; and even Garrick was too full of terror at the avalanche that had fallen, to rejoice very freely in his own escape. Forsooth, he must assume indifference to the praise, and suggest in his off-hand grandeur to one of his retainers, that the man had treated him civilly no doubt, with a view to the freedom of the theatre. He had the poor excuse for this fribbling folly (which Churchill heard and punished), that he did not yet affect to know the man; and was himself repeating the question addressed to him on all sides, *Who is He?*

It was a question which the *Critical Reviewers* soon took upon themselves to answer. They were great authorities in those days, and had no less a person than Smollett at their head. But they bungled sadly here. The field which the *Rosciad* had invaded they seem to have thought their own; and they fell to the work of resentment in the spirit of the tiger commemorated in the *Rambler*, who roared without reply and ravaged without resistance. If they could have anticipated either the resistance or the reply, they would doubtless have been a little more discreet. No question could exist of the authorship, they said. The thing was clear. Who were made heroes in the poem? Messrs. Lloyd and

Colman. Then who could have written it? Why, who but Messrs. Lloyd and Colman? "*Claw me, claw thee*, as Sawney says; and so it is; they go and scratch one another like Scotch pedlars." Hereupon, for the *Critical Review* was a "great fact" then, Lloyd sent forth an advertisement to say that he was never "concerned or consulted" about the publication, nor ever corrected or saw the sheets. He was followed by Colman, who took the same means of announcing "most solemnly" that he was "not in the least concerned." To these were added, in a few days, a third advertisement. It stated that Charles Churchill was the author of the *Rosciad*, and that his *Apology, Addressed to the Critical Reviewers*, would immediately be published. Before the close of the month this poem appeared.

On all who had professed to doubt the power of the new writer, the effect was prompt and decisive. The crowd, so recently attracted by his hard hitting, now gathered round in greater numbers, to enjoy the clattering descent of such well-aimed blows on the astonished heads of unprepared Reviewers. One half the poem was a protest against the antipathies and hatreds that are the general welcome of new-comers into literature;—the fact in natural history, somewhere touched upon by Warburton, that only pikes and poets prey upon their kind. The other half was a bitter depreciation of the

Stage; much in the manner, and hardly less admirable than the wit of Hogarth. Smollett was fiercely attacked, and Garrick was rudely warned and threatened. Coarseness there was throughout, but a fearless aspect of strength; too great a tendency to say with willing vehemence whatever could be eloquently said, but in this a mere over-assertion of the consciousness of real power. In an age where most things were tame, except the practice of profligacy in all its forms; when Gray describes even a gout, and George Montagu an earthquake, of so mild a character that "you might stroke them"—it is not to be wondered at that this *Apology* should have gathered people round it. Tame, it certainly was not. It was a curious contrast to the prevailing manner of even the best of such things. It was a fierce and sudden change from the *parterres* of trim sentences set within sweetbrier hedges of epigram, that were, in this line, the most applauded performances of the day.

Walter Scott's favourite passage in Crabbe was the arrival of the Strolling Players in the Borough. It was among the things selected by Lockhart to read aloud to him during the last mournful days in which his consciousness remained. Excellent as it is, however, it is but the pale reflection of those masterly lines in the *Apology* which we are now about to quote. As Garrick read them, he afterwards told his friends, he was so charmed and raised by the

power of the writing, that he really forgot he was delighted when he ought to have been alarmed. He compared himself to the Highland officer who was so warmed and elevated by the heat of the battle that he had forgot, till he was reminded by the smarting, that he had received no less than eleven wounds in different parts of his body.

THE STROLLERS.

The strolling tribe, a despicable race,
 Like wandering Arabs, shift from place to place.
 Vagrants by law, to justice open laid,
 They tremble, of the beadle's lash afraid,
 And fawning cringe, for wretched means of life,
 To Madam May'ress, or his Worship's Wife.

The mighty monarch, in theatric sack,
 Carries his whole regalia at his back ;
 His royal consort heads the female band,
 And leads the heir-apparent in her hand ;
 The pannier'd ass creeps on with conscious pride,
 Bearing a future prince on either side.
 No choice musicians in this troop are found
 To varnish nonsense with the charms of sound ;
 No swords, no daggers, not one poison'd bowl ;
 No lightning flashes here, no thunders roll ;
 No guards to swell the monarch's train are shown ;
 The monarch here must be a host *alone*.
 No solemn pomp, no slow processions here ;
 No Ammon's entry, and no Juliet's bier.

By need compell'd to prostitute his art,
 The varied actor flies from part to part ;
 And, strange disgrace to all theatric pride !
 His character is shifted with his side.

Question and answer he by turns must be,
 Like that small wit in Modern Tragedy
 Who, to patch up his fame—or fill his purse—
 Still pilfers wretched plans, and makes them worse;
 Like gypsies, lest the stolen brat be known,
 Defacing first, then claiming for his own.
 In shabby state they strut, and tatter'd robe;
 The scene a blanket, and a barn the globe.
 No high conceits their moderate wishes raise,
 Content with humble profit, humble praise.
 Let dowdies simper, and let bumpkins stare,
 The strolling pageant hero treads in air:
 Pleas'd for his hour, he to mankind gives law,
 And snores the next out on a truss of straw.

But if kind Fortune, who sometimes we know
 Can take a hero from a puppet show,
 In mood propitious should her fav'rite call,
 On royal stage in royal pomp to hawl,
 Forgetful of himself he rears the head,
 And scorns the dunghill where he first was bred.
 Conversing now with well-dress'd kings and queens,
 With gods and goddesses behind the scenes,
 He sweats beneath the terror-nodding plume,
 Taught by mock honours real pride to assume.
 On this great stage, the World, no monarch e'er
 Was half so haughty as a monarch-player.

The effect of the *Apology*, as we have said, was instant and decisive. Smollett wrote to Garrick (we are told by Davies) to ask him to make it known to Mr. Churchill, that he was not the writer of the notice of the *Rosciad* in the *Critical Review*. Garrick wrote to Lloyd (we owe the publication of the letter to Mr. Pickering) to praise Mr.

knife to do summary justice; and was never upon the stage so heartily laughed at as when, somewhat more quietly, he laid it down. Foote wrote a lampoon against the "Clumsy Curate," and with a sensible after-thought of fear, excellent matter of derision to the victims of a professed lampooner, suppressed it. Arthur Murphy less wisely published his, and pilloried himself; his *Ode to the Naiads of Fleet Ditch* being but a gross confession of indecency as well as imbecility—which was more than Churchill charged him with.

"No more he'll sit," exclaimed this complacent and courageous counter-satirist, whose verses, silly as they are, will give us a glimpse of the where and the how our hero sat at the theatre,

"In foremost row before the astonish'd pit;
 In brawn Oldmixon's rival as in wit;
 And grin dislike,
 And kiss the spike;
 And giggle,
 And wriggle;
 And fiddle,
 And diddle," &c. &c.

But Churchill returned to his front row, "by Arthur undismayed;" and still formidable was his broad burly face when seen from the stage behind that spike of the orchestra. "In this place he thought he could best discern the real workings of the passions in the actors, or

what they substituted in the stead of them," says Davies, who had good reason to know the place. There is an affecting letter of his in the *Garrick Correspondence*, deprecating the manager's wrath. "During the run of *Cymbeline*," he says—and of course, as holder of the heavy business, he had to bear the burden of royalty in that play—"I had the misfortune to disconcert you in one scene for which I did immediately beg your pardon, and did attribute it to my accidentally seeing Mr. Churchill in the pit, with great truth; it rendering me confused and unmindful of my business." Garrick might have been more tolerant of poor Davies, recollecting that on a recent occasion even the royal robes of *Richard* had not rapt himself from the consciousness of that ominous figure in the pit; and that he had grievously written to Colman of his sense of the arch-critic's too apparent discontent.*

Thus, then, had Churchill, in little more than two months, sprung into a notoriety of a very remarkable, perhaps not of a very enviable kind, made up of admiration and alarm. What other satirists had desired to shrink from, he seemed eager to brave; and the man, not less than the poet, challenged with an air of defiance the talk of the town. Pope had a tall Irishman to

* "My love to Churchill; his being sick of *Richard* was perceived about the house."

attend him when he published the *Dunciad*, but Churchill was tall enough to attend himself. One of Pope's victims, by way of delicate reminder, hung up a birch rod at Button's; but Churchill's victims might see their satirist any day walking Covent-Garden unconcernedly, provided with a bludgeon by himself. What excuse may be suggested for this personal bravado will be drawn from the incidents of his early life. If these had been more auspicious, the straightforward manliness of his natural character would more steadily have sustained him to the last. As it was, even that noblest quality did him a disservice, being in no light degree responsible for his violent extremes. The restraint he had so long submitted to, once thrown aside, and the compromise ended, he thought he could not too plainly exhibit his new existence to the world. He had declared war against hypocrisy in all stations, and in his own would set it no example. The pulpit had starved him on forty pounds a-year; the public had given him a thousand pounds in two months; and he proclaimed himself, with little regard to the decencies in doing it, better satisfied with the last service than the first. This was carrying a hatred of hypocrisy beyond the verge of prudence; indulging it indeed, with the satire it in. to the very borders of licentiousness.

dress by way of parting with his last disguise, and appeared in a blue coat with metal buttons, a gold-laced waistcoat, a gold-laced hat, and ruffles.

Dean Zachary Pearce, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, remonstrated with him. He replied that he was not conscious of deserving censure. The dean observed, that the frequenting of plays was unfitting, and the *Rosciad* indecorous. He rejoined, that so were some of the classics which the dean had translated. The "dull dean's" third remonstrance as to dress met with the same fate; and it was not till the St. John's parishioners themselves took the matter in hand, a few months later, that Churchill resigned the lectureship of that parish. It was just that they should determine it, he said; and the most severe assailant of his turbulent life would hardly charge him with indifference at any time to what he believed to be just. The date of his good fortune, and that of the comfort of his before struggling family, his "brother John and sister Patty," were the same. The complainings of his wife were ended when his own poverty was ended, by the generous allowance he set aside for her support. Every man of whom he had borrowed was paid with interest; and the creditors, whose compromise had left them without a claim upon him, received, to their glad amazement, the remaining fifteen shillings in the pound. "In the

instance," says Dr. Kippis, "which fell under my knowledge as an executor and guardian, Mr. Churchill voluntarily came to us and paid the full amount of the original debt."

It was not possible, with such a man as this, that any mad dissipation or indulgence, however countenanced by the uses of the time, could wear away his sense of its unworthiness, or silence remorse and self-reproach. Nor is it clear that Churchill's heart was ever half so much with the scenes of gaiety into which he is now said to have recklessly entered, as with the friend by whose side he entered them. It is indeed mournfully confessed, in the opening of the Epistle to that friend which was his third effort in poetry, that it was to heal or hide their care they often met; that not to defy but to escape the world, was too often their desire; and that the reason was at all times but too strong with each of them, to seek in the other's society a refuge from himself.

This Epistle, addressed to Lloyd, and published in October 1761, was forced from him by the public imputations, now become frequent and fierce, on the moral character of them both. Armstrong, in a poetical epistle to his friend "gay Wilkes," had joined with these detractors; and his *Day* suggested Churchill's *Night*. It ridiculed the judgments of the world, and defied its

censure; which had the power to call bad names, it said, but not to create bad qualities in those who are content to brave such judgments. It had some nervous lines, many manly thoughts, and not a little questionable philosophy; but was chiefly remarkable for indicating the new direction of Churchill's satire. There had been rumours of his having intended a demolition of a number of minor actors hitherto unassailed, in a *Smithfield Rosciad*; and to a poor man's pitiable deprecation of such needless severity, he had deigned a sort of surly indignation at the rumour, but no distinct denial. It was now obvious that he contemplated other actors, and a very different theatre. Pitt had been driven to his resignation in the preceding month; "and," cried Churchill here, amid other earnest praise of that darling of the people,

"What honest man but would with joy submit,
To bleed with Cato and retire with Pitt!"

"Gay Wilkes" at once betook himself to the popular poet. Though Armstrong's Epistle had been addressed to him, he said, he had no sympathy with it; and he was sure that Armstrong himself, then abroad, had never designed it for publication. Other questions and assurances followed; and so began the friendship which only death ended. Wilkes had little strength or sincerity of feeling of any kind; but there is no doubt that all he

had was given to Churchill, and that he was repaid with an affection as hearty, brotherly, and true, as ever man inspired.

All men of all parties who knew John Wilkes at the outset of his extraordinary career, are in agreement as to his fascinating manners. It was particularly the admission of those whom he had assailed most bitterly. "Mr. Wilkes," said Lord Mansfield, "was the pleasantest companion, the politest gentleman, and the best scholar, I ever knew." "His name," said Dr. Johnson, "has been sounded from pole to pole as the phoenix of convivial felicity." More naturally he added: "Jack has a great variety of talk; Jack is a scholar; and Jack has the manners of a gentleman." And every one will remember his characteristic letter to Mrs. Thrale: "I have been breaking jokes with Jack Wilkes upon the Scotch. Such, madam, are the vicissitudes of things." There is little wonder that he who could control vicissitudes of this magnitude, should so quickly have controlled the liking of Churchill. He was the poet's elder by four years; his tastes and self-indulgences were the same; he had a character for public morality (for these were the days of wide separation between public and private morality) as yet unimpeached; and when they looked out into public life, and spoke of political affairs, they could discover no point of disagreement. A curious crisis had arrived.

Nearly forty years were passed since Voltaire, then a resident in London, had been assured by a great many persons whom he met, that the Duke of Marlborough was a coward, and Mr. Pope a fool. Party went to sleep soon after, but had now reawakened to a not less violent extreme. The last shadow of grave opposition to the House of Hanover vanished with the accession of George III. in 1760; and there was evil as well as good in the repose. With the final planting of the principle of freedom implied in the quiet succession of that House, men grew anxious to reap its fruit, and saw it nowhere within their reach. Pitt's great administration, in the latter years of George II., merged these opening dissatisfactions in an overruling sense of national glory; but with the first act of the young King, with the stroke of the pen which made Lord Bute a privy councillor, they rose again. Party violence at the same time reawakened; and, parodying Voltaire's remark, we may say, that people were now existing who called William Pitt a pretender and Bubb Dodington a statesman.

To "recover monarchy from the inveterate usurpation of oligarchy," was, according to the latter eminent person's announcement to his patron, the drift of the Bute system. The wisdom of a Younger Party in more modern days, which (copying some peevish phrases of poor Charles I.) compares the checks of our English con-

stitution to Venetian Doges and Councils of Ten,* had its rise in the grave sagacity of Bubb Dodington. The method of the proposed "recovery" was also notable, and has equally furnished precedents to later times. It was simply to remove from power every man of political distinction, and replace him with a convenient creature. Good means were taken. The first election of the new reign was remarkable for its gross venality; "undertakers" had not been so rife or so active since the reign of James I.; one borough even publicly advertised itself for sale; and so far the desired success seemed within easy reach. But any shrewd observer might foresee a great impending change under the proposed new system, in the reaction of all this on the temper of the people out of doors. Sir Robert Walpole did strange things with the House of Commons, but for great popular purposes; and already it was manifest enough that a mere bungling imitation of such things, for purposes wholly unpopular, would be quite a different matter. In a word, it was becoming tolerably clear to such a man as Wilkes, who had managed again to effect his return for the borough of Aylesbury, that a good day for a Demagogue was at hand.

* When this Essay was written (1845) Mr. Disraeli had taken what was called the Young England party under his protection, and the expressions referred to will be found in *Coningsby*.

He had the requisites for the character. He was clever, courageous, unscrupulous. He was a good scholar, expert in resource, humorous, witty, and a ready master of the arts of conversation. He could "abate and dissolve a pompous gentleman" with singular felicity. Churchill did not know the crisis of his fortune that had driven him to patriotism. He was ignorant, that, early in the preceding year, after loss of his last seven thousand pounds on his seat for Aylesbury, he had made an unsuccessful attempt upon the Board of Trade. He was not in his confidence when, a little later, he offered to compromise with Government for the embassy to Constantinople. He was dead when, many years later, he settled into a quiet supporter of the most atrocious of "things as they were." What now presented itself in the form of Wilkes to Churchill, had a clear unembarrassed front;—passions unsubdued as his own; principles rather unfettered than depraved; apparent manliness of spirit; real courage; scorn of conventions; an open heart and a liberal hand; and the capacity of ardent friendship. They entered at once into an extraordinary alliance, offensive and defensive.

It is idle to deny that this has damaged Churchill with posterity, and that Wilkes has carried his advocate along with him into the Limbo of doubtful reputations. But we will deny the justice of it. It is due to

Churchill that we regard Wilkes from the point of view he presented between 1761 and 1764;—the patriot untried, the chamberlain unbought, befriended by Temple, countenanced by Pitt, persecuted by Bute, and, in two great questions which affected the vital interests of his countrymen, the successful assertor of English liberty. It is impossible to derive from any part of their intercourse one honest doubt of the sincerity of the poet. He flung himself, with perhaps unwarrantable heat, into Wilkes's personal quarrels; but even in these, if we trouble ourselves to look for it, we find a public principle very often implied. The men who had shared with Wilkes in the obscene and filthy indulgences of Medmenham Abbey, were the same who, after crawling to the favourite's feet, turned upon their old associate with disgusting pretences of indignation at his immorality. If, in any circumstances, Satire could be forgiven for approaching to malignity, it would be in the assailment of such men as these. The Roman senators who met to decide the fates of turbot, were not more worthy of the wrath of Juvenal.

As to those Medmenham Abbey proceedings, and the fact they indicate, we have nothing to urge but that the fact should be treated as it was. The late wise and good Dr. Arnold lamented that men should speak of religious liberty, the liberty being irreligious; and of

freedom of conscience, when conscience is only convenience. But we must take this time now under consideration as we find it,—Politics meaning something quite the opposite of Morals: and one side shouting for liberty, while the other cries out for authority, without regard in the least to what neither liberty nor authority can give us, without patient earnestness in other labour of our own, of obedience, reverence, and self-control. We before remarked, that Churchill's genius was affected by this characteristic of the time; and that what, as he so often shows, might otherwise have lain within his reach, even Dryden's massive strength, even Pope's exquisite delicacy, *this* arrested. It was this which made his writing the rare mixture it too frequently is, of the artificial with the natural and impulsive; which so strangely and fitfully blended in him the wholly and the partly true; which impaired his force of style with prosaic weakness; and (to sum up all in one extreme objection), controlling his feeling for nature and truth by the necessities of partisan satire, levelled what he says, in too many cases, to a mere bullying reissue of conventional phrases and moral commonplace. Yet he knew what the temptation should have weighed for, even while he yielded to it; and, from the eminence where satire had placed him, only yearned the more eagerly for the heights above.

“Broad is the road, nor difficult to find,
Which to the house of Satire leads mankind ;
Narrow and unfrequented are the ways,
Scarce found out in an age, which lead to Praise.”

But it is not by the indifferent qualities in his works that Charles Churchill should be, as he has too frequently been, condemned. Judge him at his best ; judge him by the men whom he followed in this kind of composition ; and his claim to the respectful and enduring attention of the students of English poetry and literature, becomes manifest indeed. Of the gross indecencies of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, he has none. He never, in any one instance, that he might fawn upon power or trample upon weakness, wrote licentious lampoons. There was not a form of mean pretence, or servile assumption, which he did not denounce. Low, pimping politics, he abhorred : and that their vile abettors, to whose exposure his works are so incessantly devoted, have not carried him into utter oblivion with themselves, is sufficiently argued by the sound morality and political truth expressed in his many verse. He indulged in political invective, as we have said, but his aim was to pick up, for instant use, the stones which he threw, the heavy stone that lies by the wayside, and not to quarrel with its form or fitness. The Eng

rowed from the French those nicer sharpnesses of satire which can dispense with anger and indignation; and which now, in the verse of Moore and Beranger, or the prose of our pleasant *Mr. Punch*, suffice to wage all needful war with hypocrisy and falsehood.

In justice let us add to this latter admission, that Satire seems to us the only species of poetry which appears to be better understood than formerly. There is a painful fashion of obscurity in verse come up of late years, which is marring and misleading a quantity of youthful talent; as if the ways of poetry, like those of steam and other wonderful inventions, admitted of original improvements at every turn. A writer like Churchill, who thought that even Pope had cramped his genius not a little by deserting the earlier and broader track struck out by Dryden, may be studied with advantage by this section of Young England, and we recommend him for that purpose. Southey is excellent authority on a point of the kind; and he held that the injurious effects of Pope's dictatorship in rhyme, were not a little weakened by the manly, free, and vigorous verse of Churchill, during his rule as tribune of the people.

Were

far exception, it would rest chiefly on the poem of Churchill, which followed his what Southey would call his tribune as the first book of the *Ghost*, con-

tinued, at later intervals, to the extent of four books. It was put forth by the poet as a kind of poetical *Tristram Shandy*—a ready resource for a writer who seized carelessly every incident of the hour; and, knowing the enormous sale his writings could command, sought immediate vent for even thoughts and fancies too broken and irregular for a formal plan. The *Ghost*, in his own phrase, was

“ A mere amusement at the most ;
 A trifle fit to wear away
 The horrors of a rainy day ;
 A slight shot-silk for summer wear,
 Just as our modern statesmen are.”

And though it contained some sharply written character, such as the well-known sketch of Dr. Johnson (*Pomposo*), and some graceful easy humour, such as the fortune-teller's experience of the various gullibility of man; it is not, in any of the higher requisites, to be compared with his other writings. It is in the octo-syllabic measure, only twice adopted by him.

The reason of his comparative failure in this verse may be guessed. Partly no doubt it was, that he had less gusto in writing it; that, not having a peremptory call to the subject, he chose a measure which suited his indolence. Partly also we must take it to be, that the measure itself, by the constantly recurring necessity of rhyme

(an easy necessity), tends to a slatternly diffuseness. The heroic line must have muscle as it proceeds, and thus tends to strength and concentration. The eight-syllable verse relies for its prop on the rhyme; and, being short, tends to do in two lines what the heroic feels bound to do in one. Nevertheless he could show his mastery here also, when the subject piqued or stirred him; and there are few more effective things in his writings than some parts of his character of Warburton, to be found in the *Duellist*.

BISHOP WARBURTON.

“ He was so proud, that should he meet
 The twelve Apostles in the street,
 He'd turn his nose up at them all,
 And shove his Saviour from the wall :
 He was so mean (Meanness and Pride
 Still go together side by side),
 That he would cringe, and creep, be civil,
 And hold a stirrup for the Devil.

* * * * *

Brought up to London, from the plow
 And pulpit, how to make a bow
 He tried to learn ; he grew polite,
 And was the Poet's Parasite.
 With wits conversing (and Wits then
 Were to be found 'mongst Noblemen),
 He caught, or would have caught, the flame,
 And would be nothing, or the same.
 He drank with drunkards, lived with sinners,
 Herded with infidels for dinners ;

With such an emphasis and grace
 Blasphemed, that Potter kept not pace :
 He, in the highest reign of noon,
 Bawl'd bawdry songs to a psalm tune ;
 Lived with men infamous and vile,
 Truck'd his salvation for a smile ;
 To catch their humour caught their plan,
 And laugh'd at God to laugh with man ;
 Praised them, when living, in each breath,
 And damn'd their memories after death.

“ To prove his faith, which all admit
 Is at least equal to his wit,
 And make himself a man of note,
 He in defence of Scripture wrote :
 So long he wrote, and long about it,
 That e'en believers 'gan to doubt it.

* * * *

In shape scarce of the human kind,
 A man, without a manly mind ;
 No husband, though he's truly wed ;
 Though on his knees a child is bred,
 No father ; injured, without end
 A foe ; and though obliged, no friend ;
 A heart, which virtue ne'er disgrac'd ;
 A head, where learning runs to waste ;
 A gentleman well-bred, if breeding
 Rests in the article of reading ;
 A man of this world, for the next
 Was ne'er included in his text ;
 A judge of genius, though confess'd
 With not one spark of genius bless'd ;
 Amongst the first of critics plac'd,
 Though free from every taint of taste ;
 A Christian without faith or works,
 As he would be a Turk 'mongst Turks ;

A great divine, as lords agree,
Without the least divinity;
To crown all, in declining age,
Inflamed with church and party rage,
Behold him, full and perfect quite,
A false saint, and true hypocrite."

But to Churchill's career as fellow-tribune with Wilkes, we now return. The new system had borne rapid fruit. In little more than twelve months, Lord Bute, known simply before that date as tutor to the heir-apparent, and supposed holder of a private key to the apartments of the heir-apparent's mother, had made himself a privy-councillor; had turned the Duke of Cumberland and the Princess Amelia out of the liturgy; had given himself the rangership of Richmond Park; had dismissed Legge from the Exchequer, and emptied and filled other offices at pleasure; had made Sir Francis Dashwood, Wilkes's quondam associate, and predecessor in the colonelcy of the Bucks militia, a King's minister; had made Bubb Dodington a lord; had turned out Pitt; had turned out Lord Temple; had turned out the Duke of Newcastle; had made himself Secretary of State; had promoted himself to be Prime Minister; had endued himself with the order of the Garter; had appointed to every lucrative state office in his gift some one or other of his countrymen from the other side of the Tweed; and had taken under his special patronage a paper called the

Briton, written by Scotchmen, presided over by Smollett, and started to defend these things.

They had not, meanwhile, passed unheeded by the English people. When Pitt resigned, even Bubb Dodington, whilst he wished his lordship of Bute all joy of being delivered of a "most impracticable colleague, his majesty of a most imperious servant, and the country of a most dangerous minister," was obliged to add, that the people were "sullen about it." "Indeed, my good friend," answered Bute, "my situation, at all times perilous, is become much more so, for I am no stranger to the language held in this great city: 'Our darling's resignation is owing to Lord Bute, and he must answer for all the consequences.'" The truth was, that the people of that day, with little absolute power of interference in public affairs, but accustomed to hear themselves appealed to by public men, were content to see their favourites in office, and to surrender more substantial authority for a certain show of influence with the Parliamentary leaders. But with the words of their "darling" ringing in their ears,—that he had been called, to the ministry by the voice of the people, that to them he was accountable, and that he would not remain where he could not guide,—they began to suspect that they must now help themselves, if they would be helped at all. It is a dangerous thing to overstock either House with too strong an

popular party; it thrusts away into irresponsible quarters too many of the duties of opposition. Bute was already conscious of this, when the first Number of the *North Briton* appeared.

The clever Colonel of Buckinghamshire militia, like a good officer, had warily waited his time. He did not apply the match till the train was fully laid, and an explosion sure. It has excited wonder, that papers of such small talent should have proved so effective; but much smaller talent would have finished a work so nearly completed by Bute himself. It was the minister, not the demagogue, who had arrayed one section of the kingdom in bitter hostility against the other. Demagogues can never do themselves this service; being after all the most dependent class of the community—mere lackeys to the lowest rank of uninstructed statesmen. A beggarly trade in sooth, and only better than the master's trade they serve. It is bad enough to live by vexing and exposing a sore, but worse to live by making one. There was violence on Wilkes's side; but there was also, in its rude coarse way, success. On the side of his opponents, there was violence and there was incapacity. Wilkes wrote libels in abundance; only, as he wittily expressed it, that he might try to ascertain how far the Liberty of the Press could go. But his opponents
Liberty of the Press in a thousand

places, and then, as Horace Walpole said with a happier wit than Wilkes's, wrote libels on every rag of its old clothes.

Churchill assisted in the *North Briton* from the first; and wherever it shows the coarse broad mark of sincerity, there seems to us the trace of his hand. But he was not a good prose satirist. He wanted ease, delicacy, and fifty requisites beside, with which less able and sincere men have made that kind of work effective. He could sharpen his arrow-heads well, but without the help of verse could not wing them on their way. Of this he became himself so conscious, that when a masterly subject for increase of the rancour against the Scotch presented itself, and he had sent the paper to Press for the *North Briton*, he brought it back from the printer, suppressed it, and recast it into verse. Wilkes saw it in progress, and praised it exultingly. "It is personal, it is poetical, it is political," cried the delighted demagogue. "It must succeed!" The *Prophecy of Famine*, a satire on Scotland and Scotchmen, appeared in January 1763, and did indeed fulfil the prophecy of Wilkes.

Its success was most remarkable; its sale rapid and extensive to a degree altogether without precedent. English Whigs were in raptures, and the *Annals* protested that Mr. Pope was quite o

Scotch place-hunters outstripped even the English players in their performance of the comedy of fear; for they felt with a surer instinct, like Swift's spider when the broom approached, that to all intents and purposes of their existence, the judgment-day was come. Nothing could have delighted Churchill as this did. The half-crowns that poured into his exchequer, made no music comparable to that of these clients of Lord Bute, sighing and moaning in discontented groups around the place-bestowing haunts of Westminster. He indulged his exuberance of delight, indeed, with characteristic oddity and self-will. "I remember well," says Dr. Kippis, "that he dressed his younger son in a Scotch plaid, like a little Highlander, and carried him every where in that garb. The boy being asked by a gentleman with whom I was in company, why he was clothed in such a manner? answered with great vivacity, *Sir, my father hates the Scotch, and does it to plague them!*" The anecdote is good. On the one side, there is what we may call attending to one's child's habits; and on the other, a satisfactory display of hereditary candour and impudence. There is also a fine straightforward style. Johnson himself could not have related the motive better. Put "his" instead of "my," and it is indeed precisely what Johnson would have said. *Boswell*.—Sir, why does Churchill's little boy go

about in a Scotch dress? *Johnson*.—Sir, his father hates the Scotch, and does it to plague them!

He plagued them thoroughly, that is certain; and with good cause. We need not tenderly excuse ourselves by Boswell's example for admiring the *Prophecy of Famine*. "It is indeed *falsely applied* to Scotland," says that good North Briton; "but on that account may be allowed a greater share of invention." We need not darken what praise we give by the reservations of the last amiable and excellent historian of England. "It may yet be read," says Lord Mahon, "with all the admiration which the most vigorous powers of verse, and the most lively touches of wit *can earn, in the cause of slander and falsehood*." It seems to us that, without either forced apologies or hard words, we may very frankly praise this *Prophecy of Famine*. A great poet and a faithful Scotchman did not scruple to say of it, that even to the community north of Tweed it should sheathe its sting in its laughable extravagance; and in truth it is so written, that what was meant for the time has passed away with its virulent occasion, and left behind it but the lively and lasting colours of wit and poetry. "*Dowdy Nature*," to use the exquisite phrase with which it so admirably contrasts the flaring and ridiculous vices of the day, has here too reclaimed her own, and dismissed the rest as false

pretences. We should as soon think of gravely questioning its Scotch "cameleon," as of arguing against its witty and masterly exaggerations. With consummate ease it is written; sharp readiness of expression keeping pace with the swiftest ease of conception, never the least loitering at a thought, or labouring of a word. In this peculiar earnestness and gusto of manner, it is as good as the writers of Dryden's more earnest century. Marvel might have painted the Highland lass, who forgot her want of food as she listened to madrigals all natural though rude; "and, whilst she scratch'd her lover into rest, sank pleased, though hungry, on her Sawney's breast." Like Marvel, too, is the starving scene of withering air, through which no birds "except as birds of passage" flew; and which no flower embalmed but *one white rose*, "which, on the tenth of June, by instinct blows"—the Jacobite emblem, and the Pretender's birthday. In grasp of description, and a larger reach of satire, the Cave of Famine ranks higher still. The creatures which, when admitted in the ark, "their Saviour shunn'd, and rankled in the dark;" the webs of more than common size, where "half-starved spiders prey'd on half-starved flies;" are more than worthy of the master-hand of Dryden. But the reader will thank us for printing in detail the portions of the poem to which we have thus referred.

“ Two boys, whose birth beyond all question springs
 From great and glorious, though forgotten, kings,
 Shepherds of Scottish lineage, born and bred
 On the same bleak and barren mountain’s head,
 By niggard nature doom’d on the same rocks
 To spin out life, and starve themselves and flocks,
 Fresh as the morning, which, enrob’d in mist,
 The mountain’s top with usual dulness kiss’d,
 Jockey and Sawney to their labours rose ;
 Soon clad I ween, where nature needs no clothes,
 Where, from their youth enur’d to winter skies,
 Dress and her vain refinements they despise.

“ Jockey, whose manly high-boned cheeks to crown,
 With freckles spotted flam’d the golden down,
 With meikle art could on the bag-pipes play,
 E’en from the rising to the setting day ;
 Sawney as long without remorse could bawl
 Home’s madrigals, and ditties from Fingal.
 Oft, at his strains, all natural though rude,
 The Highland lass forgot her want of food,
 And, whilst she scratch’d her lover into rest,
 Sunk pleased, though hungry, on her Sawney’s breast.

“ Far as the eye could reach, no tree was seen,
 Earth, clad in russet, scorn’d the lively green.
 The plague of locusts they secure defy,
 For in three hours a grasshopper must die.
 No living thing, whate’er its food, feasts there,
 But the Cameleon, who can feast on air.
 No birds, except as birds of passage flew ;
 No bee was known to hum, no dove to coo.
 No streams, as amber smooth, as amber clear,
 Were seen to glide, or heard to warble here.
 Rebellion’s spring, which through the country ran,
 Furnish’d, with bitter draughts, the steady clan.

No flowers embalm'd the air, but one white rose,
Which, on the tenth of June, by instinct blows,
By instinct blows at morn, and, when the shades
Of drizzly eve prevail, by instinct fades.

“ One, and but one poor solitary cave,
Too sparing of her favours, nature gave;
That one alone (hard tax on Scottish pride!)
Shelter at once for man and beast supplied.
There snares without entangling briars spread,
And thistles, arm'd against the invader's head,
Stood in close ranks, all entrance to oppose,
Thistles now held more precious than the rose.
All creatures which, on nature's earliest plan,
Were form'd to loath, and to be loath'd by man,
Which ow'd their birth to nastiness and spite,
Deadly to touch, and hateful to the sight,
Creatures which, when admitted in the ark,
Their Saviour shunn'd, and rankled in the dark,
Found place within: marking her noisome road
With poison's trail, here crawl'd the bloated toad;
There webs were spread of more than common size,
And half-starved spiders prey'd on half-starved flies;
In quest of food, efts strove in vain to crawl;
Slugs, pinch'd with hunger, smear'd the slimy wall;
The cave around with hissing serpents rung;
On the damp roof unhealthy vapour hung;
And Famine, by her children always known,
As proud as poor, here fix'd her native throne.”

We cannot leave the poem without remarking the ingenuity of praise it has exacted from Mr. Tooke. It has been observed of it, he says, and for himself he adopts the observation, “that the author displays peculiar skill

in throwing his thoughts into poetical paragraphs, so that the sentence swells to the conclusion, *as in prose!*" This we must call the first instance, within our knowledge, of an express eulogy of Poetry on the ground of its resemblance to Prose. Dr. Johnson was wont to note a curious delusion in his day, which has prevailed very generally since, that people supposed they were writing poetry when they did not write prose. Mr. Tooke and his friend represent the delusion of supposing poetry to be but a better sort of prose.

Churchill was now a marked man. He had an unbounded popularity with what are called the middle classes; he had the hearty praise of the Temple section of Whigs; he was "quoted and signed" by the ministerial faction for some desperate deed they but waited the opportunity desperately to punish; he was the common talk, the theme of varied speculation, the very "comet of the season," with all men. The advantage of the position was obvious; and his friends would have had him discard the ruffles and gold lace, resume his clerical black coat, and turn it to what account he could. "His most intimate friends," says the good Dr. Kippis, "thought his laying aside the external decorums of his profession a blameable opposition to the decencies of life, and likely to be hurtful to his interest; since the abilities he was possessed of, and the figure he made in

political contests, would perhaps have recommended him to some noble patron, from whom he might have received a valuable benefice!" Ah! good-natured friends! Could this unthinking man but have looked in the direction of a good benefice, with half the liquorish ardour of patriot Wilkes to his ambassadorships and chamberlainships in prospect, no doubt it *might* have fallen in his lap. What folly, then, to disregard it, and all for the pleasure of abusing what it would have been far more easy to praise!

“ What but rank folly, for thy curse decreed,
 Could into Satire's barren path mislead,
 When, open to thy view, before thee lay
 Soul-soothing Panegyric's flowery way ?
 There might the muse have saunter'd at her ease,
 And, pleasing others, learn'd herself to please ;
 Lords should have listen'd to the sugar'd treat,
 And ladies, simpering, own'd it vastly sweet ;
 Rogues, in thy prudent verse with virtue graced,
 Fools mark'd by thee as prodigies of taste,
 Must have forbid, pouring preferments down,
 Such wit, such truth as thine to quit the gown.
 Thy sacred brethren too (for they no less
 Than laymen, bring their offerings to success)
 Had hail'd thee good if great, and paid the vow
 Sincere as that they pay to God, whilst thou
 In lawn hadst whisper'd to a sleeping crowd,
 As dull as Rochester, and half as proud.”

But even the lawn itself, there is much reason to believe, would not have tempted this man. He “ lacked

preferment" as little as the Prince of Denmark himself. He had no thought that way. He had no care but for what he had in hand; that, whilst he could hold the pen, "no rich or noble knave, should walk the earth in credit to the grave," beneficed or unbeneficed. There was not a dispenser of patronage or power, though "kings had made him more, than ever king a scoundrel made before," whom he would have flattered or solicited. It was when his friend was sounding a noble acquaintance and quondam associate as to chances of future employment, that with sullen sincerity he was writing to his friend, "*I fear the damned aristocracy is gaining ground in this country.*" It was when his friend was meditating the prospective comforts of a possible mission to Constantinople, that he was beneath the portrait of his friend devoutly subscribing the line of Pope,

"A soul supreme in each hard instance tried."

When Horace Walpole anticipated the figure these days would cut in history, and laughingly described to his dear Marshal Conway how that the Warburtons and Gronoviuses of future ages would quote them, then living, like their wicked predecessors the Romans, as models of patriotism and magnanimity, till their very ghosts must blush; when he painted the great duke, and the little duke, and the old duke, and the Derbyshire

duke, all powerful if they could but do what they could not—hold together and not quarrel for the plunder; when he set before him stark-mad opposition patriots, abusing one another more than any body else, and Cæsar and Pompey scolding in the temple of concord,—though he did not omit Mr. Satirist Churchill from the motley scene, even he did not think of impugning his rough plain-speaking sincerity. “Pitt more eloquent than Demosthenes, and trampling on proffered pensions like . . . I don’t know who; Lord Temple sacrificing a brother to the love of his country; Wilkes as spotless as Sallust; and the flamen Churchill knocking down the foes of Britain with statues of the gods!” Certain it is, that with far less rich material than statues of the gods, Churchill transacted his work. It was a part of his hatred of the hypocrisies to work with what he had before him,—small ungodlike politicians enough, whom he broke into smaller pieces, and paved Pitt’s road with, back into power.

Meanwhile his private life went on in its impetuous rounds of dissipation, energy, and self-reproach; hurried through fierce extremes, by contrast made more fierce. One of his existing Notes to Garrick is the record of a drunken brawl, one of his Letters to Wilkes the after penance of repentance; and painful is the occurrence of these and like confessions, in such fragments of his rough,

reckless, out-spoken letters as chance has preserved for us.

Unable further to resist the storm that had been raised against him, Bute resigned on the 8th of April 1763. The formation of the new Ministry, with Dashwood ennobled as Lord le Despenser; with another monk of Medmenham Abbey, Lord Sandwich, popularly known as *Jemmy Twitcher*, placed a few months later at the Admiralty; and with Lord Halifax, Secretary of State; is to be read of to this day in the histories, or it might possibly be disbelieved. "And so Lord Sandwich and Lord Halifax are statesmen, are they?" wrote Gray. "Do not you remember them dirty boys playing cricket?" Truly they were still as dirty, and still only playing out their game. "It is a great mercy," exclaimed Lord Chesterfield, "to think that Mr. Wilkes is the intrepid defender of our rights and liberties; and no less a mercy, that God hath raised up the Earl of Sandwich to vindicate our religion and morality."

The histories also record the publication, on the 23rd of April in the same year, of the forty-fifth number of the *North Briton*. A new Ministry has great superfluous energy, and an evil hankering to use it. The wished-for occasion was supposed to have come; the new Ministers thought, at any rate, what Walpole calls a *coup-d'éclat* might make up for their own absurd in-

significance; and on the information of the publisher, who was arrested and examined with the supposed printer, "that Mr. Wilkes gave orders for the printing, and that Mr. Churchill (the poet) received the profits arising from the sale," warrants were issued for the arrest of Wilkes and Churchill.

The great questions that arose upon these warrants, and Wilkes's vindication through them of the most valuable privileges of English freedom, are well-known matters of history. Some curious incidents, preserved in his second letter to the Duke of Grafton, are less notorious. "I desired to see the warrant," he writes, after describing the arrival of the King's messenger. "He said it was against the authors, printers, and publishers of the *North Briton*, No. 45, and that his verbal orders were, to arrest Mr. Wilkes. I told him the warrant did not respect me; that such a warrant was absolutely illegal and void in itself; that it was a ridiculous warrant against the whole English nation;" (in effect, forty-eight persons were attacked under it: publishers were dragged from their beds, and whole offices of printers placed within durance!) "and I asked why he would rather serve it on me than on the Lord Chancellor, or either of the Secretaries, or Lord Bute, or Lord Corke, my next-door neighbour. The answer was, *I am to arrest Mr. Wilkes.* About an hour afterwards

two other messengers arrived, and several of their assistants. While they were with me, Mr. Churchill came into the room. I had heard that their verbal orders were likewise to apprehend him, but I suspected they did not know his person; and, by presence of mind, I had the happiness of saving my friend. As soon as Mr. Churchill entered the room, I accosted him: 'Good-morrow, Mr. Thomson. How does Mrs. Thomson do to-day? Does she dine *in the country*?' Mr. Churchill thanked me; said she then waited for him; that he had only come for a moment to ask me how I did; and almost directly took his leave. He went home immediately, secured all his papers, and retired into the country. The messengers could never get intelligence where he was. The following week he came to town, and was present both the days of hearing at the Court of Common Pleas."

On the second day, another was present: a Man whose name is now one of our English household words, but who unhappily thought more of himself that day as the King's Serjeant Painter—a dignity he had just received and was to wear for some brief months—than as that Painter of the People who had from youth to age contended against every form of hypocrisy and vice, and, the unbribed and unpurchasable assailant of public and private corruption, was to wear *this* dignity for ever.

As Chief-Justice Pratt delivered his immortal judgment against General Warrants, Hogarth was seen in a corner of the Common Pleas, pencil and sketch-book in hand, fixing the famous caricature from which, as long as caricature shall last, Wilkes will squint upon posterity. Nor was it his first pictorial offence. The caricaturing had begun some little time before, greatly to the grief both of Wilkes and Churchill; for Hogarth was on friendly terms with both, and had indeed within the past two years drunk "divine milk-punch" with them and Sir Francis Dashwood, in the neighbourhood of Medmenham Abbey. Disregarding their earnest remonstrance, however, he assailed Pitt and Temple at the close of the preceding year in his first print of the *Times*. The *North Briton* retaliated, and the present caricature of Wilkes was Hogarth's rejoinder. It stung Churchill past the power of silence.*

* An unpublished letter of Churchill's is before me, which shews that open war between Hogarth and Churchill was declared immediately after the publication of the plate of "The Times," in September 1762. The letter is worth quoting for other reasons. "Dear Garrick," it begins, "Mrs. Churchill, that sweetest and best of women, having entertained me with some large and unexpected demands from Gloucester, I should take it as a very particular favour if you would give me leave to draw on you next week for between forty and fifty pounds. There is likely to become high fun between Talbot and Wilkes—the immortal Passado. The only thing I like my gown for is the

The *Epistle to William Hogarth* was published in July 1763. With here and there those strangely prosaic lines which appear in almost all his writings, and in which he seems to make careless and indolent escape from those subtler and more original words which were alike at his command, this was a dashing and vigorous work. With an avowal that could hardly have been pleasing to Wilkes himself—that railing thousands and commending thousands were alike uncared for by the writer—it struck Hogarth where he

exemption from challenges." So far from desiring exemption from challenges, however, he would have braved them, and already his gown had been replaced by a gold-laced coat; but there was also, it is needless to remark, a bravado in affecting to be afraid. He continues: "I am bringing out—first telling you that the *Ghost* walks at Hampton on Wednesday next—a *Scott's Eclogue* beginning thus." He then transcribes the first twenty-four lines of the *Prophecy of Famine*, with evident and just satisfaction in them; but as only four lines in this rough draft differ in any respect from the printed poem as already quoted (*ante*, p. 66), they are all that need here be repeated.

"Jockey and Sawney to their labours rose,
 Soon drest, I ween, where Nature needs
 Where, blest with genial suns and smiles,
 Dress and her vain refinements they

In revising this poem for the press, he did
 that the third of these lines was out of
 and "dulness" dwelt upon in it
 The letter thus conclude

was weakest: as well in that subjection to vanity which his friends confessed in him, as in that enslavement to all the unquiet distrusts of envy, "who, with giant stride, stalks through the vale of life by virtue's side," which he had even confessed in himself. We do not like to dwell upon it, so great is our respect for Hogarth's genius; but, at the least, it spared that genius. Amid its savage ferocity against the man, it was remarkable for a noble tribute to the artist. It predicted the duration of his works to the most distant age; and the

sure it is much unequal to the former productions of that master of humour. I am happy to find that he hath at last declared himself, for there is no credit to be got by breaking flies upon a wheel. But Hogarth's are subjects worthy of an Englishman's pen. Speedily will be published, an *Epistle to W. Hogarth*, by C. Churchill.

'Pictoribus atque Poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua Potestas.'

I was t'other day at Richmond, but lost much of the pleasure I had promised myself, being disappointed of seeing you." An allusion follows, not quotable, to the Pagoda. "I long for the opening of the House on many accounts, but on none more than the opportunity it will give me of seeing that little whimsical fellow Garrick, and that most agreeable of women, to whom I am always proud of being remembered—Mrs. Garrick. Hubert, I hear, has got a weakness in his eyes.

"I am, Dear Garrick, yours most sincerely,

"CHARLES CHURCHILL."

The only date to this letter is "Saturday night."

great painter's power to curse and bless, it rated as that of "a little god below."

"Justice with equal course bids Satire flow,
 And loves the Virtue of her greatest foe.
 Oh! that I here could that rare Virtue mean,
 Which scorns the rule of envy, pride, and spleen,
 Which springs not from the labour'd works of art,
 But hath its rise from Nature in the heart;
 Which in itself with happiness is crown'd,
 And spreads with joy the blessing all around!
 But Truth forbids, and in these simple lays,
 Contented with a different kind of praise,
 Must Hogarth stand; that praise which Genius gives,
 In which to latest time the Artist lives,
 But not the Man; which, rightly understood,
 May make us great, but cannot make us good.
 That praise be Hogarth's; freely let him wear
 The wreath which Genius wove, and planted there.
 Foe as I am, should Envy tear it down,
 Myself would labour to replace the crown.

"In walks of humour, in that cast of style,*
 Which, probing to the quick, yet makes us smile;
 In Comedy, his natural road to fame,
 Nor let me call it by a meaner name,
 Where a beginning, middle, and an end,
 Are aptly join'd; where parts on parts depend,

* The poetical reader who is startled by this singularly weak expression in the midst of lines so masterly, must yet accept it as characteristic of Churchill: for, as we observe in the text, he will constantly find in his writings, with regret and disappointment, such indolent escapes from the proper exercise of his vigour and genius.

Each made for each, as bodies for their soul,
So as to form one true and perfect whole ;
Where a plain story to the eye is told,
Which we conceive the moment we behold ;
Hogarth unrivall'd stands, and shall engage
Unrivall'd praise to the most distant age."

But this did not avail against the terrible severity. There is a passage beginning, "Hogarth. I take thee, Candour, at thy word;" marked by a racy, idiomatic, conversational manner, flinging into relief the most deadly abuse, which we must fairly think appalling. All who knew the contending parties stood aghast. "Pray let me know," wrote Garrick, then visiting at Chatsworth, to Colman, "how the town speaks of our friend Churchill's *Epistle*. It is the most bloody performance that has been published in my time. I am very desirous to know the opinion of people, for I am really much, very much hurt at it. His description of his age and infirmities is surely too shocking and barbarous. Is Hogarth really ill, or does he meditate revenge? Every article of news about these matters will be most agreeable to me. Pray, write me a heap of stuff, for I cannot be easy till I know all about Churchill and Hogarth." And of course the lively actor sends his "loves" to both Hogarth and Churchill. "Send me Churchill's poem on Hogarth," writes old money-loving Lord Bath from Spa; "but, if it be long,

it will cost a huge sum in postage." With his rejoinder, such as it was, Hogarth lost little time. He issued for a shilling, before the month was out, "The Bruiser, C. Churchill (once the Rev.), in the character of a Russian Hercules, regaling himself after having killed the monster Caricatura, that so sorely galled his virtuous friend, the heaven-born Wilkes." It was a bear, in torn clerical bands, and with paws in ruffles; with a pot of porter that has just visited his jaws hugged on his right, and with a knotted club of *Lies* and *North Britons* clutched on his left; to which, in a later edition of the same print, he added a scoffing caricature of Pitt, Temple, and Wilkes. The poet meanwhile wrote to the latter, who had gone to Paris to place his daughter at school, and told him, that, Hogarth having violated the sanctities of private life in this caricature, he meant to pay it back with an *Elegy*, supposing him dead; but that a lady at his elbow was dissuading him with the flattery (and "how sweet is flattery," he interposes, "from the woman we love!") that already Hogarth was killed.

That the offending painter was already killed, Walpole and others beside this nameless lady also affirmed; and Colman boldly avouched in print, that the *Epistle* had "snapped the last cord of poor Hogarth's heartstrings." But men like Hogarth do not snap their

heartstrings so easily. The worst that is to be said of the fierce assault, is bad enough. It embittered the last years of a great man's life; and the *immediate* death, soon after, of assailant and assailed within only nine days of each other, prevented the reconciliation which would surely, sooner or later, have vindicated their common genius, the hearty English feeling which they shared, and their common cordial hatred of the falsehoods and pretences of the world.

The woman whose flattery Churchill loved, may not be omitted from his history. His connexion with her, which began some little time before this, gave him greater emotion and anxiety than any other incident of his life. "I forgot to tell you," writes Walpole to Lord Hertford, "and you may wonder at hearing nothing of the Rev. Mr. Charles Pylades, while Mr. John Orestes is making such a figure; but Doctor Pylades, the poet, has forsaken his consort and the muses, and is gone off with a stone-cutter's daughter. If he should come and offer himself to you for Chaplain to the embassy!" The circumstance has since been told by a sincerer man; and we shall alike avoid the danger of too much leniency and too great a severity, if we give it in his temperate language. "He became intimate with the daughter of a tradesman in Westminster," says Southey in the *Life of Cooper* (she is described by others as the daughter of

a "highly respectable sculptor"), "seduced her, and prevailed on her to quit her father's house and live with him. But his moral sense had not been thoroughly depraved; a fortnight had not elapsed before both parties were struck with sincere compunction, and through the intercession of a true friend, at their entreaty, the unhappy penitent was received by her father. It is said she would have proved worthy of this parental forgiveness, if an elder sister had not, by continued taunts and reproaches, rendered her life so miserable, that, in absolute despair, she threw herself upon Churchill for protection." He again received her, and they lived together till his death; but he did not, to himself or others, attempt to vindicate this passage in his career. A poem called the *Conference*, in which an imaginary Lord and himself are the interlocutors, happened to engage him at the time; and he took occasion to give public expression to his compunction and self-reproach, in a very earnest and affecting manner.

It may be well to quote the lines. They are not only a confession of remorse,—they are also a proud profession of political integrity, in which all men may frankly believe. The Poem, one of his masterpieces, followed the *Epistle to Hogarth*; right in the wake of the abundant personal slander which had followed that work, and the occurrence

we have named. It began with a good picture of my Lord lolling backward in his elbow-chair, "with an insipid kind of stupid stare, picking his teeth, twirling his seals about—*Churchill, you have a poem coming out?*" The dialogue then begins, and some expressions are forced from Churchill as to the straits of life he has passed; and the public patronage, his soul abhorring all private help, which has brought him safe to shore. Alike secure from dependence and pride, he says, he is not placed so high to scorn the poor, "Nor yet so low that I my Lord should fear, Or hesitate to give him sneer for sneer." But that he is able to be kind to others, to himself most true, and, feeling no want, can "comfort those who do," he proudly avers to be a public debt. Upon this the Lord rebukes him, setting forth the errors of his private life.

"Think (and for once lay by thy lawless pen),
 Think, and confess thyself like other men;
 Think but one hour, and, to thy Conscience led
 By Reason's hand, bow down and hang thy head.
 Think on thy private life, recall thy youth,
 View thyself now, and own, with strictest truth,
 That Self hath drawn thee from fair virtue's way
 Farther than Folly would have dared to stray,
 And that the talents liberal Nature gave
 To make thee free, have made thee more a slave."

The reproach then draws from him this avowal:

"Ah! what, my Lord, hath private life to do
 With things of public nature? why to view

Would you thus cruelly those scenes unfold
 Which, without pain and horror, to behold,
 Must speak me something more, or less than man ;
 Which friends may pardon, but I never can ?
 Look back ! a thought which borders on despair,
 Which human nature must, yet cannot bear.
 'Tis not the babbling of a busy world,
 Where praise and censure are at random hurf'd,
 Which can the meanest of my thoughts control,
 Or shake one settled purpose of my soul.
 Free and at large might their wild curses roam,
 If All, if All, alas ! were well at home.
 No ! 'tis the tale which angry Conscience tells,
 When she with more than tragic horror swells
 Each circumstance of guilt ; when stern, but true,
 She brings bad actions forth into review ;
 And, like the dread handwriting on the wall,
 Bids late Remorse awake at Reason's call,
 Arm'd at all points, bids Scorpion Vengeance pass,
 And to the mind holds up Reflection's glass,
 The mind, which starting, heaves the heart-felt groan,
 And hates that form she knows to be her own.
 Enough of this. Let private sorrows rest.
 As to the Public I dare stand the test :
 Dare proudly boast, I feel no wish above
 The good of England, and my Country's love."

This man's heart was in the right place. "Where is the bold Churchill?" cried Garrick, when he heard of the incident as he travelled in Rome. "What a noble ruin! When he is quite undone, you shall send him here, and he shall be shown among the great fragments of Roman genius, Magnificent in ruin!" But not yet was he *quite*

andons. His weakness was as great as his strength, but his vices were not so great as his virtues. After all, in the unequal conflict thus plainly and unaffectedly revealed by himself, those vices had the worst of it. What rarely happens where such high claims exist, has indeed happened here, and the loudest outcry against the living Churchill has had the longest echo in our judgment of the dead; but there is a most affecting voice in this and other passages of his writings, which enter on his better behalf the final and sufficing appeal. Nor were some of his more earnest contemporaries without the justice and generosity to give admission to it, even while he lived. As hero of a scene which shows the range of his character wider than the limits of his family, his dependents, or his friends (for the kite can be as comfortable to the brood beneath her as the pelican or dove), the young-hearted and enthusiastic Charles Johnson has depicted Charles Churchill in *Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea*.

Whilst he was one night "staggering" home, as he says, after a supper in which spirited wit and liveliness of conversation, as well as rectitude and sublimity of sentiment, had gilded gross debauchery, a girl of the street addressed him. "Her figure was elegant, and her features regular; but want had sicklied o'er their beauty; and all the horrors of despair gloomed through the languid smile she forced, when she addressed him. The

sigh of distress, which never struck his ear without affecting his heart, came with double force from such an object. He viewed her with silent compassion for some moments; and, reaching her a piece of gold, bade her go home and shelter herself from the inclemencies of the night at so late an hour. Her surprise and joy at such unexpected charity overpowered her. She dropped upon her knees in the wet and dirt of the street, and raising her hands and eyes toward heaven, remained in that posture for some moments, unable to give utterance to the gratitude that filled her heart. Churchill raised her tenderly; and, as he would have pressed some instant refreshment upon her, she spoke of her mother, her father, and her infant brother, perishing of want in the garret she had left. "Good God!" he exclaimed, "I'll go with you myself directly! But, stop. Let us first procure nourishment from some of the houses kept open at this late hour for a very different purpose. Come with me! We have no time to lose." With this he took her to a tavern, loaded her with as much of the best as she could carry, and, putting two bottles of wine in his own pocket, walked with her to her miserable home. There, with what pains he could, he assuaged the misery, more appalling than he fancied possible; passed the whole night in offices of the good Samaritan; nor changed his dress next morning till he had procured them a new "and

better lodging, and provided for their future comfort ; when, repressing as he could their prayers and blessings, he took leave." How the recording angel sets down such scenes, and enters up the debtor and creditor account of such a man, *My Uncle Toby* has written.

The interval of absence from London during the progress of the General Warrants case, he passed at Oxford with Colman and Bonnell Thornton ; and in Wales with her who had asked from him the protection she knew not where else to seek, and whom he ever after treated as his left-handed wife, united to him by indissoluble ties. On his return, in the autumn of 1763, he heard that Lloyd had been thrown into the Fleet. The *Magazine* he was engaged in had failed, and a dispute as to the proprietorship suddenly overwhelmed him with its debts. Churchill went to him ; comforted him as none else could ; provided a servant to attend him as long as his imprisonment should last ; set apart a guinea a-week for his better support in the prison ; and at once began a subscription for the gradual and full discharge of his heavy responsibilities. There was all the gratitude of the true poet in this : for, whatever may be said to the contrary, poets *are* grateful. Dr. Lloyd had been kind to Churchill ; Churchill never deserted Dr. Lloyd's son. And when, some few months later, he pointed his satire against the hollow Mæcenases of the day,—in rebuke to

their affected disclaimer of his charge that they would have left a living Virgil to rot, he bade the vain boasters to the Fleet repair, and ask, "with blushes ask, if Lloyd is there?"

We have called Churchill a true poet, and such, quite apart from his satirical power, we hold him to have been. Here, therefore, may be the place to offer one or two examples of the steady development of his genius, in despite of the reckless misgovernment of his life; and of the higher than satirical uses to which, if longer life had been spared to him, it must ultimately have been devoted. For this purpose we anticipate a little, and from a poem published some months after the present date take three passages, which will richly vindicate its title to have escaped the comparative oblivion into which it has most undeservedly fallen. The first (of which the opening lines may recall the happy turns of Goldsmith) is an allusion to the Indian and American conquests, and the great question of

CIVILIZED AND SAVAGE.

"Happy the Savage of those early times,
Ere Europe's sons were known, and Europe's crimes!
Gold, cursed gold! slept in the womb of earth,
Unfelt its mischiefs, as unknown its worth;
In full content he found the truest wealth;
In toil he found diversion, food, and health;
Stranger to ease and luxury of courts,
His sports were labours, and his labours sports;

His youth was hardy, and his old age green ;
 Life's morn was vigorous, and her eve serene ;
 No rules he held, but what were made for use ;
 No arts he learn'd, nor ills which arts produce ;
 False lights he follow'd, but believ'd them true ;
 He knew not much, but liv'd to what he knew.

“ Happy, thrice happy *now* the Savage race,
 Since Europe took their gold, and gave them grace !
 Pastors she sends to help them in their need,
 Some who can't write, with others who can't read,
 And on sure grounds the Gospel pile to rear,
 Sends missionary felons every year ;
 Our vices, with more zeal than holy prayers,
 She teaches them, and in return takes theirs ;
 Her rank oppressions give them cause to rise,
 Her want of prudence, means and arms supplies,
 Whilst her brave rage, not satisfied with life,
 Rising in blood, adopts the scalping-knife ;
 Knowledge she gives, enough to make them know
 How abject is their state, how deep their woe ;
 The worth of Freedom strongly she explains,
 Whilst she bows down, and loads their necks with Chains.”

The next we may characterise as Churchill's Five Ages, and the whole passage, but especially the close, we cannot but regard as one of the masterpieces in this class of English poetry. The wit, the sense, the thought, the grace and strength of the verse, seem to us incomparable.

INFANCY, CHILDHOOD, YOUTH, MANHOOD, AND OLD AGE.

“ INFANCY, straining backward from the breast,
 Tetchy and wayward, what he loveth best

Refusing in his fits, whilst all the while
 The mother eyes the wrangler with a smile,
 And the fond father sits on t'other side,
 Laughs at his moods, and views his spleen with pride,
 Shall murmur forth my name, whilst at his hand
 Nurse stands interpreter, through Gotham's land.

"CHILDHOOD who, like an April morn, appears,
 Sunshine and rain, hopes clouded o'er with fears,
 Pleas'd and displeas'd by starts, in passion warm,
 In reason weak, who, wrought into a storm,
 Like to the fretful bullies of the deep,
 Soon spends his rage, and cries himself asleep,
 Who, with a feverish appetite oppress'd,
 For trifles sighs, but hates them when possess'd,
 His trembling lash suspended in the air,
 Half bent, and stroking back his long, lank hair,
 Shall to his mates look up with eager glee,
 And let his top go down to prate of me.

"YOUTH, who fierce, fickle, insolent and vain,
 Impatient urges on to manhood's reign,
 Impatient urges on, yet with a cast
 Of dear regard, looks back on childhood past,
 In the mid-chase, when the hot blood runs high,
 And the quick spirits mount into his eye,
 When pleasure, which he deems his greatest wealth,
 Beats in his heart, and paints his cheeks with health,
 When the chaf'd steed tugs proudly at the rein,
 And, ere he starts, hath run o'er half the plain,
 When, wing'd with fear, the stag flies full in view,
 And in full cry the eager hounds pursue,
 Shall shout my praise to hills which shout again,
 And e'en the huntsman stop to cry Amen.

"MANHOOD, of form erect, who would not bow
 Though worlds should crack around him ; on his brow

Wisdom serene, to passion giving law,
 Bespeaking love, and yet commanding awe ;
 Dignity into grace by mildness wrought ;
 Courage attemper'd and refined by thought ;
 Virtue supreme enthroned ; within his breast
 The image of his Maker deep impress'd ;
 Lord of this earth, which trembles at his nod,
 With reason bless'd, and only less than God ;
MANHOOD, though weeping Beauty kneels for aid,
 Though Honour calls in Danger's form array'd,
 Though clothed with sackcloth, Justice in the gates,
 By wicked Elders chain'd, Redemption waits ;
 Manhood shall steal an hour, a little hour,
 (Is't not a little one ?) to hail my power.

" **OLD AGE**, a second child by nature curst
 With more and greater evils than the first,
 Weak, sickly, full of pains ; in every breath
 Railing at life, and yet afraid of death ;
 Putting things off, with sage and solemn air,
 From day to day, without one day to spare ;
 Without enjoyment, covetous of pelf,
 Tiresome to friends, and tiresome to himself,
 His faculties impair'd, his temper sour'd,
 His memory of recent things devour'd
 E'en with the acting, on his shatter'd brain
 Though the false registers of youth remain ;
 From morn to evening babbling forth vain praise
 Of those rare men, who lived in those rare days
 When he, the hero of his tale, was young,
 Dull repetitions faltering on his tongue ;
 Praising grey hairs, sure mark of Wisdom's sway,
 E'en whilst he curses time which made him grey,
 Scoffing at youth, e'en whilst he would afford
 All, but his gold, to have his youth restored ;
Shall for a moment, from himself set free,
Lean on his crutch, and pipe forth praise to me."

And let the reader mark the charming effect of the repetition in the lines which follow, which might seem in after days to have lingered in the ear of that great poet who was soon to spring from the ranks of the peasantry of Scotland, and whose genius and independence, if Churchill could have lived to know them, would with him have far outweighed a wilderness of Butes and Wedderburnes.

“Can the fond Mother from herself depart?
 Can she forget the darling of her heart,
 The little darling whom she bore and bred,
 Nursed on her knees, and at her bosom fed?
 To whom she seem'd her every thought to give,
 And in whose life alone, she seem'd to live?
 Yes, from herself the Mother may depart,
 She may forget the darling of her heart,
 The little darling, whom she bore and bred,
 Nursed on her knees, and at her bosom fed,
 To whom she seem'd her every thought to give,
 And in whose life alone she seem'd to live;
 But I can not forget, whilst life remains,
 And pours her current through these swelling veins,
 Whilst memory offers up at reason's shrine,
 But I can not forget that Gotham's mine.”

The close of the year 1763 witnessed one or two notable events, not needful to be other than slightly dwelt upon here, since history has attended to them all. On the motion of Mr. Grenville (whose jealousy of Pitt had broken the Temple phalanx) in the Lower House, the *North Briton* was ordered to the hangman's hands to be burnt; and on the motion of Lord Sandwich, in the

Upper, Wilkes was committed to the hands of the Attorney-general for prosecution, as writer of a privately printed immoral parody of Pope's *Essay on Man*. Some whispers of this latter intention had been carried to Churchill before the session opened, during Wilkes's temporary absence at Paris ; but, according to the affidavit of one of the printers concerned, the poet scorned the possibility of public harm to his friend from a private libel, of which not a copy that had not been stolen (a man named Kidgell, whom Walpole calls a dirty dog of a parson, was the thief and government-informer) was in circulation. He therefore roughly told the printer who brought him his suspicions, that "for any thing the people in power could do, they might be damned." But he had greatly underrated, if not the power of these people, their power of face.

Lord Sandwich rose in his place in the House of Lords, the *Essay on Woman* in his hand, with all the indignant gravity of a counsel for the morality of the entire kingdom. "It was blasphemous!" exclaimed the first Lord of the Admiralty. And who should know blasphemy better than a blasphemer?—his Lordship had been expelled by the Beef-steak Club for the very sin he charged on Wilkes. But he knew his audience, and went steadily on. He read the *Essay on Woman* till the decorous Lord Lyttelton begged the reading might be

stopped: he dwelt upon a particular Note, which, by way of completing the burlesque, bore the name of Pope's last editor, till Warburton rose from the bench of Bishops, begged pardon of the devil for comparing him with Wilkes, and said the blackest fiends in hell would not keep company with the demagogue when he should arrive there. Nothing less than the expulsion of the man from Parliament (he was already expelled from the Colonelcy of the Bucks militia, and Lord Temple from the Bucks lord-lieutenancy for supporting him) could satisfy this case.

Expulsion was a happy expedient for controlling the elective franchise, which the popular Walpole had himself resorted to; but in such wise that the popular franchise seemed all the more safely guaranteed by it. Now the people saw it revived and enforced, for purposes avowedly and grossly unpopular. They were asked to sanction the principle, that a politician should be made accountable for immorality, by men whose whole lives had shamelessly proclaimed the prevailing divorce between politics and morals; and Morality herself, howsoever regretting it, might hardly blame them for the answer they gave. They resisted. They stood by Wilkes more determinedly than ever, and excitement was raised to a frightful pitch. A friend of Sandwich's, who, the day after his motion against the *Essay*,

cried exultingly that "nobody but he could have struck a stroke like this," was obliged to confess, only eight days later, that the "blasphemous book had fallen ten times heavier on Sandwich's head than on Wilkes's, and had brought forward such a catalogue of anecdotes as was incredible." Nay, so great was the height things went to, that even Norton's impudence forsook him; and Warburton, who had expunged Pitt's name for Sandwich's in the dedication to his forthcoming *Sermons*, thought it best to reinstate Pitt very suddenly.

Nevertheless, the result of the ministerial prosecution drove Wilkes to France. There was a design that Churchill, after publication of the poem which arose out of these transactions, and which Horace Walpole thought "the finest and bitterest of his works" (the *Duellist*), should have followed his friend; inquiries being meanwhile set on foot as to whether the French government would protect them in efforts to assail their own. The answer was favourable, but the scheme was not pursued. It has been on excellent grounds surmised, that Churchill's English feeling revolted at it; and he was essential to its success. For his reputation even now, limited as his themes had been, was not limited to England. "I don't know," wrote Horace Walpole to Sir H. Mann, in one of his lately published Letters, "whether this man's fame *has* extended to Florence; but you may judge of the

noise he makes in this part of the world by the following trait, which is a pretty instance of that good-breeding on which the French pique themselves. My sister and Mr. Churchill are in France. A Frenchman asked him if he was Churchill *le fameux poète?* *Non. Ma foi, Monsieur, tant pis pour vous!*" To think that it should be so much the worse for the son of a General, and the husband of a Lady Maria, daughter to an Earl, not to be a low-bred scribbler! Nevertheless, to this day, the world takes note of only one Charles Churchill. Whether so much the worse, or so much the better, for the other, it is not for us to decide.

The poet, then, stayed in England; and worked at his self-allotted tasks with greater determination than ever. Satire has the repute of bringing forth the energies of those who, on other occasions, have displayed but few and feeble; and many a man from whom nothing vigorous was looked for, has lost his cramps and stiffnesses among the bubbles of these hot springs. We need not wonder, therefore, that Churchill, though with his Beefsteak and other clubs to attend to, his *North Briton* to manage, and, not seldom, sharp strokes of illness to struggle with, should never have sent forth so many or such masterly works as in the last nine months of his rapid and brilliant career.

He was also able to do so much because he was thorough master of what he had to do. He understood

his own powers too completely to lay any false strain upon them. The ease with which he composed is often mentioned by him, though with a difference. To his Friend he said that nothing came out till he began to be pleased with it himself, while to the Public he boasted of the haste and carelessness with which he set down and discharged his rapid thoughts. Something between the two would probably come nearest the truth. No writer is at all times free from what Ben Jonson calls, "pinching throes;" and Churchill frequently confesses them. It may have been, indeed, with a bitter sense of their intensity he used the energetic phrase, afterwards remembered by his publisher, that "blotting was like cutting away one's own flesh." But though with this and other marks of the *genus irritabile*, he did not particularly affect the life of a man of letters, and, for the most part, avoided that kind of society; for which Dr. Johnson pronounced him a blockhead. Boswell remonstrated. "Well, sir," said Johnson, "I will acknowledge that I have a better opinion of him than I once had; for he has shown more fertility than I expected. To be sure, he is a tree that cannot produce good fruit: he only bears crabs. But, sir, a tree that produces a great many crabs is better than a tree which produces only a few."

Such as it was—and it can afford that passing touch of *blight*—the tree was now planted on Acton Common.

After the departure of Wilkes, he had moved from his Richmond residence into a house there, described by the first of his biographers, two months after his death, to have been furnished with extreme elegance; and where he is said, by the same worthy scribe, to have "kept his post-chaise, saddle-horses, and pointers;" and to have "fished, fowled, hunted, coursed, and lived in an independent, easy manner." He did not however so live, as to be unable carefully to lay aside an honourable provision for all who were dependent on him. This, it is justly remarked by Southey, was his meritorious motive for that greediness of gain with which he was reproached;—as if it were any reproach to a successful author that he doled out his writings in the way most advantageous to himself, and fixed upon them as high a price as his admirers were willing to pay. Cowper has made allusion to some of these points, in his fine delineation of his old friend and school-fellow, in the *Table Talk*.*

* "Contemporaries all surpass'd, see one,
Short his career, indeed, but ably run.
Churchill, himself unconscious of his powers,
In penury consumed his idle hours,
And like a scatter'd seed at random sown,
Was left to spring by vigour of his own.
Lifted at length, by dignity of thought
And dint of genius, to an affluent lot,
He laid his head in luxury's soft lap,
And took too often there his easy nap.

The *Author*, published almost contemporaneously with the *Duellist*, had the rare good fortune to please even his critics. Horace Walpole could now admit, that even when the satirist was not assailing a Holland or a Warburton, the world were "transported" with his works, and his numbers were indeed "like Dryden's." The Monthly Reviewers sent forth a frank eulogium, while even the Critical found it best to forget their ancient grudge. And in the admirable qualities not without reason assigned to it, the *Author* seems to us to have been much surpassed by his next performance, *Gotham*.

If brighter beams than all he threw not forth,
 'Twas negligence in him, not want of worth.
 Surly and slovenly and bold and coarse,
 Too proud for art, and trusting in mere force;
 Spendthrift alike of money and of wit,
 Always at speed, and never drawing bit,
 He struck the lyre in such a careless mood,
 And so disdain'd the rules he understood,
 The laurel seem'd to wait on his command,
 He snatch'd it rudely from the Muse's hand."

I subjoin also, from Cowper's delightful correspondence, what he wrote to Mr. Unwin in 1786, on the appearance of a new edition of the English Poets. "It is a great thing to be indeed a poet, and does not happen to more than one man in a century. Churchill, the great Churchill, deserved the name of poet: I have read him twice, and some of his pieces three times over, and the last time with more pleasure than the first. The pitiful scribbler of his life seems to have undertaken that task, for which he was entirely unqualified, merely because it afforded him an opportunity to traduce him. He has inserted in it but one anecdote of course

When Cowper fondly talked, as it was his pleasure and his pride to do, of "Churchill, the great Churchill, for he well deserved the name," it was proof of his taste that he dwelt with delight on this "noble and beautiful poem." Its object was not clearly comprehended at the first, but, as it proceeded, became evident. It was an *Idea of a Patriot King*, in verse; and in verse of which, with all its carelessness, we hold with Cowper that few exacter writers of his class have equalled, for its "bold and daring strokes of fancy; its numbers so

quence, for which he refers you to a novel, and introduces the story with doubts about the truth of it. But his barrenness as a biographer I could forgive, if the simpleton had not thought himself a judge of his writings, and, under the erroneous influence of that thought, informed his reader that *Gotham*, *Independence*, and the *Times*, were catchpennies. *Gotham*, unless I am a greater blockhead than he, which I am far from believing, is a noble and beautiful poem, and a poem with which I make no doubt the author took as much pains as with any he ever wrote. Making allowance (and Dryden, in his *Absalom and Achitophel*, stands in need of the same indulgence) for an unwarrantable use of Scripture, it appears to me to be a masterly performance. *Independence* is a most animated piece, full of strength and spirit, and marked with that bold masculine character which, I think, is the great peculiarity of this writer. And the *Times* (except that the subject is disgusting to the last degree) stands equally high in my opinion. He is indeed a careless writer for the most part; but where shall we find, in any of those authors who finish their works with the exactness of a Flemish pencil, those bold and daring strokes of fancy, those numbers so hazardously ventured upon and so happily finished, the matter so compressed, and yet

hazardously ventured upon, and so happily finished; its matter so compressed, and yet so clear; its colouring so sparingly laid on, and yet with such a beautiful effect." We would have added largely to the quotations already given (p. 88) from this poem, and regret that we can but quote one passage more. It is a piece of descriptive poetry of a very high class. The reader's national pride, if he be a Scotchman, will not intercept his admiration of the wit of the verse which precedes the fine picture

so clear, and the colouring so sparingly laid on, and yet with such a beautiful effect? In short, it is not his least praise that he is never guilty of those faults as a writer, which he lays to the charge of others. A proof that he did not judge by a borrowed standard, or from rules laid down by critics, but that he was qualified to do it by his own native powers, and his great superiority of genius. For he that wrote so much, and so fast, would, through inadvertency and hurry, unavoidably have departed from rules which he might have found in books; but his own truly practical talent was a guide which could not suffer him to err. A race-horse is graceful in his swiftest pace, and never makes an awkward motion though he is pushed to his utmost speed. A cart-horse might perhaps be taught to play tricks in the riding-school, and might prance and curvet like his betters, but at some unlucky time would be sure to betray the baseness of his original. It is an affair of very little consequence perhaps to the well-being of mankind, but I cannot help regretting that he died so soon. Those words of Virgil, upon the immature death of Marcellus, might serve for his epitaph:

'Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra
Esse sinent.'

Southey's Cowper, Vol. vi. p. 9—11.

of the cedar; and he will admire through all the lines, but especially at their close, the excellent and subtle art with which the verse seconds the sense.

“Forming a gloom, through which to spleen-struck minds
 Religion, horror-stamp’d, a passage finds,
 The Ivy crawling o’er the hallow’d cell,
 Where some old hermit’s wont his beads to tell
 By day, by night; the Myrtle ever green,
 Beneath whose shade love holds his rites unseen;
 The Willow, weeping o’er the fatal wave
 Where many a lover finds a watery grave;
 The Cypress sacred held, when lovers mourn
 Their true love snatch’d away; the Laurel worn
 By poets in old time, but destin’d now,
 In grief to wither on a Whitehead’s brow;
 The Fig, which, large as what in India grows,
 Itself a grove, gave our first parents cloaths;
 The Vine, which, like a blushing new-made bride,
 Clustering, empurples all the mountain’s side;
 The Yew, which, in the place of sculptur’d stone,
 Marks out the resting-place of men unknown;
 The hedge-row Elm; the Pine of mountain race;
 The Fir, the Scotch Fir, never out of place;
 The Cedar, whose top mates the highest cloud,
 Whilst his old father Lebanon grows proud
 Of such a child, and his vast body laid
 Out many a mile, enjoys the filial shade;
 The Oak, when living, monarch of the wood;
 The English Oak, which, dead, commands the flood;
 All, one and all, shall in this Chorus join,
 And, dumb to others’ praise, be loud in mine
 The Showers, which make the young hills, like young lambs,
 Bound and rebound, the old hills, like old rams,

Unwieldy, jump for joy ; the Streams, which glide,
 Whilst Plenty marches smiling by their side,
 And from their bosom rising Commerce springs ;
 The Winds which rise with healing on their wings,
 Before whose cleansing breath contagion flies ;
 The Sun, who, travelling in eastern skies,
 Fresh, full of strength, just risen from his bed,
 Though in Jove's pastures they were born and bred,
 With voice and whip can scarce make his steeds stir,
 Step by step up the perpendicular ;
 Who, at the hour of eve, panting for rest,
 Rolls on amain, and gallops down the west,
 As fast as Jehu, oil'd for Ahab's sin,
 Drove for a crown, or postboys for an inn ;
 The Moon, who holds o'er night her silver reign,
 Regent of tides, and mistress of the brain,
 Who to her sons, those sons who own her power,
 And do her homage at the midnight hour,
 Gives madness as a blessing, but dispenses
 Wisdom to fools, and damns them with their senses ;
 The Stars, who, by I know not what strange right,
 Preside o'er mortals in their own despite,
 Who without reason govern those, who most
 (How truly judge from hence !) of reason boast,
 And, by some mighty magic yet unknown,
 Our actions guide, yet cannot guide their own ;
 All, one and all, shall in this Chorus join,
 And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine."

Gotham was less successful than the more personal satires, and the author might have felt, as his "great high priest of all the nine" did, when he remembered the success of *MucFlecknoe*, amid the evil days on which the *Religio Laici* and *Hind and Panther* had fallen. No-

thing ever equalled a satire for a sale, said the old bookseller Johnson to his son Samuel—a good swinging satire, “or a *Sacheverell’s Trial!*” Churchill was reminded of it by his quondam friend Foote. “Who the devil will give money,” says *Mr. Puff* the publisher, “to be told that Mr. Such-a-one is a wiser or better man than himself? No, no; ’tis quite and clean out of nature. A good sousing satire now, well powdered with personal pepper, and seasoned with the spirit of party, that demolishes a conspicuous character, and sinks him below our own level; there, there, we are pleased; there we chuckle and grin, and toss the half-crown on the counter.” But the advice need hardly have been given, for so timely a subject came unexpectedly to hand, that in no case could Churchill have resisted it. Lord Sandwich became a candidate for the high stewardship of Cambridge University.

“I thank you,” wrote Lord Bath to Colman, “for the *Candidate*, which is, in my opinion, the severest and the best of all Churchill’s works. He has a great genius, and is an excellent poet.” Notwithstanding which praise, from a somewhat questionable critic, we shall not hesitate to aver that the *Candidate* really is an excellent poem, with lines as fine in it as any from Churchill’s hand. Such are those wherein the miseries of evil counsel to royalty are dwelt upon; and Kings are

described as “made to *draw their breath, In darkness thicker than the shades of Death.*” But we must present in detail at least a part of the portrait of its hero.

LORD SANDWICH.

“From his youth upwards to the present day,
 When vices more than years have mark'd him grey;
 When riotous excess with wasteful hand
 Shakes life's frail glass, and hastes each ebbing sand,
 Unmindful from what stock he drew his birth,
 Untainted with one deed of real worth,
 Lothario, holding honour at no price,
 Folly to folly added, vice to vice,
 Wrought sin with greediness, and sought for shame
 With greater zeal than good men seek for fame.

“Where (reason left without the least defence)
 Laughter was mirth, obscenity was sense,
 Where impudence made decency submit,
 Where noise was humour, and where whim was wit,
 Where rude, untemper'd license had the merit
 Of liberty, and lunacy was spirit,
 Where the best things were ever held the worst,
 Lothario was, with justice, always first.

“To whip a top, to knuckle down at taw,
 To swing upon a gate, to ride a straw,
 To play at push-pin with dull brother peers,
 To belch out catches in a porter's ears,
 To reign the monarch of a midnight cell,
 To be the gaping chairman's oracle,
 Whilst, in most blessed union, rogue and whore
 Clap hands, huzza, and hiccup out, Encore,
 Whilst grey authority, who slumbers there
 In robes of watchman's fur, gives up his chair,
 With midnight howl to bay the affrighted moon,
 To walk with torches through the streets at noon,

To force plain nature from her usual way,
 Each night a vigil, and a blank each day,
 To match for speed one feather 'gainst another,
 To make one leg run races with his brother,
 'Gainst all the rest to take the northern wind,
 Bute to ride first, and He to ride behind,
 To coin newfangled wagers, and to lay 'em,
 Laying to lose, and losing not to pay 'em ;
 Lothario, on that stock which nature gives,
 Without a rival stands, *though March yet lives.*"

Admirable is all this, without doubt, and the last is a fine touch ; yet it might perhaps be doubted, were we to compare it with the character of Buckingham by Dryden, whether it might not seem as an impressive and startling list of materials for satire, rather than that subtler extract of the very spirit of satire itself which arrests us in the elder poet. But it is writing of a most rare order.

The *Farewell*, and the *Times* (the latter only to be referred to as Dryden refers to some of the nameless productions of Juvenal, tragical provocations tragically revenged), now followed in rapid succession; and *Independence*, the last work published while he lived, appeared at the close of September 1764. It is a final instance of Mr. Tooke's misfortunes in criticism, that though he admits this poem to display "vigour" in some scattered passages, he sets it down as "slovenly in composition, hacknied in subject, and commonplace in thought." It is very far from this! A noble pas-

sage at the commencement, is worthy of Ben Jonson himself, and very much in his manner.

WHAT IS A LORD?

“What is a Lord? Doth that plain simple word
 Contain some magic spell? As soon as heard,
 Like an alarum bell on Night's dull ear,
 Doth it strike louder, and more strong appear
 Than other words? Whether we will or no,
 Through reason's court doth It unquestion'd go
 E'en on the mention, and of course transmit
 Notions of something excellent, of wit
 Pleasing, though keen? of humour free, though chaste?
 Of sterling genius with sound judgment graced?
 Of virtue far above temptation's reach,
 And honour, which not malice can impeach?
 Believe it not. 'Twas Nature's first intent,
 Before their rank became their punishment,
 They should have pass'd for men, nor blush'd to prize
 The blessings she bestow'd. She gave them eyes,
 And they could see. She gave them ears, they heard:
 The instruments of stirring, and they stirr'd.
 Like us, they were design'd to eat, to drink,
 To talk, and (every now and then) to think.
 Till they, by pride corrupted, for the sake
 Of singularity, disclaim'd that make,
 Till they, disdain'g Nature's vulgar mode,
 Flew off, and struck into another road
 More fitting quality: and to our view
 Came forth a Species altogether new,
 Something we had not known, and could not know,
 Like nothing of God's making here below.
 Nature exclaim'd with wonder, *Lords are things,*
Which, never made by Me, were made by Kings!

The same poem contains a full-length portrait of the poet, with the unscrupulous but lifelike mark of his own strong, coarse, unflattering hand; in which he laughs at himself as an "unlick'd" bear; and tells us that Hogarth, "even envy must allow," would have drawn him to the life were "Hogarth living now." But the reader will have followed this biographical sketch of ours with little interest, if he does not now thank us for presenting this portrait to him. Nor let its minuter details be objected to; for history has taken notice of Pitt's full dress coat and flannels, and has not omitted the tie-wig which the orator made so important. Then let the poet, unrebuked, play the Hogarth to himself, and display his own awkward foppery.

A SELF-PAINTED PORTRAIT.

"A Bear, whom, from the moment he was born,
 His dam despised, and left unlick'd in scorn!
 A Babel, which, the power of art outdone,
 She could not finish when she had begun;
 An utter Chaos, out of which no might
 But that of God could strike a spark of light.
 "Broad were his shoulders, and from blade to blade,
 A H—— might at full length have laid;
 Vast were his bones, his muscles twisted strong,
 His face was short, but broader than 'twas long,
 His features, though by nature they were large,
 Contentment had contrived to overcharge
 And bury meaning, save that we might spy
 Sense lowering on the pent-house of his eye;

His arms were two twin oaks, his legs so stout,
That they might bear a mansion-house about,
Nor were they, look but at his body there,
Design'd by fate a much less weight to bear.

“ O'er a brown cassock, which had once been black,
Which hung in tatters on his brawny back,
A sight most strange, and awkward to behold,
He threw a covering of blue and gold.
Just at that time of life, when man by rule,
The fop laid down, takes up the graver fool,
He started up a fop, and, fond of show,
Look'd like another Hercules turn'd beau.
A subject, met with only now and then,
Much fitter for the pencil than the pen ;
Hogarth would draw him (Envy must allow)
E'en to the life, was Hogarth living now.

“ With such accoutrements, with such a form,
Much like a porpoise just before a storm,
Onward he roll'd. A laugh prevail'd around,
E'en Jove was seen to simper. At the sound
(Nor was the cause unknown, for from his youth
Himself he studied by the glass of truth)
He join'd their mirth. Nor shall the Gods condemn
If, whilst they laugh'd at him, he laugh'd at them.
Judge Reason view'd him with an eye of grace,
Look'd through his soul, and quite forgot his face,
And, from his hand received, with fair regard,
Placed in her other scale, the name of Bard.”

Hogarth *was* “living now,” but, at the moment when the words were written, within view of his death-bed. Churchill little knew how nearly he approached his own; and yet, in the unfinished *Journey*, the last fragment found among his papers (for the severe and masterly *Dedication*

to *Warburton* was of earlier date), there was a strange unconscious kind of sense of the fate that now impended. The lamentations of his good-natured friends, that, but for his unhappy lust of publishing so fast, "he might have flourish'd twenty years or more, Though now, alas! poor man, *worn out in four*," were here noticed in some of his most vigorous verses. He proposes to take their advice, but finds the restraint too hard. Prose *will* run into verse. "If now and then I curse, my curses chime; Nor can I pray, unless I pray in rhyme." He therefore entreats that they will once more be charitable even to his excesses, and read, "no easy task, *but probably the last that I shall ask*," that little poem. He calls it the plain unlaboured Journey of a Day; warns off all who would resort to him for the stronger stimulants; exhorts the Muses, in some of his happiest satire, to divert themselves with his contemporary poets in his absence; in that way, bids them their appetite for laughter feed; and closes with the line, "*I on my Journey all alone proceed!*" The poem was not meant to close here; but a Greater Hand interposed. That line of mournful significance is the last that was written by Churchill.

A sudden desire to see Wilkes took him hastily to Boulogne on the 22nd of October, 1764. "*Dear Jack, adieu! C. C.*"—was the laconic announcement of his

departure to his brother. At Boulogne, on the 29th of October, a miliary fever seized him, and baffled the physicians who were called in. The friends who surrounded his bed gave way to extreme distress: it was a moment when probably even Wilkes *felt*: but Churchill preserved his composure. He was described afterwards, checking their agitated grief, in the lines with which he had calmly looked forward to this eventful time.

“Let no unworthy sounds of grief be heard,
 No wild laments, not one unseemly word;
 Let sober triumphs wait upon my bier,
 I won't forgive that friend who sheds one tear.
 Whether he's ravish'd in life's early morn,
 Or, in old age, drops like an ear of corn,
 Full ripe he falls, on nature's noblest plan,
 Who lives to reason, and who dies a man.”

He sat up in his bed, and dictated a brief, just will. He left his wife an annuity of £60, and an annuity of £50 to the girl he had seduced. He provided for his two boys. He left mourning rings to Lord and Lady Temple, and to Wilkes, Lloyd, Cotes, Walsh, and the Duke of Grafton; and he desired his “dear friend, John Wilkes, to collect and publish his works, with the remarks and explanations he has prepared, and any others he thinks proper to make.” He then expressed a wish to be removed, that he might die in England;

and the imprudent measures of his friends, in compliance with this wish, hastened the crisis. On the 4th of November 1764, at Boulogne, and in the thirty-third year of his age, Charles Churchill breathed his last.

Warburton said he had perished of a drunken debauch—a statement wholly untrue. Actor Davies said his last expression was, “*What a fool I have been!*”—a statement contradicted by the tenor of his will, and specially denied by Wilkes. Garrick, who was in Paris at the time, wrote to Colman when their common friend had been six days dead: “Churchill, I hear, is at the point of death at Boulogne. I am sorry, very sorry, for him. Such talents, with prudence, had commanded the nation. I have seen some extracts I don’t admire.”*

* Two days after this date he wrote to his brother, George, also from Paris, a letter which has not yet been published, and which one must sorrowfully confess bears out Foote’s favourite jokes about his remarkably strong box, and very keen regard for its contents. When he wrote to Colman he only knew that Churchill was dangerously ill; of the death he could not have heard till the day before, or the very day on which he wrote this letter, now to be published; yet the reader will perceive that it is certainly not the emotion of grief which he thinks primarily due to the memory of his friend:—“My dear George,” he writes, “I have just time to send you this scrap of a note by my friend Mr. Burnett, a most sensible man, and a great Scotch lawyer. I have likewise sent the key of the table in the study window, where I believe is the key of the iron box. I thought it might be necessary to send you that, to look for Hubert’s bond, and a note

What is not to be admired in a satirist, is generally discovered just before or just after his death; what is admired, runs equal danger of unseasonable worship. There was a sale of his books and furniture, at which the most extravagant prices were given for articles of no value. A common steel-pen brought five pounds, and a pair of plated spurs sixteen guineas. The better to supply, too, the demands of public curiosity, vulgar letters were forged in his name; one of which was a few years since reproduced for his in the *Colman Correspondence*. A death-bed scene by the same busy scribe (in which the dying man was made to rave of his poor bleeding country, and of her true friend, Mr. Pitt, and of Scotchmen preying upon her vitals, and of dying the

of hand of Churchill, who you know is dead; Mr. Wilkes tells me there is money enough for all his debts, and money besides for his wife, Miss Carr whom he liv'd with, &c. &c. You'll do with both what is proper, but put in your claim. Colman will tell you where the money is. Churchill, you'll see, paid me £40 (I think) of the note—which is either in the iron chest with the rest, or in the table itself in the study. Make use of the Florence wine; or what else belongs to your ever affectionate brother, D. Garrick." The subject is again adverted to in another letter to his brother of eight days later date, still from Paris:—"I hope," he says, "you have received my key, and done what is proper with regard to the two debts of poor Hubert and Churchill. Upon recollection, I think, and am almost sure, that Churchill gave me his bond. I asked him for nothing—he was in distress, and I assisted him."

death of the righteous), was also served up to edify the public, and satisfy their inquiring interest. "Churchill the poet is dead," wrote Walpole to Mann on the 15th November. "The meteor blazed scarce four years. He is dead, to the great joy of the Ministry and the Scotch, and to the grief of very few indeed, I believe; for such a friend is not only a dangerous but a ticklish possession."

There were friends who had not found him so. Lloyd was sitting down to dinner when the intelligence was brought to him. He was seized with a sudden sickness, and thrust away his plate untouched. "I shall follow poor Charles," was all he said, as he went to the bed from which he never rose again. Churchill's favourite sister, Patty, said to have had no small share of his spirit, sense, and genius, and who was at this time betrothed to Lloyd, sank next under the double blow, and, in a few short weeks, joined her brother and her lover. The poet had asked that none should mourn for him, and here were two broken hearts offered up at his grave! Other silent and bitter sorrows were also there.

Wilkes professed unassuageable grief, and sacred intentions to fulfil the duty assigned him in the will. "I will do it to the best of my poor abilities. My life shall be dedicated to it." "I am better," he exclaimed, a

fortnight after the death, "but cannot get any continued sleep. The idea of Churchill is ever before my eyes." "Still I do not sleep," he wrote some weeks later; "Churchill is still before my eyes." Other expressions of his various letters run after the same fond fashion. "I believe I shall never get quite over the late cruel blow." "Many a sigh and tear escape me for the death of dear Churchill." "You see how much I have at heart to show the world how I loved Churchill." "I am adequate to every affliction but the death of Churchill." "The loss of Churchill I shall always reckon the most cruel of all afflictions I have suffered." "I will soon convince mankind that I know how to value such superior genius and merit." "I have half-finished the projected edition of dear Churchill." "How pleased is the dear shade of our friend with all I have done!" In truth the dear shade could hardly be displeased, for all he had done was *nil*. He wrote a few paltry notes; and they came to nothing. But a year after the sad scene at Boulogne, the Abbé Winckelman gave him an antique sepulchral urn of alabaster, and he placed on it a Latin inscription to his friend's memory; which he found himself sufficiently pleased with, to transfer afterwards to a Doric column in the grounds of his Isle of Wight cottage, erected of materials as fragile and perishable as his patriotism. "Carolo Churchill, amico

jucundo, poetæ acri, civi optimè de patriâ merito, P. Johannes Wilkes, 1765." Horace has used the word *acer* in speaking of himself. Wilkes imperfectly understood its precise signification, or did not rightly understand the genius of his friend.

Meanwhile, in accordance with his own request, the body of Churchill had been brought over from France, and buried in the old churchyard which once belonged to the collegiate church of St. Martin at Dover. There is now a tablet to his memory in the church, and, over the place of burial, a stone inscribed with his name and age, the date of his death, and a line taken from that most manly and unaffected passage of his poetry, in which, without sorrow or complaining, he anticipates this humble grave.

" Let all (nor shall resentment flush my cheek)
 Who know me well, what they know, freely speak,
 So those (the greatest curse I meet below)
 Who know me not, may not pretend to know.
 Let none of those, whom, bless'd with parts above
 My feeble genius, still I dare to love,
 Doing more mischief than a thousand foes,
 Posthumous nonsense to the world expose,
 And call it mine, for mine though never known,
 Or which, if mine, I living blush'd to own.
 Know all the world, no greedy heir shall find,
 Die when I will, one couplet left behind.
 Let none of those, whom I despise though great,
 Pretending friendship to give malice weight,

